Collier's

TEN CENTS

MAY 16, 1942

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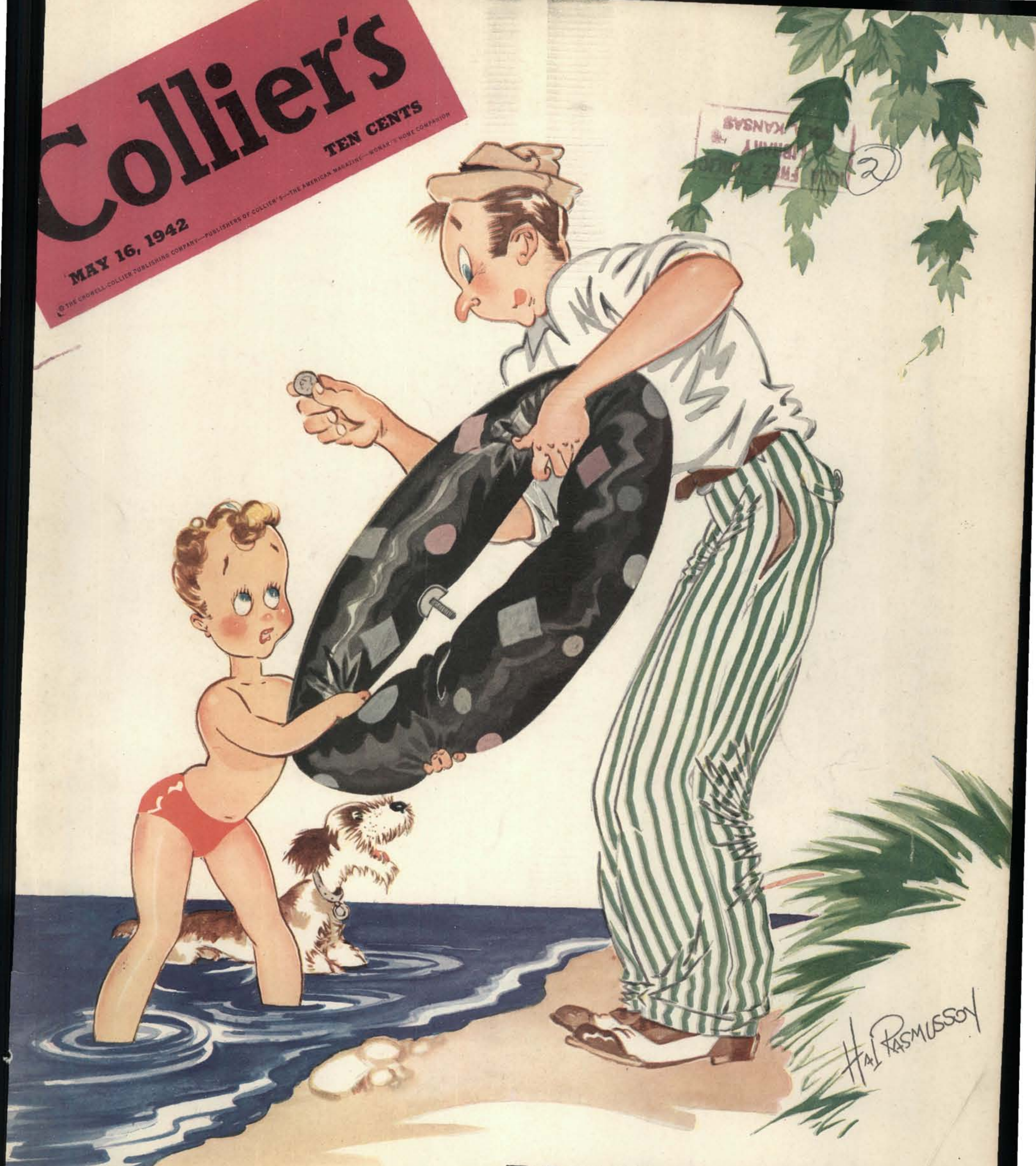


## PANAMA PATROL

By Wa rt

May 16 '42

*In war, as in peace, the great pharmaceutical companies render their country a vital service. From their research laboratories come miracles in medicine that build health, crush disease, save lives.*

The great names in drugs
rely on Duraglas* bottles
to carry their life-saving
products to America's
farthest outposts

America's precious drugs must be on hand whenever, wherever they are needed...in a first-aid station behind some far-off front...in the sick bay of a ship at sea...or in the hospitals and pharmacies of your city.

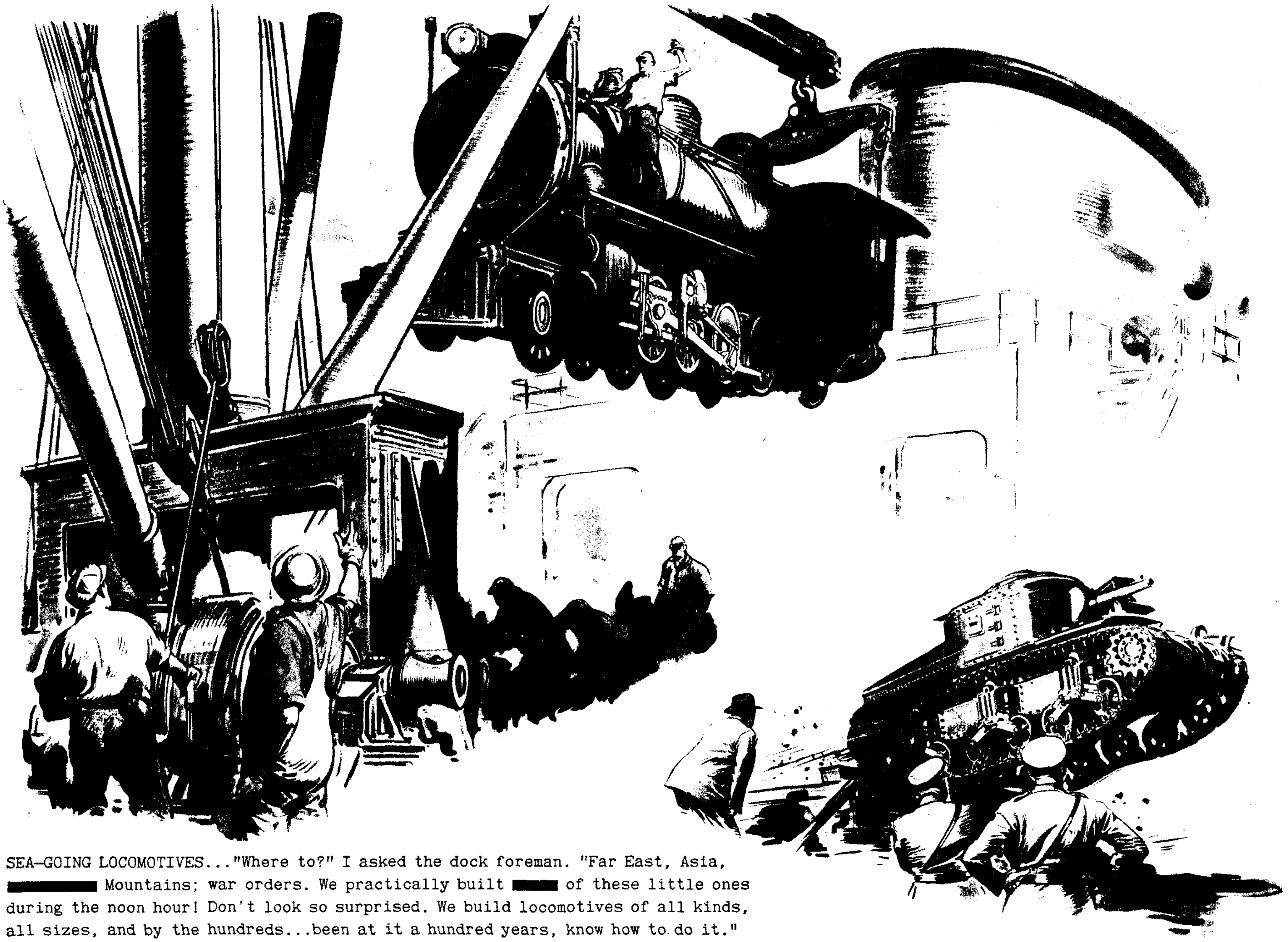
Their safe delivery to every battlefront of medicine is most often entrusted to Duraglas bottles. For the protective strength and durability of Duraglas containers have earned the trust of the men who make drugs and serums that save soldier, sailor and civilian lives. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo.

*Duraglas—*the improved technique in glassmaking.*

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

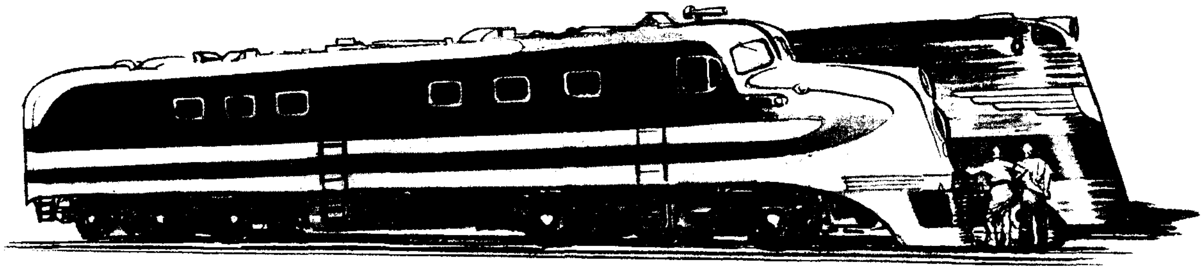
# AMERICAN NOTES . . . . . . . by Raymond Gram Swing

## Report from a national arsenal of mobile power

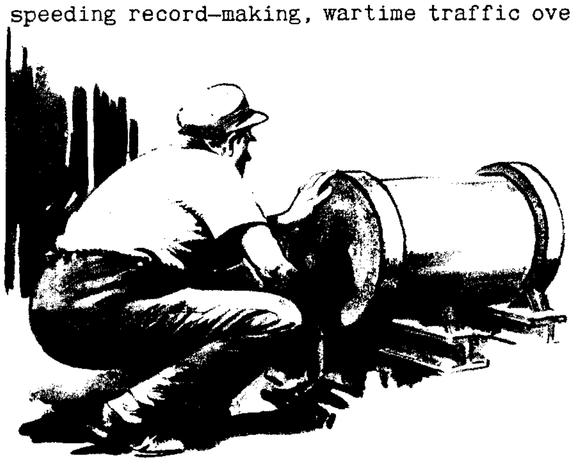


SEA-GOING LOCOMOTIVES..."Where to?" I asked the dock foreman. "Far East, Asia, [redacted] Mountains; war orders. We practically built [redacted] of these little ones during the noon hour! Don't look so surprised. We build locomotives of all kinds, all sizes, and by the hundreds...been at it a hundred years, know how to do it."

ON THE PROVING GROUND...Tanks, lots of tanks, wheeling and jumping like cavalry! Believe me, special skills and 100 years of engineering experience are worth plenty...these days! And when they told me how many, I felt good. I felt very good.



IN THE ASSEMBLY YARDS..."Which is which?" I asked the super. "Don't blame you for not knowing," was the answer. "Both streamlined to the ears! Near one is Diesel-Liner, other is Steam-Liner." Each is an ultra-modern power source, speeding record-making, wartime traffic over U. S. rails.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP..."What's that?" I asked. "Roller-bearing for a battle-ship turret, machined as fine as a watch part," was the answer. No wonder our American warships have an edge. Equipment like this means everything in active service.

**AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE**

**MANUFACTURERS OF MOBILE POWER**

STEAM, DIESEL AND ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES
MARINE DIESELS, TANKS,
GUN CARRIAGES AND OTHER ORDNANCE

[redacted] Sorry we can't be more explicit. Revelation of details might be of aid to the enemy...endanger American lives.

Picture
OF THE MONTH

SPENCER TRACY
HEDY LAMARR • JOHN GARFIELD
*in*
"TORTILLA FLAT"
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

**PRODUCED BY:** ....... *Victor Fleming*
*Based on John Steinbeck's novel*

**SCREENPLAY BY:**
*John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer*

**FEATURED ARTISTS**—*Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Sheldon Leonard, John Qualen, Donald Meek, Connie Gilchrist, Allen Jenkins, Henry O'Neill.*

**RAPID REVIEW** (Read 2 minutes and go): As heady and warming as new wine . . . is M-G-M's latest venture in turning a great book into a great picture. "Tortilla Flat", John Steinbeck's idyll of the carefree "Paisanos among the Pines", is in M-G-M's splendid tradition of literary works faithfully pictured. It happens in old Monterey by the Pacific, a strange world apart. Steinbeck, with his genius for depicting unusual people ("Grapes of Wrath"), has found in his own native locale these wayward, wonderful characters. They are often in trouble but never really bad. Love, food and drink are their absorbing occupations and the tinkle of the guitar is ever mingled with the sound of laughter. Here, Spencer Tracy, as "Pilon", is leader among those down-to-earth convivials who believe that Wine, Women, and Song are essentials of the gay life. Hedy Lamarr is a turbulent, tempting spitfire of a shapely lass—and John Garfield is happy-go-lucky Danny, who turns serious about love. Great direction stemming from Victor Fleming. He megaphoned "Captains Courageous" and "Gone With The Wind" among many others and again gives you something entirely new under the sun in "Tortilla Flat".

**TRACE TRACY**—through all his wonderful performances and you'll agree that he's best of all as "Pilon"!

**HEADY HEDY:** As "Sweets", Hedy Lamarr is equal parts of fire and fun!

**HE DIDN'T SEND FLOWERS:** You'll be overcome with laughter when Danny (John Garfield) sends "Sweets" a vacuum cleaner to show his love. Her house wasn't wired but there was electricity in the air.

**NOTE TO DOG LOVERS:** See the old "Pirate" and his five dogs (he calls them his "boys")—as tatterdemalion and lovable a group of man's best friend as you've ever seen! Frank Morgan as the Pirate gives an off-the-beaten-track performance.

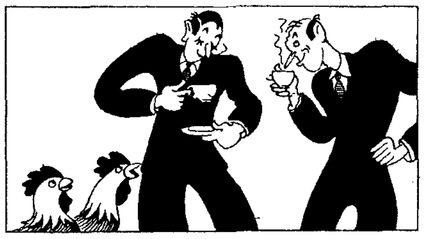
WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

Collier'

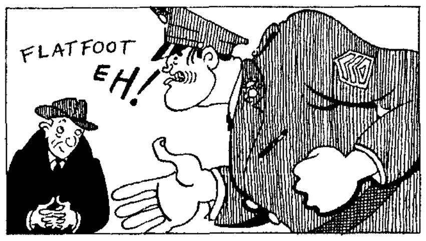
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing E
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

# ANY WEEK

WE HOPE it makes a difference to someone, although we doubt it, that we're sick and tired of being told by visitors to these shores that the apathy, the complacency with which the American people accept this war is appalling. What do they expect to find us doing—beating our heads against walls, tearing down enemy embassies and consulates, lynching neighbors who aren't wringing their hands, flinging ourselves into the sea? We're neither complacent nor apathetic. Hungry for a hero, we've been Heaven-blest with a real one, Douglas MacArthur. Looking for a leader, we're trustful of the President even though he lacks novelty. We get a little silly now and then but we're not apathetic. We have it from Mr. Enos B. Plickette of Washington, D. C., that it is going to be very helpful when both the War and the Navy departments are moved out of the capital to Arlington, Virginia, where many of the more painful scenes cropping up in staff offices will be lost in the suburbs. "Not long ago," writes Mr. Plickette, "a stout staff officer called in his stenographers and spoke to them sternly about their spelling. Their spelling was strictly hearsay. 'This war can be won or lost on the typewriter,' said the colonel. 'If the enemy were to see the spelling in some of these letters you've typed he would be encouraged by the knowledge that we are an uncultured people. We would lose the confidence of our Latin-American neighbors and would become the laughingstock of the Chinese.' " So maybe that's what visiting deplorers have on their minds and don't like to say anything about it. We're not so hot at spelling ourself and understand that the weakness is more or less general. Mr. John B. Kidney of Havre, Montana, reports that he has recently seen a large rock on which was painted, "Remember Purl Harb." The painter stopped there either discouraged or prioritied out of enough paint to go on. Something tells us that this has very little to do with what we started out to say. Which shows that at last we're getting the hang of this columning racket.



ANYWAY a South American good neighbor recently sent a large package of small, dried leaves to the New York Agricultural School at Morrisville, New York. No letter accompanied the gift but after viewing, smelling and tasting the leaves the experts pronounced it tea and whacked it up among the faculty. For some days thereafter tea was served in the afternoons with much discussion of the quality thereof. Some said it was much like a better imperial hyson but others regretted that it lacked the body of the best oolong. Presently it was rather generally agreed that it was more like a fancy souchong, well endowed with theine, which gives tea its stimulating quality, and that obviously it was rich in vitamin B as all good teas should be. So they drank all the tea before the good-neighbor donor's letter arrived stating that he was anxious to know the result of feeding the stuff to chickens suffering from coccidiosis, a quite nasty parasitic disease of barnyard fowls. Anyway it hopped up the faculty of the New York Agricultural School nicely and is soon to be given a fair trial in Washington.



OCCASIONALLY we have certain pacifistic leanings ourself. In fact we have one right now. Staff Sergeant William C. White, United States Marine Corps, invites us to trade wallops with him. When we begin swapping smacks with a marine sergeant, things will have reached a pretty pass. It's about all we can do to lick a marine corporal—which shows what rotten condition we're in. The sergeant objects to our statement of some weeks ago that "To a marine, a sailor's a swabbie; to a sailor, a marine's a flatfoot." To this, Sergeant White says, "Listen, Mac, to a sailor, a marine's a gyrene or leatherneck, but when you call a marine a flatfoot (which is a marine's term of endearment for a swabbie) you'd better be grinning like the Cheshire cat or start swinging or taking off at high port."

THE sergeant writes from the Pacific Coast where, according to Mrs. Morena Z. de Zuche (don't blame us), things are somewhat Jap-hazard these days. Working for Mrs. de Zuche is an Irishwoman whose four sons—all the sons she has—are in the Army and whose daughter—the only one she has—is an Army nurse. Mrs. de Zuche's Irishwoman took the day off not long ago to say goodby to a Japanese woman whose two sons—all she has

*(Continued on page 61)*

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MAY 16, 1942

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COVER HAL RASMUSS

# "Drop in some morning about 10:30, McGinnis,

# *and I'll show you a traffic jam!"*

"Sure, Mac, I know—you run up against parades, football crowds—and a World Series now and then. But we're handling traffic jams almost every day.

"This war is taking some of the traffic off your beat and putting it on mine—taking it off the streets and putting it on the telephone lines.

"And we're getting short of materials. The stuff that used to make switchboards and cables now goes to the shooting part of the war.

"But we've found the public good-natured and helpful just as you have. The trouble began with Hitler and will end when we finish with him."

POLICE
K511

**LONG DISTANCE** *helps unite the nation*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"Things have changed since Grandpa's time . . ."
GRANDPAPPY
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES!
OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years hog bristle made the best brushes...then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's *PROLON*

**Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog—there is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"**

Du Pont is "tops" when it comes to making synthetic bristle! And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for du Pont's finest grade.

So when you hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

**The only Tooth Brush in the World with**

**1...ROUND-END BRISTLE**

PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE

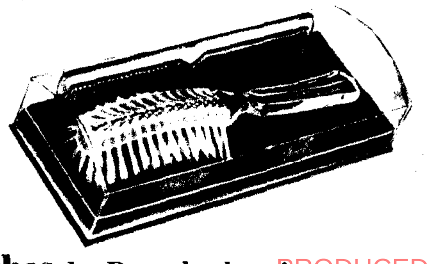
Actual Photo-Micrographs

**2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

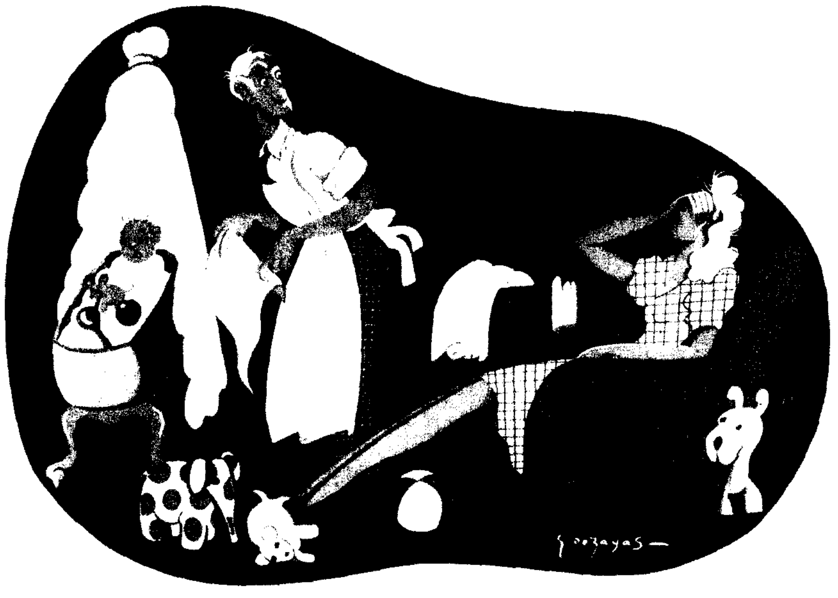
We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you...maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

**. . . and don't miss this new line of gem-like, transparent hair brushes!**

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



**Jewelite Brushes** *by* **Pro-phy-lac-tic**



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Scientific* studies have shown that the arrival of the first baby in the average American family increases the work in the household about fifty per cent.—*By John J. Murphy, Ithaca, New York.*

*In* Tibet, many Buddhist monks spend their entire adult life sealed up in little stone huts with only a small opening for the passing of air and food. A few years ago one of these men was dragged out of his hut after being shut in for sixty-nine years and was found to be blind and shrunken to half his former size. Contact with daylight killed him within an hour.—*By Charles H. Brush, Jacksonville, North Carolina.*

*An* old and peculiar profession in Java is that practiced by *gowoks,* women who analyze a man's fitness for marriage. After a youth has proposed to a girl her parents send him to one of them for study and in about a week she reports on his possibilities.—*By Mary Louise Sprague, Seattle, Washington.*

*Some* of the heaviest rains on record, particularly those which occur at night in the South Pacific Ocean, come out of a clear sky. Warm, moist air rises from the sea, condenses in the colder strata and then descends in sheets of water that make ship awnings useless.

*Scientific* auditory tests, made a short time ago among 500,000 men and women, revealed that, while five out of two thousand had difficulty hearing over the telephone, sixteen had difficulty hearing a direct conversation.

*Scheelite,* the chief tungsten ore in the United States, is often searched for in pitch darkness with the aid of a portable ultraviolet light. When thrown on the ore, this black light causes it to glow with a distinct flourescence.

*An* 1,800-year-old painting of the Madonna and Child, on a wall of the famous catacomb of Priscilla in Rome, is reputed to be the oldest picture of these figures in existence.—*By Janet Schwertman, Washington, D. C.*

*American* naval vessels have their own bank accounts in which are deposited profits made from the canteen store, soda fountain, laundry, barbershop and tailoring service, and from which are withdrawn money for welfare and recreational purposes. Recently the U.S.S. Augusta made a will directing that in case she becomes a total loss her bank balance is to go to the Navy Relief Society.—*By Sax Lambert, Noblesville, Indiana.*

*Persons* in a state of extreme anxiety and tension have had the temperature of their finger tips decrease as much as twenty-four degrees within an hour.—*By Lilliyan Stewart, Waycross, Georgia.*

*Probably* the largest single printing order in history was the one recently created by the rationing of sugar in this country. Twenty-three private printing firms as well as the Government Printing Office were required to produce the 700,000,000 forms, cards and booklets. —*By Earl Stephens, Center Line, Michigan.*

*In* some parts of Africa, slaves belonging to native landowners are not only allowed to possess real and personal property but also to have slaves of their own.—*By J. Clayton Miller, Arlington, Virginia.*

*The* Sargasso Sea, a part of the North Atlantic which covers an area as large as that of the continental United States, is unique in that it is relatively motionless and that it far exceeds in size any other water or land area in the world devoted exclusively to the growth of a single species of plant, which is a floating seaweed. Incidentally, this weed is also unique because it grows at the tips as it dies at the base.

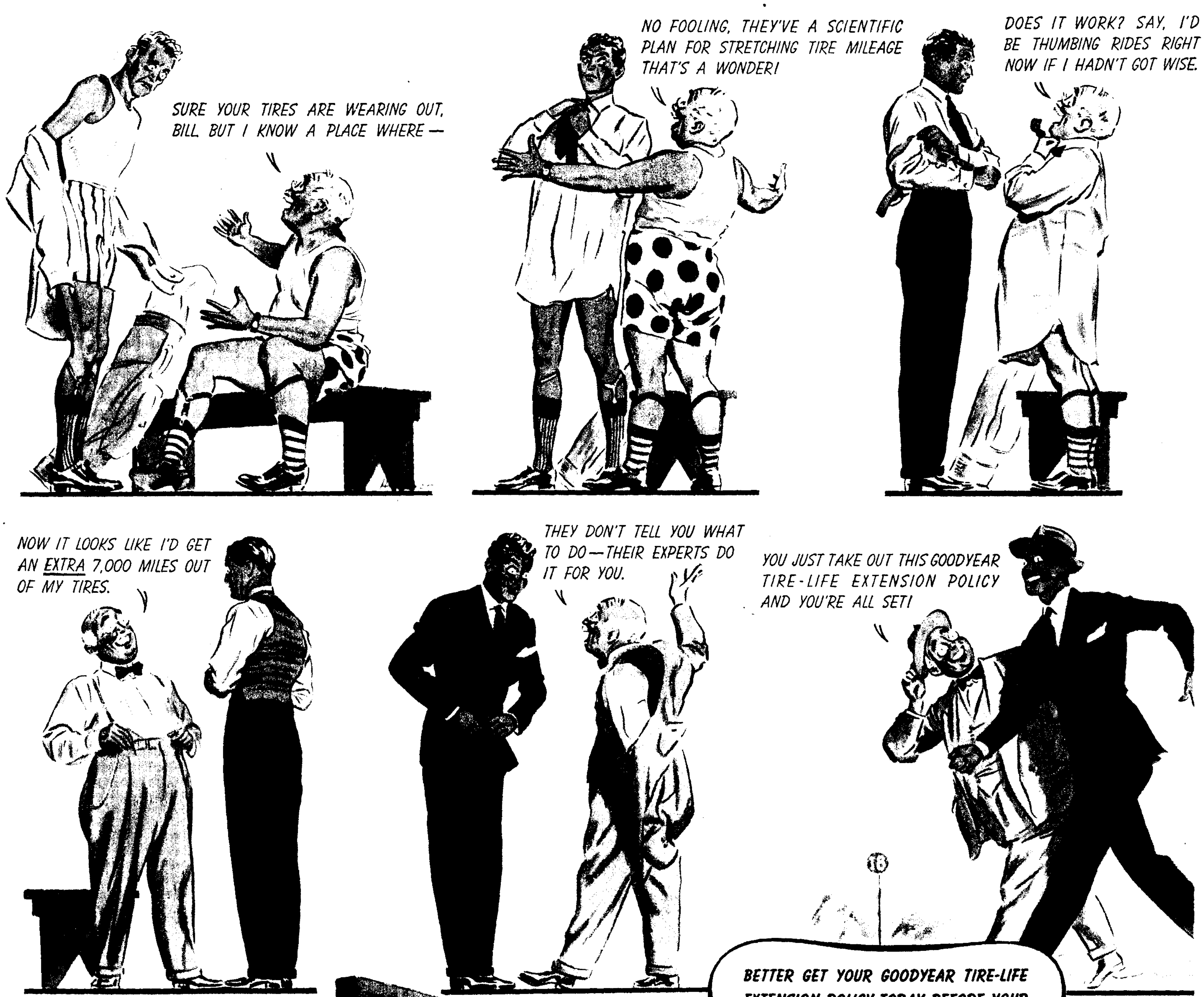
*The* Victoria River Downs Ranch in northwestern Australia is 10,800 square miles in area and the largest cattle property in the world.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

# BILL BLUE GETS A TIRE TIP

*that will keep his tires running months longer!*

IDEA

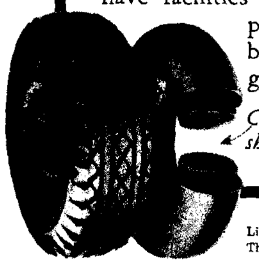

SURE YOUR TIRES ARE WEARING OUT, BILL. BUT I KNOW A PLACE WHERE—
NO FOOLING, THEY'VE A SCIENTIFIC PLAN FOR STRETCHING TIRE MILEAGE THAT'S A WONDER!
DOES IT WORK? SAY, I'D BE THUMBING RIDES RIGHT NOW IF I HADN'T GOT WISE.
NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'D GET AN EXTRA 7,000 MILES OUT OF MY TIRES.
THEY DON'T TELL YOU WHAT TO DO—THEIR EXPERTS DO IT FOR YOU.
YOU JUST TAKE OUT THIS GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY AND YOU'RE ALL SET!

*3 tips for Certified Tire Buyers*

TO GET the longest-wearing tires, get Goodyears—world's first choice for a quarter-century.

DON'T GET ordinary tubes, get LifeGuards—they insure maximum tire-life and prevent damage after punctures, enabling you to come to a smooth, safe stop.

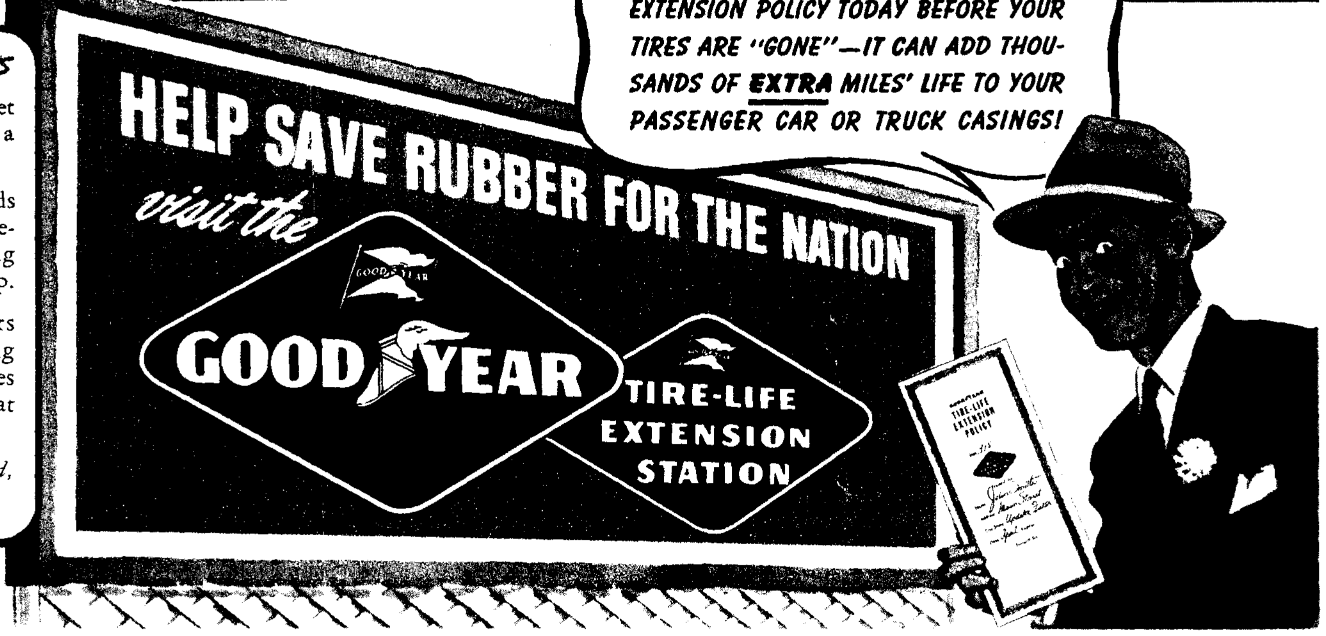
WHEN RETREADING—Goodyear dealers have facilities available for handling passenger and truck tires by factory methods that give a better, safer job.

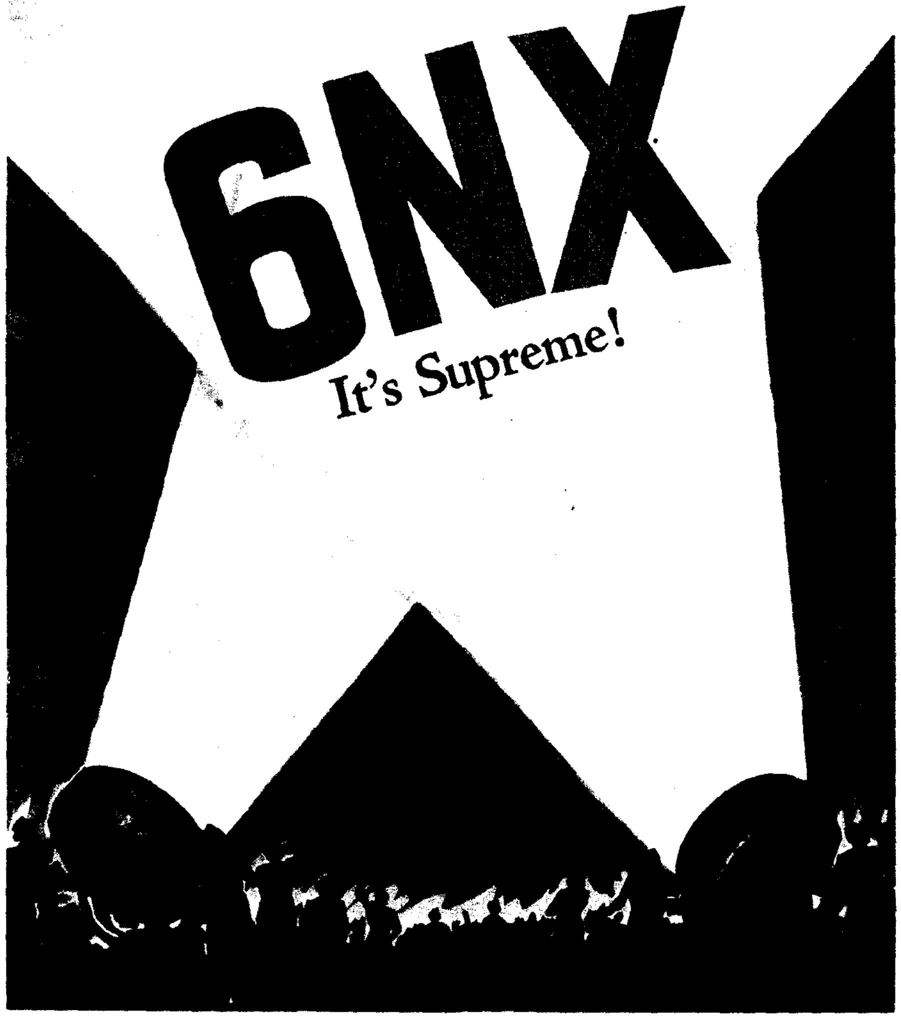


*Cross section of LifeGuard, showing inner safety tire.*

LifeGuard—T. M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

BETTER GET YOUR GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY TODAY BEFORE YOUR TIRES ARE "GONE"—IT CAN ADD THOUSANDS OF **EXTRA** MILES' LIFE TO YOUR PASSENGER CAR OR TRUCK CASINGS!

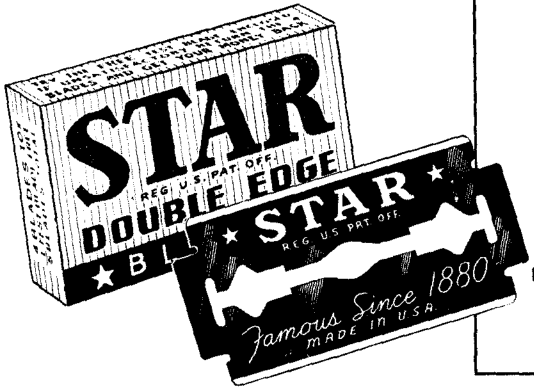

HELP SAVE RUBBER FOR THE NATION
visit the
GOODYEAR
GOOD YEAR
TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION STATION
GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY



MAKES YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

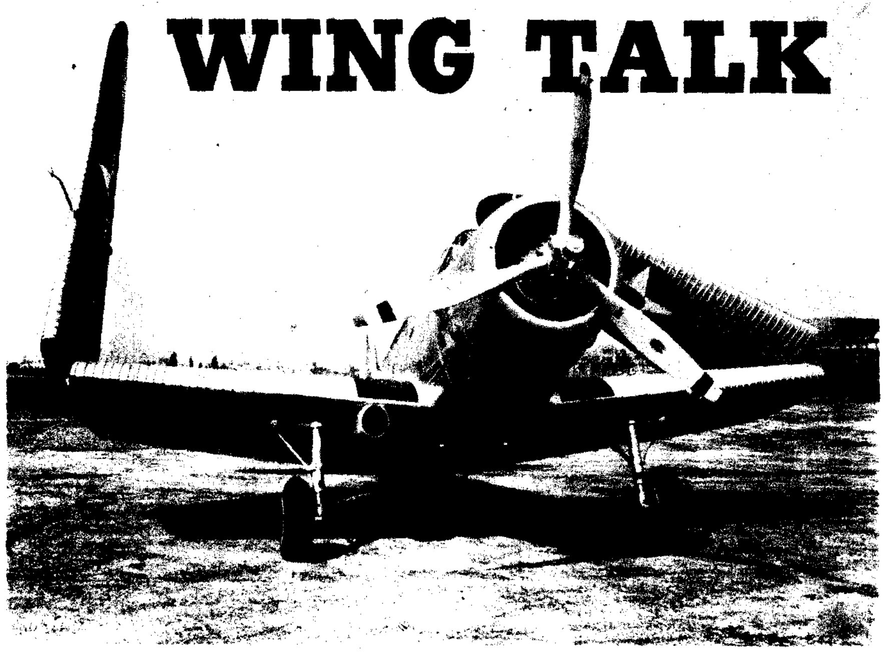
We know you've been asked to believe a lot about razor blades. We know you're suspicious of claims and superlatives. All we ask is that you listen to the story of 6NX—and then make up your own mind about it. 6NX is our secret, closely-guarded formula. It's a process representing a certain combination of special steel, tempering, grinding, honing and stropping applied to the new Star Double Edge Blade for double edge razors. It's the result of hundreds of scientific experiments—of specially built machines—of unending patience and a high order of craftsmanship. And it has produced a double edge blade unique in the history of blade-making! On sale at dealers everywhere... *Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
1 TEST BLADE FREE
TOTAL 5 FOR 10¢
Money back if free test blade doesn't give you the best shaves you've ever had in your life!
ALSO 15 FOR 25¢
INCLUDES 3 TEST BLADES FREE
*Made by the makers of Star Single Edge Blades*



STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

# WING TALK



**The Navy's Douglas Torpedo Bomber (TBD-1) is the heaviest carrier-based plane. Its folding wings have a 50-foot spread**

RELEGATED to the background by the spectacular performances of heavy bombers, dive bombers and fighters, the torpedo plane, born and developed in this country, has come into its own and has brought great rejoicing to its faithful advocates.

Oldest and most ardent believer in the torpedo plane was Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who died a few weeks ago with his claims vindicated beyond doubt—but by the British and Japs. Remember Taranto and the Prince of Wales and the Repulse? While, at this writing, American Navy torpedo planes have not had equal opportunities with those manned by British and Jap pilots, we do have the most efficient and highest-performance torpedo plane of all, the Douglas TBD to the Navy; Devastator to you.

The birth of the torpedo plane can be figured from two dates, whichever you choose—1911 or 1917. In 1911 the Fiske theory was given a practical demonstration. In 1917 the first of a long line of planes built specifically for torpedo work appeared. The idea of launching torpedoes from aircraft was not readily accepted by naval experts, primarily because both the airplane and the special torpedo it had to carry were insufficiently developed to match the proved performance of the torpedo launched from surface and subsurface craft. But through the years, the Navy's torpedo-plane advocates kept everlastingly at it, and the aircraft industry made constant refinements and developments until today we have the Devastator, a carrier-based, three-place low-wing monoplane that flies well over 200 miles an hour and can pack a heavy tin fish.

There's a technique in torpedo-plane operation. At dropping point, the plane must be in nearly normal flight position. None of this diving at the battleship, for the torpedo might nose over when it hits the water and run the wrong way, or if dropped from too low, the splash might hit the plane and wreck it. An ideal condition for attack by torpedo plane is rain, low clouds or the faint light of dawn or dusk. This is not so good for the high-altitude heavy-bomber boys.

No time to argue here the effectiveness of torpedo versus aerial bomb, because ships have escaped from both and also have succumbed to both. But the torpedo, operating under water, hits the ship in its softest spot, below the waterline, where the explosion is confined.

CAPT. LLOYD HAZEN, of Northeast Air Lines, which operates from Boston up through Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont and into Canada (it used to be known as Boston & Maine Airways), believes fifteen children constitute the ideal family. He has five already. We don't want to start a baby derby, but we will say Cap Hazen's five is the biggest batch we've heard of belonging to any active airline pilot. Should any of you other airline pilots challenge this statement, remember Capt. Hazen believes *fifteen* is a good ceiling—not the absolute.

THE government is more particular about the weight of an airliner coming in for landing than it is about the same plane taking off. Seems kind of a funny attitude when the plane always should weigh less after a flight than at take-off because that six-pound-per-gallon gasoline burns up right fast. The answer is found in the "provisional weight" regulation, which enables an airliner to take off with a gross weight of say 25,350 pounds but does not allow it to land until it is reduced to, say 24,550, the "standard weight" or the maximum allowable for landing. That difference of 800 pounds is made up in fuel and for a long, nonstop flight it could be burned up all right, and the ship would come in at the other end with at least that much poundage gone through the exhaust stacks.

But suppose it becomes necessary for the pilot to make a landing before he shed that 800 pounds? He just pulls the dump valve until about 135 gallons of high-octane aviation gasoline have left the tanks. Much more sensible than risking the ship and all on board with a fast landing and expecting the tires, landing gear and shock struts to take a load for which they were not designed.

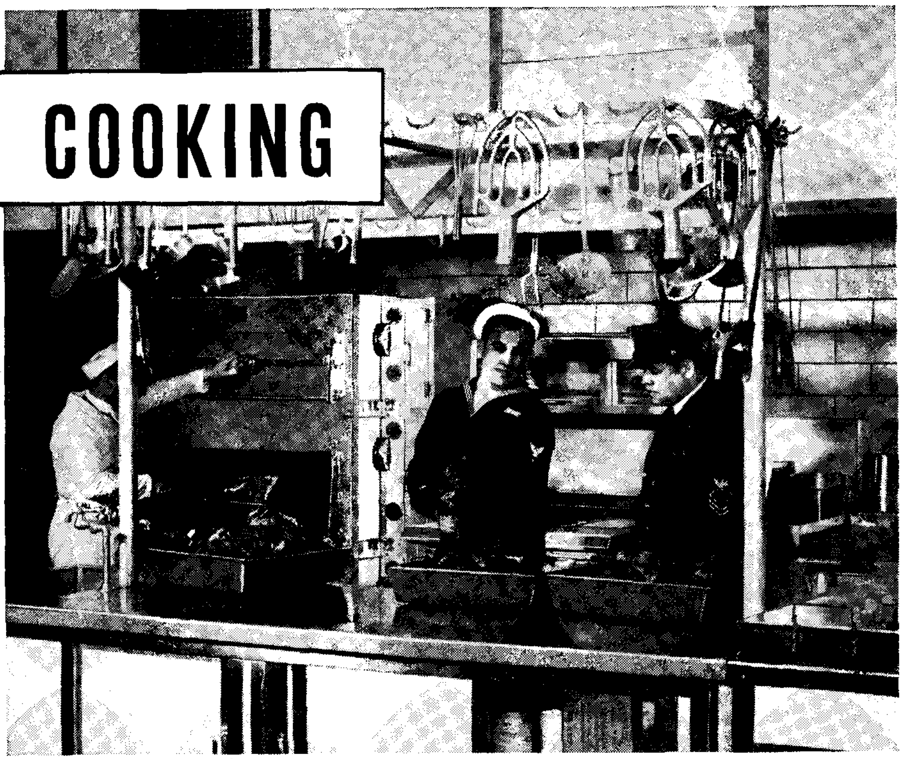
This entire procedure enables airlines to skip stops and operate through schedules between key terminals with safety and reliability.

"ON INSTRUMENTS" is an official term applied to a pilot who is flying through poor visibility entirely by the readings of his compass; altimeter; tachometer; bank-and-turn, rate-of-climb and air-speed indicators. To fly "on instruments" for a period of time requires training, skill and experience. This term is also used around airports to denote that a guy is moving in a mental fog.

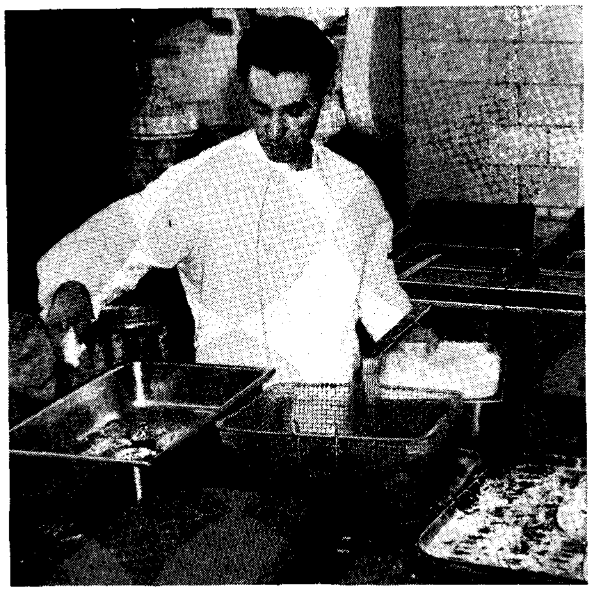
F. R. N.

# AMERICA STREAMLINES COOKING

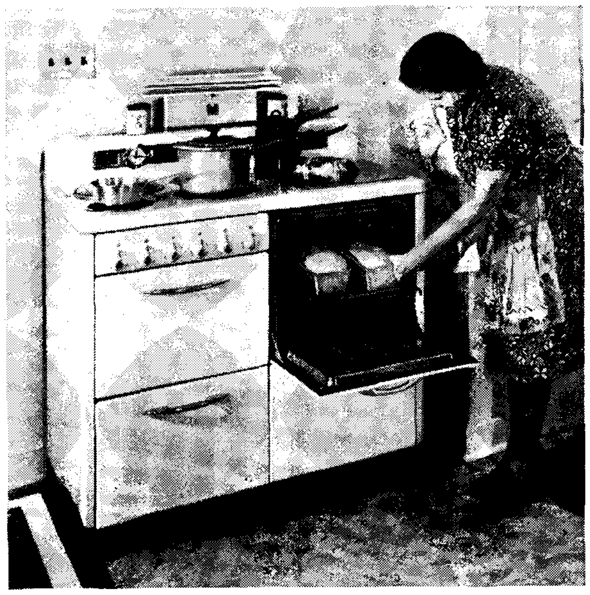
**FEEDING AMERICA'S** armed forces calls for "streamlined cooking." Typical is this scene at an Army Air Corps Field. Here hundreds of thick, juicy steaks are speedily fried to a turn on Hotpoint Ranges . . . and how they satisfy he-man appetites! The two chefs shown above using flameless, efficient Hotpoint-Edison Electric Cooking Equipment, were officially commended for their clean kitchen and delicious food.



**To "Pass Inspection"** at this U. S. Coast Guard Training Station, meals must have that real *home* taste. And prepared the quick, easy, Hotpoint electrical way, they're every bit as wholesome, healthful and downright *delicious* as mother's own! Durable Hotpoint-Edison equipment is widely used aboard U. S. naval vessels and at many navy bases, for its outstanding thrift, safety and dependability.

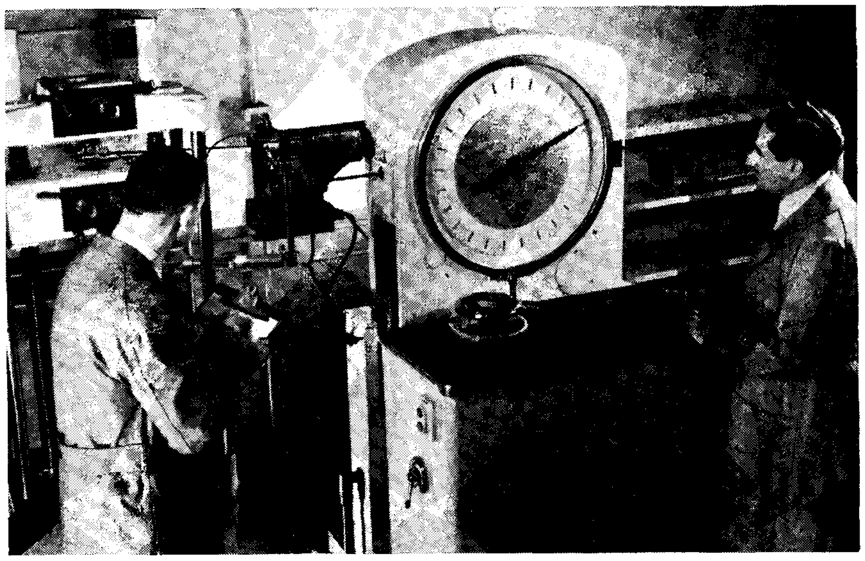


**Speed, Safety** and economy are essential in the cafeteria kitchens of war industry plants. That's why hundreds of them—such as the one partially shown above, where 6,300 meals are prepared daily—depend on cleanly, Hotpoint-Edison Electric Cooking Equipment!



**Mrs. G. A. Sickler**—Milwaukee defense-home tenant—speaks for more than a million Hotpoint Range owners when she says, "My Hotpoint is clean and safe—gives perfect results every time. And by using Hotpoint's *measured heat* I save money, conserve electric power!"

**Mrs. W. J. Grenier** of Leominister, Mass., states that, "Our grocery bills are away down since getting a Hotpoint Refrigerator. I buy food at bargain prices—keep a week's supply safely. And because our Hotpoint uses so little current, we conserve electricity as well as food!"



**For A Better, Brighter Tomorrow!** While Hotpoint's vast factory is busy turning out implements of war, engineers in Hotpoint's laboratories are forging ahead with research that promises great things for the future. Discoveries made today will provide homemakers with still finer time-and-labor-saving Hotpoint Electric Appliances when our factories again turn to civilian production.

## Good Care Conserves Good Appliances

Today Hotpoint's entire production facilities are devoted to war work. If you already own Hotpoint Appliances, however, you can expect them to serve economically and well over a long period. They are built for *extra* durability by America's largest manufacturer of electric ranges. But with proper care, good appliances will perform *better*—last even *longer!* To help you conserve your present equipment, Hotpoint has just issued an informative new 20-page booklet packed with practical suggestions for the proper care and use of electrical appliances—plus new ideas for preserving vitamins, cutting food and current costs. Ask your Hotpoint retailer for a copy, or fill out the coupon and send to us with a 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC KITCHEN APPLIANCES

RANGES, REFRIGERATORS, WATER HEATERS,
WASHERS, IRONERS, DISHWASHERS,
DISPOSALLS, ELECTRASINKS,
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5683 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is 3c stamp for your new booklet, "How To Conserve With Hotpoint Appliances."

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State____________________

# "How can *I* help WIN THIS WAR?"

HAVE YOU, TOO, had that "left-out" feeling? That helpless urge to do something—anything useful—to help?

Work for the Red Cross—war bonds—your Victory garden. . . . All that's been asked, you've done—and felt it wasn't enough.

And when you hung that little flag with its proud star in your window, you vowed that nothing you could do here—*to help him*—would go undone.

You heard some thoughtless ones—still asleep to Freedom's peril—complain because there were no more tires—or cars—or other luxuries of a rich nation at peace. And you were ashamed—and glad.

Ashamed of the few who want their freedom saved without discomfort to themselves. . . .

And glad that before most of us even saw the grimness of our peril, industry had started a million machines whirring in our defense. . . .

But can you—who never saw a factory machine—or handled a factory tool—do anything to help? Yes! By treasuring the things you already have! Your car—refrigerator—washing machine. . . . Your oil burner—radio—vacuum cleaner. . . . The gutters and screens on your house. . . .

Because every part worn out thru neglect—every ounce of metal, rubber or chemicals used for *avoidable* repairs—means time and material diverted from war production . . . weapons missing at the battle front!

Find the instruction books you barely glanced at. Give every precious part the oil—or adjustment—or paint—or cleaning—its maker said would prolong its useful life.

*A new plug on a lamp-cord is a little thing. But the brass in plugs for a million lamp-cords would make a million machine-gun cartridge cases. The least any of us can do is to see that the long shadow of waste shall not postpone our day of victory.*

---

THIS MESSAGE is published solely in the interest of speeding American victory. We have no ax to grind . . . our machines have been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production. We look forward to the day when we may serve civilian needs again. How soon that will be—if ever—depends upon how well we all do our job now. There must be no let-up short of victory.

**STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION**
Chicago, Illinois • Belleville, Ontario

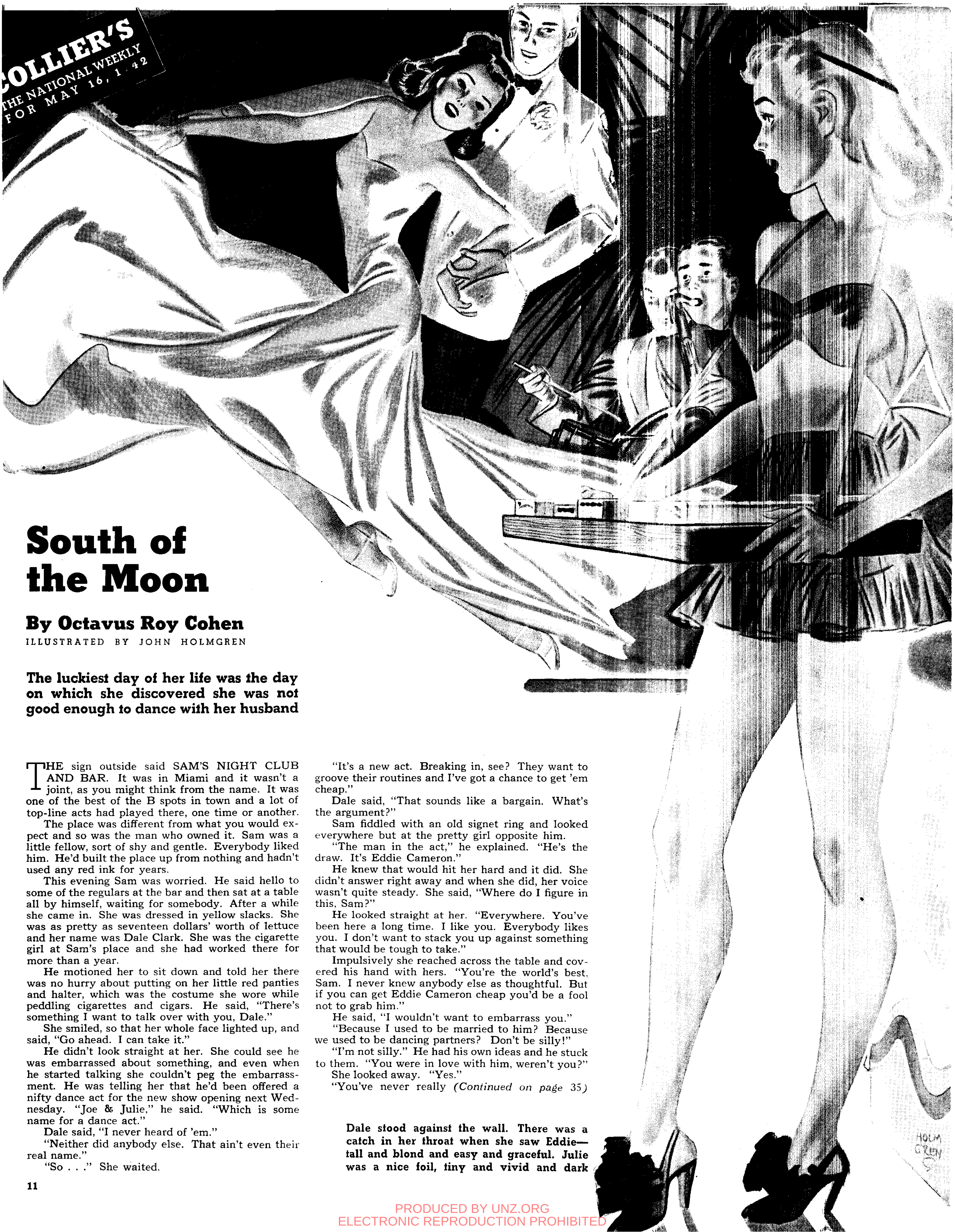
PEACE-TIME MAKERS OF *Alemite Lubricants • Alemite Motor Oil • Alemite Lubricating Equipment • Stewart-Warner Speedometers, Instruments, Gauges • Die Castings • South Wind Car Heaters • Dual-Temp Refrigerators • Scotch Maid Electric Ranges • Magic Dial Radios • Bassick Casters.*

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

## Put These in Your Home Defense Program

- Have timing, carburetor, generator and ignition on your car checked spring and fall. Change to the correct gear lubricant at the same time. To get easier starting—more mileage from gas—better performance.
- Give your car ample lubrication. Whether you prefer Alemite lubricants or others—get them and get them regularly. Don't cheat on mileage between lubrications.
- See that your automatic water heater is never set for more than 140 degrees—preferably less. Too high temperature can materially shorten the life of the tank.
- Never let your refrigerator collect more than ¼ inch of frost before defrosting. Frost is insulation—cuts efficiency.
- Clean metal tools—particularly garden tools—after every use, and wipe with an oily cloth.
- Waste nothing—buy nothing you don't need—throw nothing away that can give further service, or be re-used.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 16, 1942



# South of the Moon

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

**The luckiest day of her life was the day on which she discovered she was not good enough to dance with her husband**

THE sign outside said SAM'S NIGHT CLUB AND BAR. It was in Miami and it wasn't a joint, as you might think from the name. It was one of the best of the B spots in town and a lot of top-line acts had played there, one time or another.

The place was different from what you would expect and so was the man who owned it. Sam was a little fellow, sort of shy and gentle. Everybody liked him. He'd built the place up from nothing and hadn't used any red ink for years.

This evening Sam was worried. He said hello to some of the regulars at the bar and then sat at a table all by himself, waiting for somebody. After a while she came in. She was dressed in yellow slacks. She was as pretty as seventeen dollars' worth of lettuce and her name was Dale Clark. She was the cigarette girl at Sam's place and she had worked there for more than a year.

He motioned her to sit down and told her there was no hurry about putting on her little red panties and halter, which was the costume she wore while peddling cigarettes and cigars. He said, "There's something I want to talk over with you, Dale."

She smiled, so that her whole face lighted up, and said, "Go ahead. I can take it."

He didn't look straight at her. She could see he was embarrassed about something, and even when he started talking she couldn't peg the embarrassment. He was telling her that he'd been offered a nifty dance act for the new show opening next Wednesday. "Joe & Julie," he said. "Which is some name for a dance act."

Dale said, "I never heard of 'em."

"Neither did anybody else. That ain't even their real name."

"So . . ." She waited.

"It's a new act. Breaking in, see? They want to groove their routines and I've got a chance to get 'em cheap."

Dale said, "That sounds like a bargain. What's the argument?"

Sam fiddled with an old signet ring and looked everywhere but at the pretty girl opposite him.

"The man in the act," he explained. "He's the draw. It's Eddie Cameron."

He knew that would hit her hard and it did. She didn't answer right away and when she did, her voice wasn't quite steady. She said, "Where do I figure in this, Sam?"

He looked straight at her. "Everywhere. You've been here a long time. I like you. Everybody likes you. I don't want to stack you up against something that would be tough to take."

Impulsively she reached across the table and covered his hand with hers. "You're the world's best, Sam. I never knew anybody else as thoughtful. But if you can get Eddie Cameron cheap you'd be a fool not to grab him."

He said, "I wouldn't want to embarrass you."

"Because I used to be married to him? Because we used to be dancing partners? Don't be silly!"

"I'm not silly." He had his own ideas and he stuck to them. "You were in love with him, weren't you?"

She looked away. "Yes."

"You've never really *(Continued on page 35)*

**Dale stood against the wall. There was a catch in her throat when she saw Eddie—tall and blond and easy and graceful. Julie was a nice foil, tiny and vivid and dark**

Lieutenant Wreford Goss Chapple is a native of Billings, Montana

## How Cecil Brown Got the Story

**My orders were: "Get to Australia."**

**I had just reached Batavia by plane from Singapore, a pathetic city, the bomb-blasted bastion of British power in the Far East.**

**Transportation was problematical from Java to Darwin, at the northern tip of Australia. But the Dutch Airlines, *KNILM*, promised me passage within a week. Seven days is too long to wait for a plane which might never get off.**

**My impatience to get out of Java was due to two reasons. I could not work there. I had been barred from broadcasting from Singapore; I was persona non grata with the British authorities. And the Dutch, with great regret and courtesy, said they must, as a result, also consider me an outlaw.**

**Why not see the American Naval authorities in Surabaya at the eastern end of Java? Perhaps I could arrange speedier transportation through them. I left Batavia on a Monday night at 6:00 P. M. by train for Surabaya and traveled down the spinal column of this lush, rich outpost of the Dutch colonial empire then soon to be attacked, overrun and conquered. At 8:00 A. M. Tuesday I arrived at the jeweled city where the great Dutch naval base was located.**

**A telephone call to the United States Naval Headquarters at Surabaya brought two developments: assurance I could take off early the next morning for Darwin in a Navy bomber, and a luncheon date with four American naval commanders.**

**At American Naval Headquarters late that afternoon Rear Admiral W. R. Purnell, who had approved my passage to Darwin, wanted to see me. Commanders J. V. Peterson and W. A. Deems took me in to the admiral. He said, "I'm mighty glad to see you. You're the first American reporter who has come here. I don't know why we're being ignored."**

**"You're not being ignored any more," I said. "I'm just passing through, but I could certainly use a few stories of American heroism. For a year I've been writing and broadcasting about British heroism."**

**"We've got them," Purnell exulted. "Our boys have done a job that the whole world should know about."**

**Admiral Purnell turned to Commander Peterson and said, "Take Mr. Brown in to Captain Wilkes and let him see that submarine commander's diary."**

**Captain John Wilkes, commander of the United States Submarine Forces in Asiatic waters, was a browned, stocky, square-jawed officer, amiable, bright-eyed and delighted to have the story of one of his men told.**

**He reached into his steel-cased file marked "Secret and Confidential" and drew out a sheaf of papers.**

**"This," he said, "is 'Moon' Chapple's diary as he handed it in to us. It is one of the greatest operations of the war thus far."**

**I hastily skimmed through three or four pages and then urgently importuned Captain Wilkes: "Give me a typewriter, some paper and let's get hold of Chapple."**

**At Naval Headquarters there I copied Chapple's diary. At times the bravery, the utter unconcern of death contained in that diary was so overwhelming that I forgot I was a reporter hurrying to do a job and became an emotionally overcome spectator of a great exploit.**

**As Captain Wilkes and I sat working on a rough map, an orderly came up, saluted and said:**

**"Captain Wilkes, I am unable to find Lieutenant Chapple." Captain Wilkes said, "Keep trying. He has a few days' leave but he must be around town somewhere. Mr. Brown must see him." That was at 7:30 P. M.**

**Until 3 A. M. we searched for Chapple. I then grabbed an hour's sleep at the Oranji Hotel and was called at 4 A. M. by Lieutenant-Commander E. T. Neale to go to the Naval Base for the take-off in the PBY, 800 miles across Bali and the Timor Sea to Darwin, in northern Australia.**

**In the gray darkness of early morning at the Surabaya Naval Base, just fifteen minutes before taking off, I found this tall, husky, round-faced submarine skipper whose diary I had. We met in a cubbyhole of an office.**

**"Understand you've been looking for me." He smiled, boyishly.**

**I opened my portable typewriter on a narrow table half covered with operational maps. Hunched over them were the pilot, the copilot and the navigator of the PBY that I was to take.**

**I told Chapple I wanted all kinds of details to intersperse in his too dispassionate, too modest diary. Color, atmosphere and dialogue that he did not include in the diary.**

**"We have no time now," I said. "I will type out a hundred questions. Will you answer them and mail them to me in Sydney as fast as you can? Give me three thousand words in excruciating detail."**

**Chapple laughed: "That's the toughest assignment ever given to me but I'll try."**

**The pilot of our PBY said, "Let's go. We've got to get off from here before daylight." We did.**

**We taxied down the harbor, passed four seaplanes burned out and half submerged from the Japanese attack the day before and got into the air.**

**A few days ago a fat envelope, heavily stamped with censor's seals, came to me by air mail from Australia. Chapple came through and his elaborations are included in his story.**

**CECIL BROWN**

# Take 'er Down!

## By Cecil Brown

C. B. S. CORRESPONDENT

It was a hazardous mission, but the orders were explicit. They said to proceed to a gulf on the west coast of Luzon and to pursue and attack a large enemy naval force and concentration of transports. And that's what Lieutenant Wreford Goss Chapple, of Billings, Montana, skipper of a United States submarine did.

He got one ship. Then for hours that were years he squirmed about on the bay's treacherous bottom to evade depth charges the Japs dumped on him. Thirty-seven times the exploding ash cans came near enough to make the pigboat clang with that awesome sound that submariners dread.

Other submarines were ordered to the same waters on the same mission. Only two succeeded in entering the gulf. One of them was Chapple's. For succeeding in taking his submarine into the gulf, for attacking the enemy successfully, and for bringing submarine and men out Lieutenant Chapple got the Navy Cross and it's proud they are out in Billings, Montana.

You'd never think, though, from reading Moon Chapple's diary, that he did anything extraordinary. His classmates at the Naval Academy dubbed him Moon because he resembled, in his plebe year, the indestructible Mister Mullins of the comic strip. What was probably the most dangerous part of his mission Chapple set down in about seventeen paltry and ineloquent words. This was when he took his submarine into the gulf over the reefs that spread east for about ten miles across the entrance. He never had more than 30 feet of water in which to navigate and usually it was so shallow that razor-sharp rocks were everywhere to knife the pigboat's belly.

This is how Moon described it:

"One morning in the latter part of December at 1:44 A. M. we were proceeding over the northern part of the reefs."

### Deadly Hide and Seek

That is a new high in understatement. That gulf is about 25 miles wide at the mouth. At least ten miles of the width are protected by the reefs. The remaining 15 miles were very definitely protected by Jap destroyers, about ten of them. As it was, Moon Chapple had to elude six destroyers in addition to reef spears.

If the Jap patrol had been good enough to drive off the other destroyers which rushed to the area, you may be sure it was very good indeed; in the shallow waters of the reefs, Chapple had no depth into which to dive if he had been spotted. The Japs knew this. Chapple knew this. That's why he chose to enter that way.

Once inside it was no picnic. By 5:17, the submarine was clear of the reefs and Chapple took his pigboat down. At 6:15 he came up to periscope depth and sighted many transports. He said there were so many of them they looked like cars in a parking lot. He also sighted two destroyers circling about the transports. He saw some motor launches hovering about. These undoubtedly carried tons of ash cans.

"But," wrote Chapple, "the vessels were somewhat to the north and slightly out of my area."

For an hour Chapple kept his eyes pressed against the rubber eyepieces of the periscope. The periscope is the skipper's job, his symbol of command. The enemy drew closer. The men, quiet and eager, glistening with sweat, stood at battle stations. One said: "Betcha buck we get one." The submarine crept closer on slow motors. Chapple prayed to himself the Jap detectors wouldn't pick up his vibrations. At last he was within range.

"At 7:10 A. M.," Moon's log says, "fired four torpedoes at four vessels. All misses.

"The first one was fired directly at the target. The second, third and fourth fired were ahead of their targets from a little under the length of the enemy ship to about a quarter of a ship's length.

"One of the latter three had an excellent possibility of hitting one of the three vessels. The depth (the distance under water at which the torpedo moves) of the last of the torpedoes may have been too much for small vessels."

### A Hit-and-Run Play

The Jap ships were oldsters with very shallow draft and it was not surprising that Chapple miscalculated. He ordered the torpedoes set higher. He wrote:

"We reloaded and dived to avoid a destroyer which dropped three depth charges fairly close. I headed eastward to lose the destroyers which were on our trail."

When an ash can explodes near enough, there is a sound within the enclosed confines of a submarine like the ring of a sledge hammer against a boiler—and you inside the boiler. And any clang might mean a buckled or sprung plate, a leak, a flooded battery compartment and then a slow death. Chapple snaked about well below the surface for about 45 minutes, keeping within striking range, and then he rose again to periscope depth. He had a quick look and—there was a sitting duck.

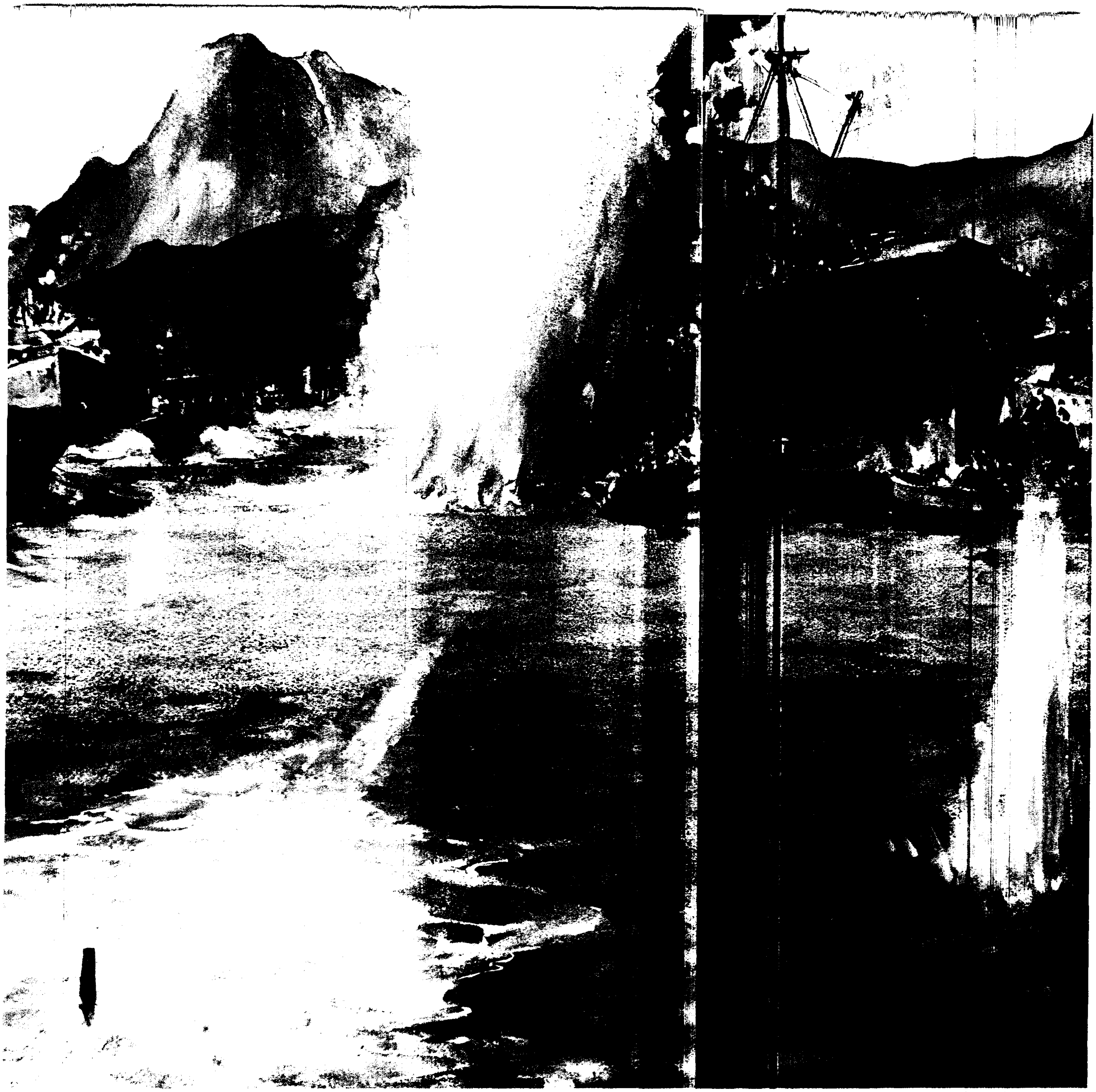
"At 7:58 A. M. we fired one torpedo. I saw the ship's anchor chain down. She was anchored and ready for the discharge of troops. She was very close and loaded with troops. The first torpedo led the ship. I fired the second smack at her. Thirty seconds later we heard the explosion.

"We dived immediately. Three depth charges came closer to us than the last ones we heard. At least two enemy destroyers were after us. We employed evasive tactics until 9:30 when we found ourselves rising to the surface as though we were aground. I stopped, coasted to about 47 feet on the depth gauge. We flooded the auxiliary (tanks) rapidly in order to prevent ourselves from rising."

So began thirteen critical hours for fifty men and a pigboat. The craft was momentarily out of control and rising to the surface. Overhead, in the clear morning under a blue sky on a flat sea, Jap destroyers searched for the impertinent little American submarine. Hounds baying for a holed fox, ready for the kill. In his quiet way, Chapple logged:

"Slowly the submarine sank to the bottom, plowed its nose into a bank in the gulf, and rested there. We stopped all the machinery and electrical equipment in the ship, except the motor-generator (which supplied energy for the electric lights) to eliminate sound.

"The clanging continued, though not always near us, for the better part of the day. Small boats went over us at irregular intervals. The men took off



JAMES SESSIONS

**The first torpedo led the ship. I fired the second smack at her. Thirty seconds later we heard the explosion**

their shoes, and conversations were in whispers. Practically no one had slept the night before and all were tense and nervous, although self-contained. Our Filipino mess boy said we must be off the village where his folks lived. He said he'd like for us to go up and sink one of the Japs right off his folks' front porch.

"We couldn't smoke, of course. The men flopped at action stations. They got coffee and meals, moving about in their stocking feet, careful to avoid dropping a pan, a cup or a spoon, even, whose sound might be picked up by those devils overhead. The last destroyer that I'd sighted had apparently followed us very successfully with its sound-detecting gear. That last clang had been close. I set *a one-man watch in the control room.*

"With our own sound gear we could hear the movements of the enemy above. We heard propeller noises, approaching and receding. Finally, we'd all heard enough of this. I ordered the sound man to stow the apparatus, turn it off. I figured—and I know the men figured—that we were pretty helpless and that we probably were going to get it and what was the use of knowing exactly when.

"We followed, for instance, the movement of what appeared to be landing barges shuttling back and forth between the transports and the shore. When one *would approach and pass* us and move on toward shore we would follow the sound with our eyes as though we could see the barge. Emery, the gunner's mate, remarked that the way we followed the sounds back and forth was like watching a ball being batted back and forth over a net in a tennis match.

"But still there was noise to plague us in our deathly stillness below. There was water in the bilges in the control room. We were in such shallow water the ship was rolling. Of all the disturbing noises I've ever heard the back-and-forth sloshing of that water was the worst.

"I organized a game of cribbage in the *control room. The play wasn't as sharp* as usual. We couldn't remain long with the sound gear turned off, so the passing back and forth over our heads of those boats was very distracting. People began to be droopy and sleepy in the afternoon. The deck bore a black slime from condensed moisture. Officers and men lay down in the slime to sleep.

"At about 6:30 P. M. we began to feel that we were going to get away with it. It was getting dark. Our hopes and

*(Continued on page 57)*

# JOE LOUIS NAMED THE WAR

Joe Louis and Wendell Willkie at the Navy Relief Society Show in Madison Square Garden on March 10, 1942, when "Joe Louis Named the War"

### By Carl Byoir

Joe, you have named the war.
I don't think you knew
That you were naming the war,
But you named it.
You named it when you said,
"We are going to win
Because we are on God's side."
You were right, Joe,
And you have named the war.
This is God's War.

Maybe you read in the newspapers
That the President asked the reporters
To name the war.
Our President is a very great man, Joe,
But he does not know very much about whom to ask
To name wars.
Reporters, Joe, are men who think with their heads.
No one could name this war out of his head.
It had to be named out of the heart and out of the soul,
And out of some instinct that reaches back
Thousands and thousands of years;
Back through all the struggle of mankind
To establish the rights
That we are fighting to keep now.
But you were right, Joe.
You named the war.
This is God's War.

Maybe you are the first human being in five thousand years
Who was not too conceited in naming a war.
For in all the wars that men have fought in the past,
Men on both sides said, "God is on our side."
I think you are the only man in all history
Who ever said, "We are on God's side."

Of course I know, Joe,
That you were not thinking about naming a war.
You just put into words something that you felt
Way down inside of you.
So maybe it was your great grandfather
Who named the war.
I imagine he was born a free man, Joe,
And then someone brought him to America
And made a slave out of him.
And maybe through the long nights he dreamed
Of being free again
Because he knew the bitterness
And the agony of slavery.
He knew the value of freedom
And wanted it again.
And maybe he was there, Joe,
When Abraham Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation
And said that this really was a free country
And made it come true,
That white men and black men were all free.
That here it didn't make any difference
About a man's race or creed or color.
That this was really a country where all men were free.
Maybe those words were stamped
On your great grandfather's heart,
And maybe they were burned into his soul,
And maybe he came to love America
And to cherish its freedoms
More than some people who just inherited them.
And so, maybe, you just felt what he felt
And so you named the war.
This is God's War.

This is not the first time
That someone like Hitler
Thought he was bigger than God,
Or that someone like Hirohito
Thought he was God.
The whole history of mankind
Has been a history of struggle
Against men like this.
And that's why we can be sure
That we are on God's side,
Because in the long run the people
Who are on God's side
Have always won.
The rights of free men
Were not won all at once.
God has been fighting these wars
As long as there have been men to set free.

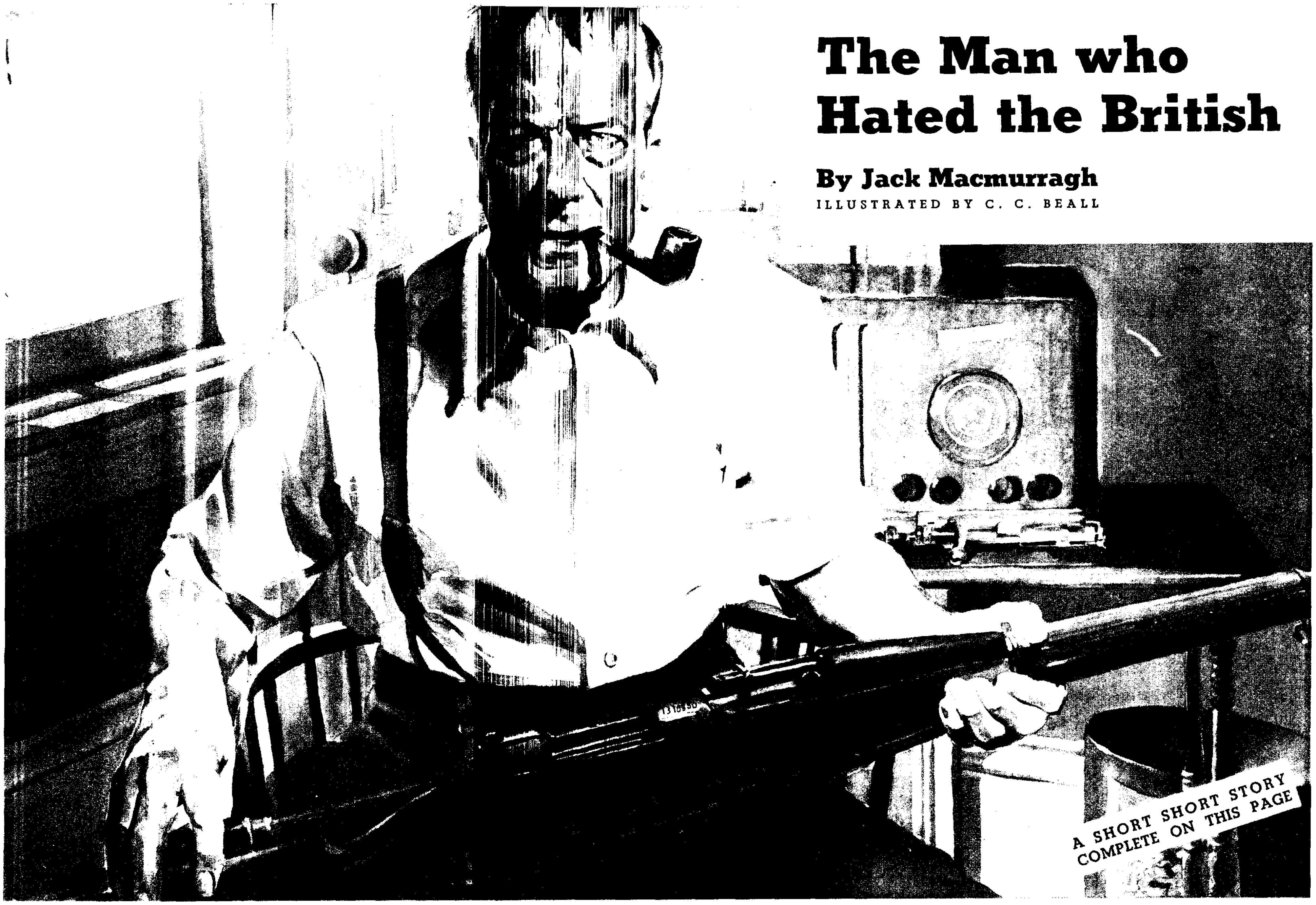
Through all the dark centuries
A lot of people believed
That freedom for mankind was not God's plan,
But they were wrong, Joe.
Men have come out of the darkness,
Men who believed in God;
And after a while, because they believed in God,
They knew they could win back their freedom.
But always, Joe, it was a struggle.
Winning it and losing it, and winning it back again.

Everyone knows that here in America
We had to fight to be free;
And we had to fight to stay free;
And we are fighting now to stay free.
What too many of us forgot, Joe,
Was just what you have reminded us of,
That freedom is part of God's plan for mankind.
So, if we want to be free men now,
Let us all pray for faith
And wisdom and strength
To fight through to glorious victory
On God's side.
In God's War.

# The Man who Hated the British

## By Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HALFWAY up the street, Paddy Kelly's boy—who was a man—heard the shouting radio from his father's house. When he walked into his mother's kitchen, he could see her lips form a "Glory be to God!" but he couldn't hear it.

"Cat broke down," he said to the question of her eyes. He had to throw his voice from the top of his mouth to get words through the beating waves of the radio. "In the name of heaven," he yelled, "does he hate the British that loud?"

From the front room, his father's walking-boss voice was a bellow, though restrained: "Molly, is it you got that door open?"

Molly Kelly grinned at her son, wrinkling her nose like a little girl. "No!" she shouted. And then to her son, "Now, it's the Japs, too."

Released, the bull's roar came: "Then whoever it is, how can I be listenin' to this fancy-pants Willy with the wind whistlin' in my ears?"

"He sits an hour at a time," Molly said. "His guns need cleanin', he says, and he might as well be listenin' while he's doin' it."

They laughed together, fondly, across that booming noise, the same sweet grin on the big black-haired man kicking the snow from his feet in the open doorway as on the little woman at the stove.

In the front room, like a red bull sitting man-fashion on a rock and hating the feel of it, Paddy Kelly glowered at the straining radio, a rifle and a cleaning rod across his lap. When he saw his son in the doorway, his mouth opened to grin. And then he remembered his manhood and the restraint it imposed in these times, and he shut his teeth on his surprise and snapped off the radio.

The boy raised his fist and brought it down on his father's thick shoulder; and the red man grinned under the blow.

"How's the war goin'?" the lad asked.

"Singapore's gone," Paddy Kelly said. "DamntheBritish!" From long habit he made it one word, and his voice, though lowered, rumbled like a truck on a wooden bridge. "God grant our generals'll get over the same sleepin' sickness. If trouble don't send a callin' card, it catches the generals with their britches hung on the bed post!"

The lad picked the gun from his father's lap, and his father grinned with only the slightest of embarrassment, like a man caught cheating at solitaire by an understanding friend.

"My rifle," the boy said. "I put it away, greased."

His father said from the corner of his mouth, "I run outa guns to clean. The first week, I scrubbed the riflin' outa my Lee-Enfield."

Molly Kelly's footsteps came down the passageway, and Paddy Kelly said hurriedly, "What brings ye home?"

"I quit my job," the boy explained.

From the doorway, his mother said, "I thought the tractor broke."

"It did," he said. "So I quit my job."

With his hands on his knees, his father gave him the look from under one thick brow. "What's up, boy?" he asked quietly.

"I enlisted," he said.

There was a quick silence in the room, and then his father threw back his head. "Now, by jinks," he said, "them Japs'll get outa the Philippines!"

His mother's face was very still, as though caught between expressions. "Did you think about it first?" she asked. "Instead of waiting for your draft number?"

"I did, Mother," he said very calmly.

"I wanted to know," she said, "for my own peace of mind."

And she said no more, knowing that with some things there was no point to words.

But her husband said, "Remember what I've taught ye! One bullet where ye want it is worth more than a hundred around it. Ye don't shoot deer in the belly, but that don't hold with Japs. Nobody cares if ye spoil their meat. Hold fine an' shoot 'em in the belly."

"They tell me the brush is too thick for fine shootin' in the East Indian jungles," the boy said.

"Use the butt," his father said automatically, and then jumped to his feet. "East Indian jungles! Am I sendin' ye only to make the world safe for the British?"

"And the rest of us," the lad said.

LOOKING at his son, Paddy Kelly took a deep breath. "There's one thing," he said then grimly. "If ye get caught in that thick brush with a general—British preferred, because them I know best, and they're the most stupid—kick his thick head for your father."

"I'll bring ye a pair in a gunnysack," the lad said, and he held out the rifle. "Keep it clean for me, Dad."

His mother said pleadingly, "Dinner's ready for the table."

Her lad turned to her then and the softness came into his eyes and his voice and his hands. "It's hard enough this way," he said; and he took his mother's face in his two hands and he kissed her square on the lips.

"God's blessing on you," she said.

His father said sulkily, "Ye're in an awful hurry to help the damn' British!"

"No time to waste," the lad said, and he raised his fist, and—slow and hard—on his father's big shoulder he put the blow of farewell.

**"Singapore's gone," Paddy Kelly said: "DamntheBritish!" He made it one word and his voice rumbled like a truck on a wooden bridge**

They stood at the gate while the boy kept walking away, waving over his shoulder. "He's goin' without me," Paddy Kelly said. "For the first time, Molly, he's tacklin' a dirty job, one that needs doin', without me there to take one end of it."

Then from the corner of his mouth, he said, "In the house, quick, Molly, or he'll be seein' me do it!"

She looked back over her shoulder, but she followed her husband in.

He stood for a long minute with his face to the blank wall above the radio. "Molly, darlin'," he said, "would it be too awful lonesome for ye, if I found a way to get in it? There may be fightin' at Gallipoli again."

She looked at the big back and at the red neck, scrubby as a boy's; the corners of her mouth quivered, and she laughed, for she could laugh with tears, which is a blessing of the Irish.

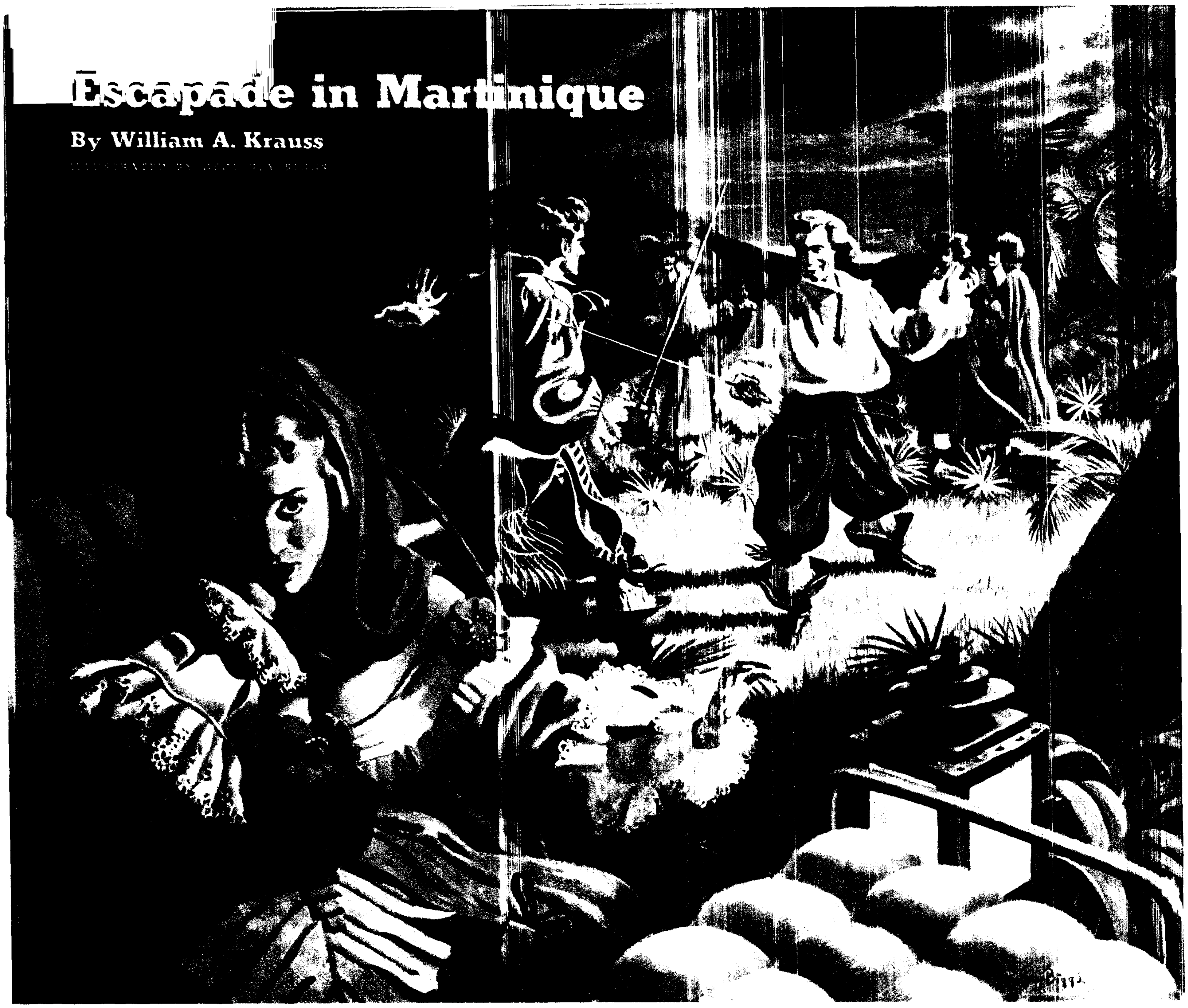
He turned then, and the tears ran down one side of his face and around the corner of his sheepish grin. "The lad'll take care of the Japs," he said, "but the Germans need the hand of a man who's licked 'em. And the poor British need a man who knows their generals. D'ye think they'd have me, Molly? At Gallipoli, Molly, or thereabouts, I might find the eye I left there in '15—or a German who'll replace it. There's no blue eyes like my own among the Japs."

A copy of "JOE LOUIS NAMED THE WAR" on heavy paper will be sent for 10 cents to cover cost of printing and mailing. Address Collier's Reprint Department, Springfield, Ohio.

# Escapade in Martinique

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]



**He brought up the tip of his blade to slit the loose sleeve. He did not touch the flesh. "Do you really take yourself seriously?" Nicholas de Goncourt cried**

**Young Nicolas de Goncourt decided to go to Martinique the easy way. At the time—more than a century ago—it looked like a good idea. The girl was a circumstance he hadn't foreseen**

HE HAD not expected the girl on the jetty in Fort Royal. That she should be there to meet him, to receive him, was a circumstance altogether unforeseen. She came quickly, with little steps, through the press of yammering Negroes, of brightly caparisoned colonials and, surprisingly, walked directly to him, stopping before him with a curious planted stiffness, her slender face cool and impassive, bland.

She said, "Your pardon, messire—you are Blaise Lorrain?"

There was, of course, only one answer:

"Yes." And he looked at the girl with an open stare that he would have considered, in another, ungracious.

His survey was thorough. She was a girl above the common height with strong and well-molded shoulders; her skin was warmly brown and her eyes held an astonishing blueness, brightly, innocently blue, color of the morning sea. But it was her hair that principally caught and kept his attention: hair that was heavy and long and incredibly golden brown. Without any kind of doubt it was the loveliest hair he had ever seen.

In short, she was good to look upon and utterly unexpected and the young man called Blaise Lorrain gaped at her with more than a suggestion of interest in his manner. To himself he said, in the silence, under his breath, "And what am I to remark now? Do I know this girl or don't I? What am I to tell her—what greeting?"

But it was she who ended the pause: "Your voyage was pleasant?"

"Pleasant," he said, inclining his head.

"And you seem to be in good health—"

"Oh, I am," he said. "Yes. I think I can assure you that I am in good—the best—health. And you, pray?"

She said in a voice quite flat, neither friendly nor unfriendly, "I am well." And she added: "I suppose you may kiss me now, Blaise Lorrain. That's your privilege, isn't it?" She turned up her expressionless face to him, her lips parted.

Then, strangely, his assurance melted. His mind slipped quite uncharacteristically into a muddle of indecision. He looked at the girl and looked away, as if parrying. His eyes moved over the unfamiliar scene about him: The brig from France, riding at anchor now, sails down; the dancing shallop beside the jetty; the jostle of people on shore, against the backdrop of the pink and white tropical town. He observed, irrelevantly, that the sky was clean and colorless with the light of morning, the West Indian sea heartlessly blue.

The girl said, "Well?"

He thought: I do not so much as know her name. This is indeed extraordinary.

But he touched her arms gently at the shoulders and—his misgivings temporarily ignored—kissed her.

She said to him, then, "Naturally you won't expect me to cry out that I love you." She gazed at him evenly. Suddenly she turned her head and glanced along the wharf. "There's Father," she said bleakly. "Wearing the green linen jacket. Do you see? He will expect you to wave to him."

It was with a sense of fast-mounting uncertainty that the young man called Blaise Lorrain lifted his hand and signed toward the stranger in the green linen jacket. What else, in the situation, could he do? He waved once and forthwith dropped his hand. He looked at the girl. She stared back at him, unsmiling.

"Father will be happy to see you," the girl said tonelessly.

I wonder, thought the young man; and he shrugged—so to speak—mentally.

THE beginning was in Le Havre, in France, on a gray day, beside a noisy wharf. The ship Renne, of five hundred tons' burden, in the West Indian service for Mathon Frères, had completed loading. It would be possible to sail on the evening tide. And at four o'clock or thereabouts a passenger, a

*(Continued on page 26)*

# Hillbilly Judy

## By Kyle Crichton

**They don't give cocktail parties at the Waldorf for Judy Canova, Duse of the sticks. But when it comes to popularity polls she's right up on top**

WHEN Judy Canova came to a man in the receiving line at the White House reception, she took him firmly by the hand and said, "How do you do!"

She knew his name very well, she most desperately wanted to call him by name but her mind went blank. She clung grimly to his hand and made a new attack, feeling that the name was bound to come to her.

"How do you do . . . *sir!*" she finally managed and went off in a cold sweat.

After kicking herself around in a corner for several minutes she brightened up.

"I got it!" she whispered tensely. "Roosevelt!"

She didn't go back to remind the President of his identity and is not pleased when people keep bringing the story up, wanting it known that loss of memory does not indicate lack of sense. She is a girl of great good sense.

As she was coming out of the White House after the luncheon (this was at the time of the President's Birthday Ball), she pulled a round, blunt cigar from her bag and waved it at Gene Autry.

### Two Small Riots

"Looky, Gene, a souvenir!" she cried. "I took it from the box when the President passed it around."

"What did he say when you took a cigar?" said Mr. Autry astounded.

"Now, Gene, use your head," said Judy reproachfully. "What do you think he said? He asked me if I wanted a light."

As a matter of fact, both Autry and Judy were small riots in Washington for the same reason that they would be sensations in Marked Tree, Ark. With all respect for our national capital, it contains a great majority of small-town people. Judy Canova is the Beatrice Lillie of Marked Tree, Ark. She is the Fannie Brice of Pawhuska, Okla. She is the Lily Pons of Tucumcari, N. M.

When the train goes through Unadilla, Ga., the conductor walks up and down the aisles proudly proclaiming, "This is Judy Canova's home town!"

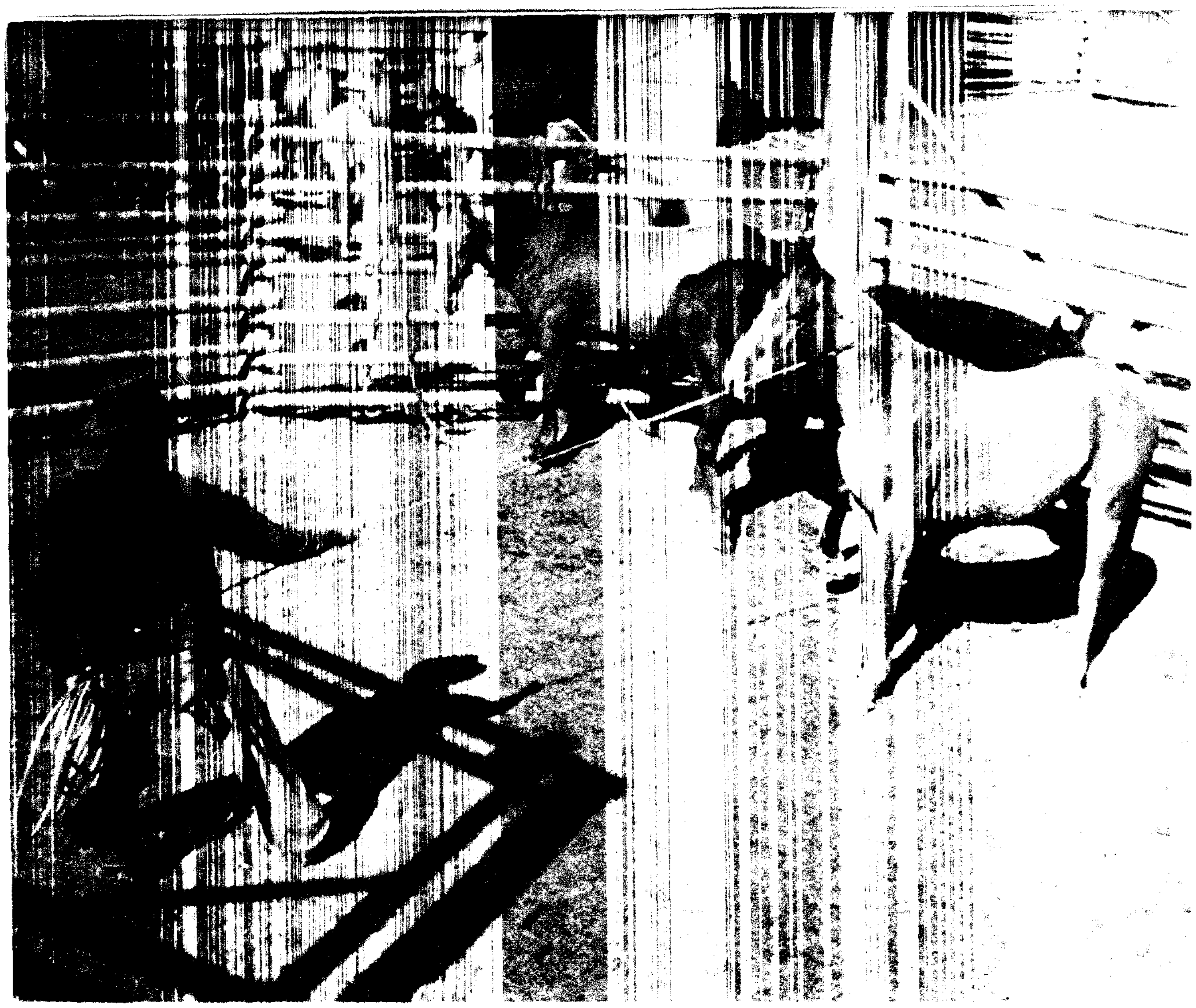
She is the Duse of the sticks, the Bernhardt of the canebrakes. Although she was formerly a Broadway stage star her pictures never appear on Broadway No cocktail parties are given for her at the ritzy hotels but when the votes were counted last year in the popularity poll for motion-picture stars, she topped Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth, Joan Crawford and James Stewart

"No highbrow, she," they say at Republic Pictures, where she works "Just a lode"

Despite all this, the world is pretty dumb about Canova The assumption is that anybody who sings hillbilly songs

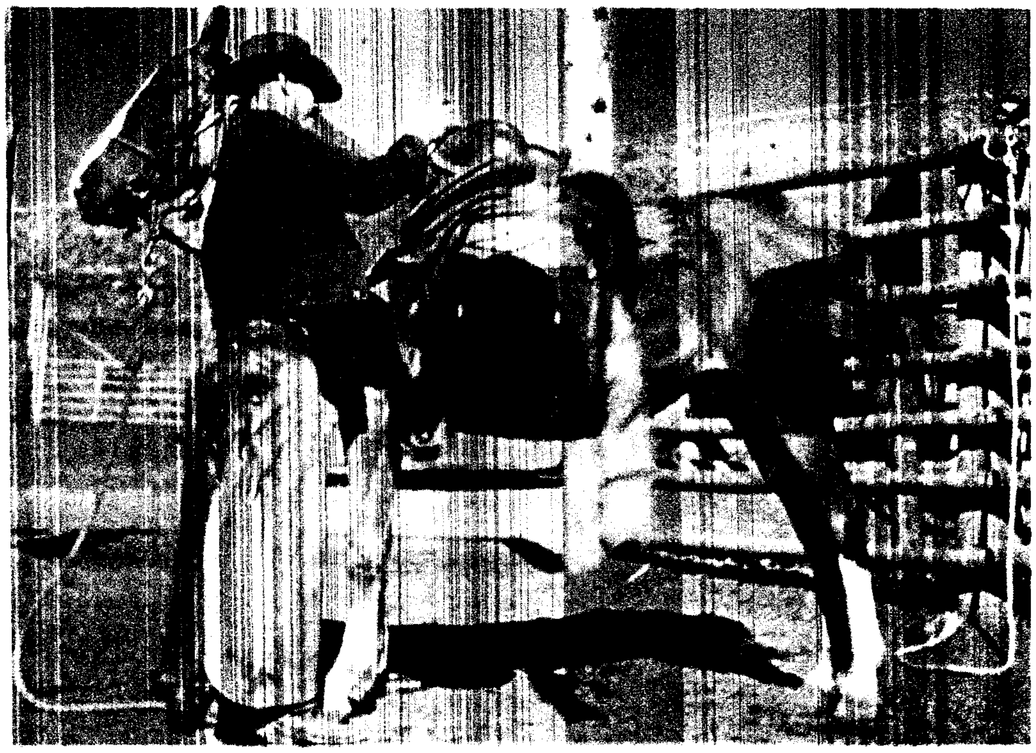
*(Continued on page 62)*

DOOLITTLE KEAN

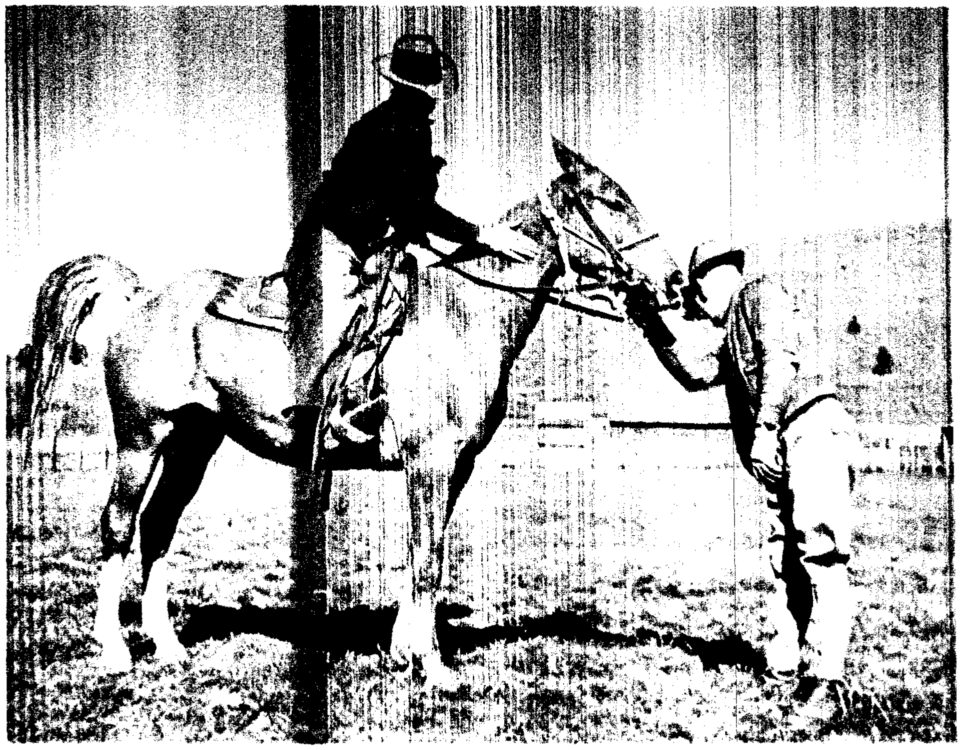


In his Oregon corral, Ranger is roped and brought out for examination by officers of a U. S. Army Remount Service detachment. The Army is scouring the country for suitable cavalry horses

"Fifteen hands," says Lt. Col. Fred W. Koester, as Ranger passes his first test. He's tall enough



On goes the saddle, and now Ranger must prove himself to be tractable and gentle. The Army will not purchase buckers or mean-tempered horses



After Ranger has been exercised, Col. Dean puts an ear to the horse's nostrils to listen to his breathing. Ranger proves to be sound of wind

# New War Horses

## By Richard L. Neuberger

**The cavalry always knew it would come back. And it has. Here's how the Army is getting its horses**

FROM the bleak plains of Russia to Oregon's green uplands is half the distance around the world, but Lieutenant Colonel Fred Koester of the United States Army Remount Service said to the lean cowpuncher standing with him at the corral gate:

"Cy, the Russians are proving that cavalry can still win battles. That means, among other things, that we need all the horses we can get now—good, strong horses that our own cavalry can ride to battle. You and your hands better tell everyone back in the hills that the Army wants horses and wants 'em right away, and that we're paying cash on delivery."

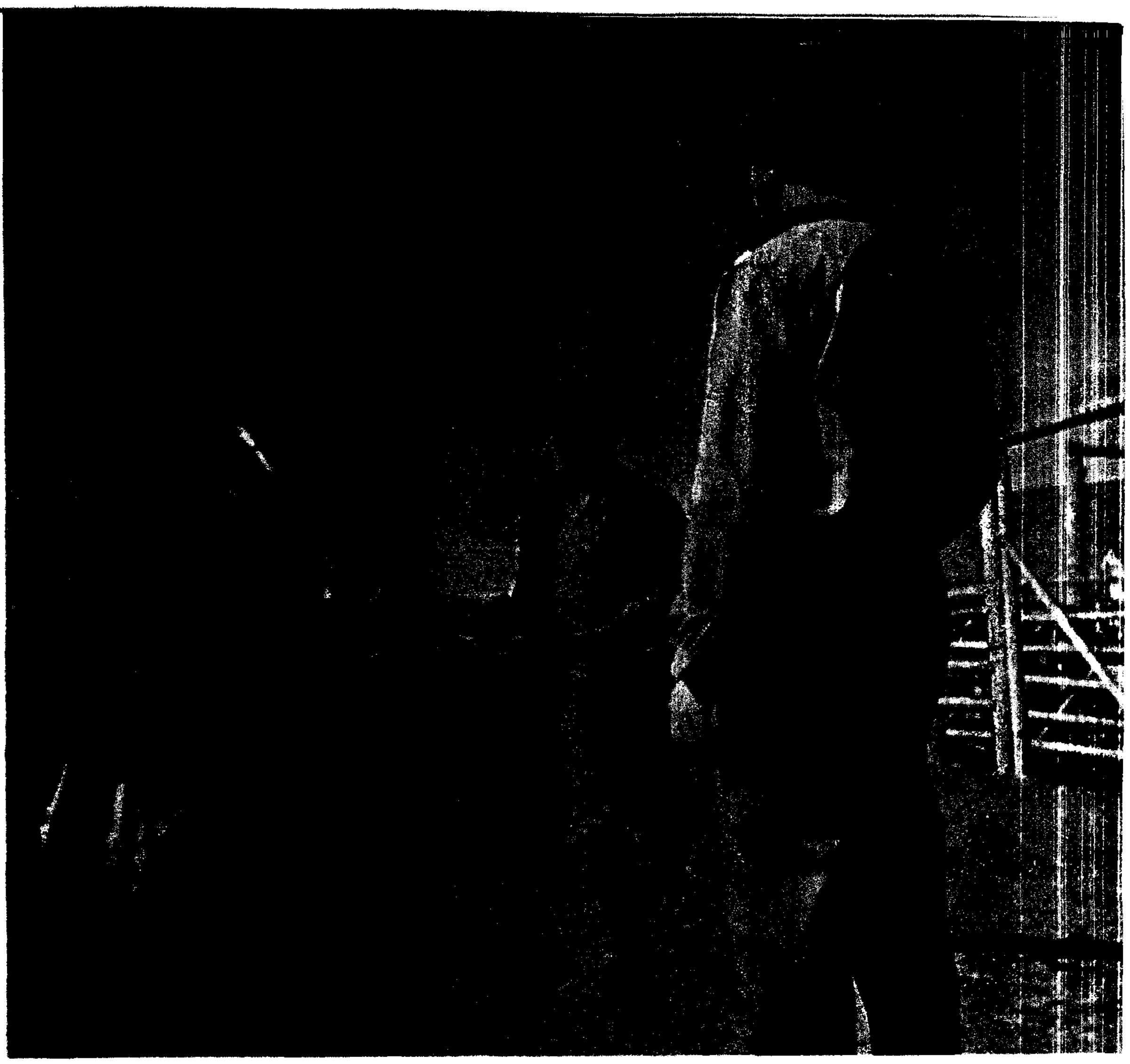
Cy Rood gave his chaps a hitch and took a dusty halter from one of the corral posts. "Yes, sir, Colonel," he said. "We'll pass the word along to all the ranchers, Injuns and wranglers in Crook County that their Uncle Samuel hankers after any horse they don't need for spring plowing or fetching the mail."

This is taking place throughout the land today—not only in Crook County, Oregon, but in nearly every county with a barn or a pasture. Polo ponies, farmers' nags and riding-academy thoroughbreds are being recruited for service on our far-flung military front. The Army is buying horses, thousands of them. Most Americans think of the equipment for this war exclusively in terms of planes, tanks, ships and guns. But the Quartermaster Corps, which is charged with the responsibility of obtaining supplies, knows there is another essential—horses. This was known before we entered the war, even before Russian cavalry and horse-drawn artillery began pushing back the shivering Nazis. Nor must it be forgotten that at the very start of the German attack on Russia, the defenders' cavalry harried and delayed the foe.

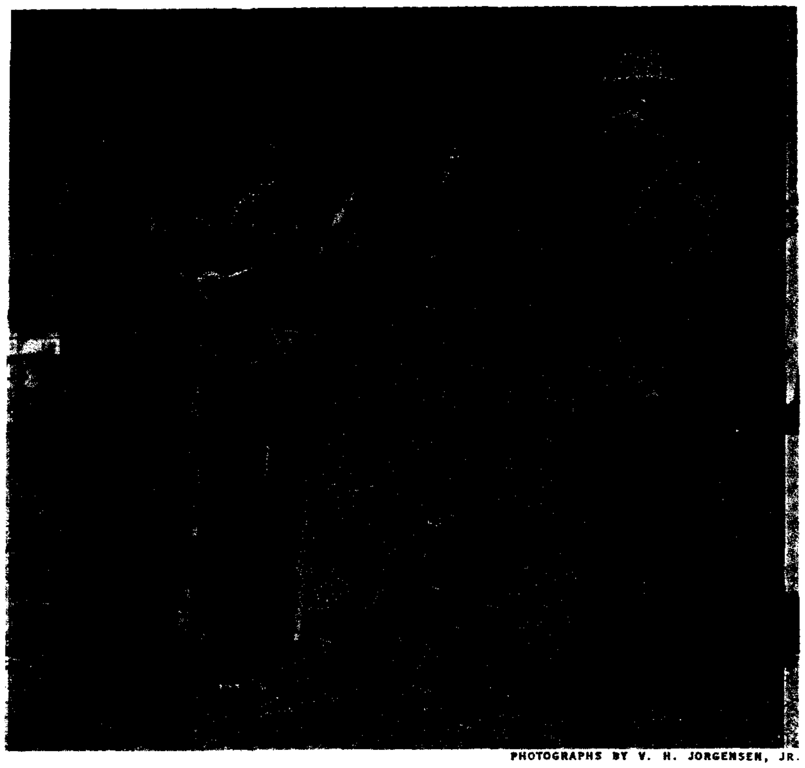
Colonel Edwin N. Hardy, the tall, graying Tennessean who is chief of our Remount Service, nodded in profound agreement when Bernard Valery reported to the New York

**Lt. Col. William H. Dean examines Ranger's teeth. "Four years old," is his verdict. Remounts must be under eight**

**"Shod properly, feet strong, soles intact," is what goes into Army notebooks after the all-important foot exam**



**The chestnut gelding is put through a short jog around the yard as the Army officers watch his footwork closely. Ranger displays no sign of splayfoot in this test**



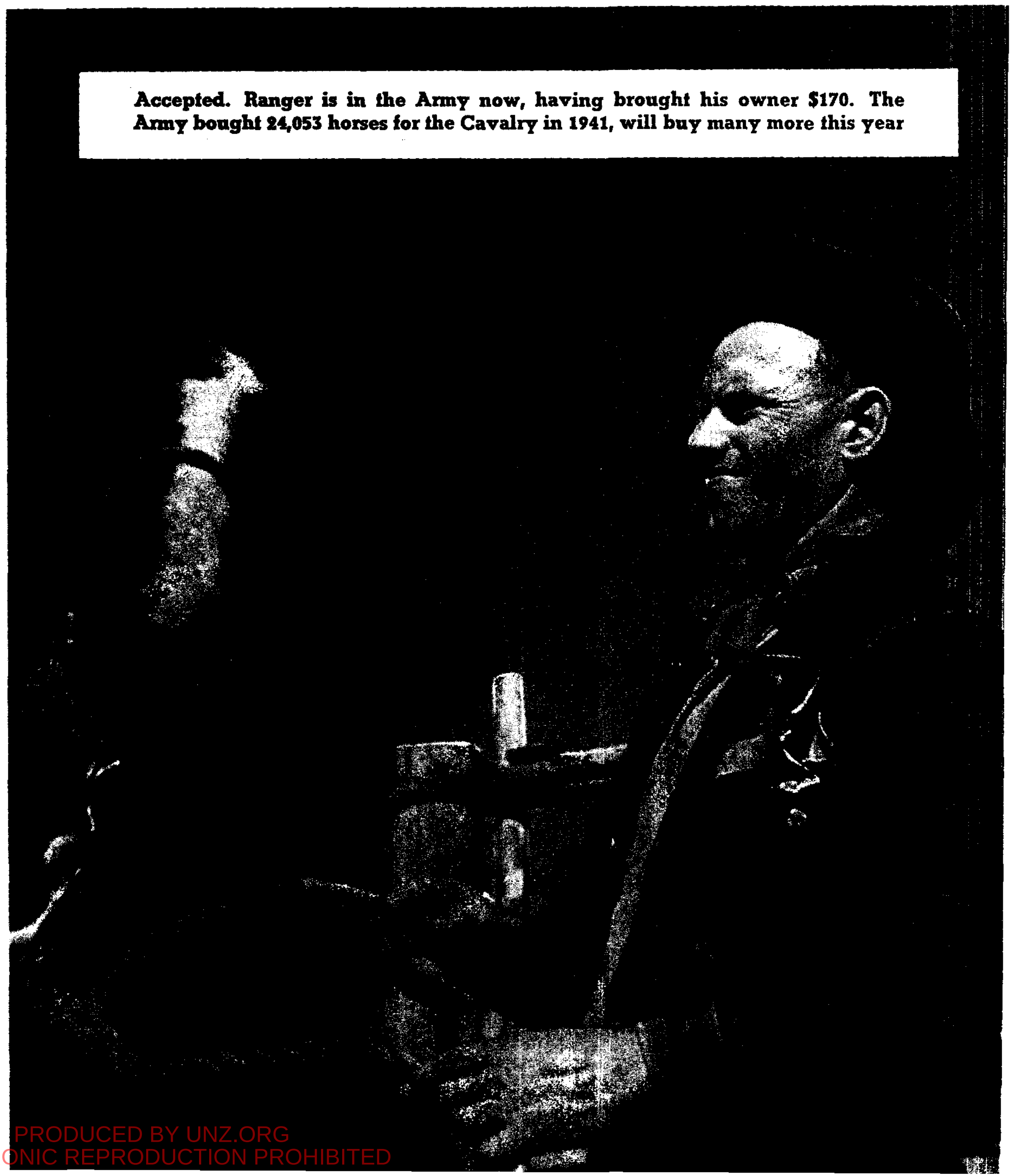
PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. H. JORGENSEN, JR.

**How much is Ranger worth? Col. Koester, notebook in hand, makes the final appraisal, determines the price**

Times that "Soviet cavalry moves unhindered by snow and cold while the German panzer divisions have their fighting possibilities strongly reduced by the same." Dispatches of this sort from the Eastern Front confirmed what Colonel Hardy had contended ever since the war began—that the horse has only been supplemented by the new revolutionary uses of the internal-combustion engine on the field of battle, and that he certainly has not been replaced.

The colonel found confirmation, too, in the views of Major General Robert M. Danford, chief of the United States Field Artillery: "For light division artillery the horse remains superior to the motor as a prime mover off roads, through the mud and darkness and rain. He does not scrape open his belly on a rock, he does not fall off an embankment, he does not smash his head against a tree, and he still works a bit longer when his fodder is exhausted."

These opinions became military *(Continued on page* 45*)*



**Accepted. Ranger is in the Army now, having brought his owner $170. The Army bought 24,053 horses for the Cavalry in 1941, will buy many more this year**

# Panama Patrol

## By Walter Davenport

**A Collier's reporter rides a patrol bomber over the Panama Canal Zone, where guns, guts and diplomacy, plus a lot of our guys aching for a fight, are seeing that our most important life line stays in business**

**The Isthmus offers exciting pets. Corp. Howard Kahler, of Grand Island, Neb., toys with a 7-foot boa**

SIGNAL CORPS—PANAMA

WE'RE flying high and wide. The Pacific's so calm in the white of the moon, it looks frozen. Our ship's a light bomber—a swift murdering swooper that has us thinking of the beautiful Harpies that snatched to hell and gone whom the gods condemned. This is war but it doesn't seem like war. Too quiet. You have to remind yourself.

We make notes as we soar, bank, dive, and we hope we'll be able to read them later. Gilky's at the controls—relaxed, nonchalant, his elbow on the shelf of the instrument panel, his chin in his hand. If it weren't for the long, lancing search of his eyes you'd say he was bored. We make a note of that and he senses that we're studying him. He grins at us as, suddenly, almost joyously obeying the touch of his hand, the plane peels off to the side, slips laterally, dives at the sea. Whatever we were writing then became halfway a slithering pencil line. Gilky thinks that's fun.

"Why don't you just hand in your notes?" he shouts. "Fool 'em. Look wise. Let the editor try to figure it out. Fool the Japs too. Some Jap will shortwave it to Tokyo figuring maybe it's code. Jap High Command will lock themselves up in a room trying to make something out of it. Fool 'em. Maybe they'll come over personally to see what we're pulling. I wish they'd come. Hell, I wish they'd come! What's that down there? Pull yourself together, you! We're going look-see!"

Brigadier General Adlai Gilkeson of Lansdale, Pennsylvania, and the United States Army Air Forces, boss of the Caribbean Interceptor Command, beloved from the White House down to the last Central American jungle airfield as "Gilk" or "Gilky," throws the ship over as you'd cut at a bush with a switch. We dive at an unnamed ripple in the black and silver swell of the misnamed ocean. It's only a smuggler's craft—one of the long, low motorboats that crawl back and forth between matted Colombia's Solano Bay, past the Canal and on to Parita Bay in the Gulf of Panama. Perhaps he's our friend, at least a friend of Captain Leo McIntire, chief of Civilian Intelligence in the ten-mile-wide Canal Zone, leased in perpetuity by the Republic of Panama to the United States. Anyway, he waves to us, doffs his hat with a great sweeping gesture that may be salute but more likely derision.

### Spoiling for a Fight

McIntire knows them all—all contraband runners from dour Colombia to storybook Costa Rica. They hail him in the streets, they crowd his office, they write him hundreds of impassioned letters to tell him who's who and what's what and what's new in the ten thousand coves and inlets that the Navy knows only by hearsay and which a thousand planes could do no more than skim over. Leo McIntire's an incredible book all by himself if he cared and dared to write it.

Gilky's sore. If ever there's been a man spoiling for fight, it's Gilk. This Panama Canal assignment is purely defensive. Land, sea and air forces, such as they are today and such as they'll be tomorrow, walk and fly the Isthmus and skitter up and down its shores, waiting, waiting, waiting for the attack. They're sure it will come. Waiting makes them thin and sharp and short of temper. They sit beside the huge detectors, their long-distance ears, mounted and cocked on the hills and mountains. Hour follows hour; days and nights pass by. No Japs. Gilk grows picturesquely profane. He'd rather get licked in a fight than loaf around waiting for one.

"D'ya see that fighter?" says Gilk, before we leave Albrook Field to make our patrol. "D'ya see it?" He points to a long sleek beauty whiskered with machine guns and engined to pace the wind. His voice is wistful.

"Come the Japs to blast the locks," says Gilk, "and I'll wait until I've got all my boys in the air. When the last interceptors are up I'll turn control over to someone and take off in that one myself and get me my ration of little yella fellas. Oh, why don't they come?"

So we're out over the Pacific with Gilk, hoping tonight's the night. This is the place to be if you want to get the Panama picture. Before we strike south we see things that make us laugh, that make us hope, that make us calculate. The Canal, except where they're hacking down and around hills to make the new locks, is blacked out

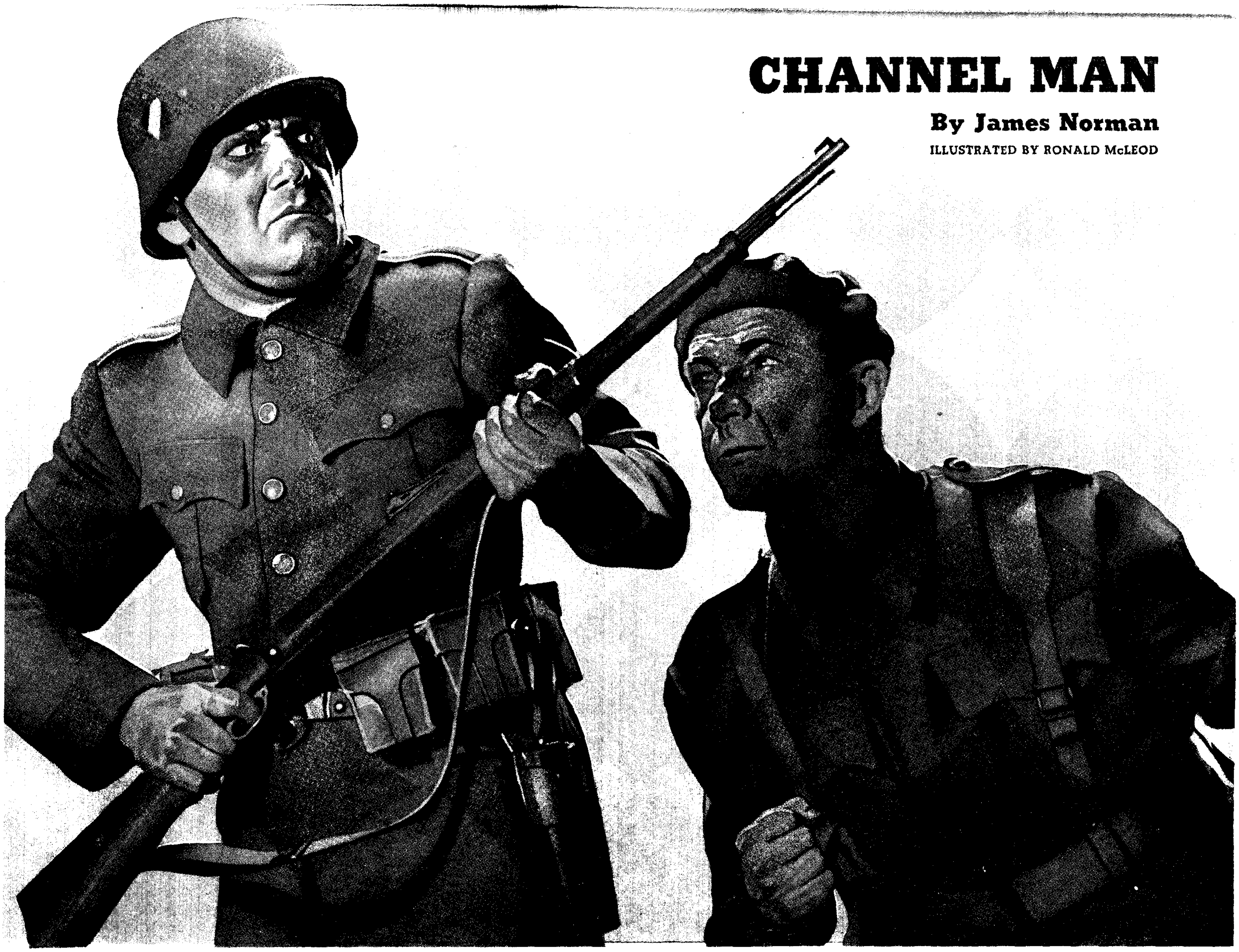
*(Continued on page 40)*

**Brigadier General Adlai Gilkeson, boss of the Caribbean Interceptor Command—known as "Gilk" or "Gilky," from White House to jungle**

# CHANNEL MAN

## By James Norman

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



**Alleyn hardly saw his face when he whirled, the carbine sliding into his hands with a dry sound. That was how he stood when the heavy blow of knuckles against flesh and jawbone caught him**

**Old Marcel knew the Channel tides, but why should he help the hated Englishman? An embittered old Frenchman learns international amity the hard way**

HE FORGOT danger for the moment. Or, perhaps it was because safety lay across the narrow strip of English Channel. The water cupped smoothly in the V between two bluffs and showed coppery in the dusk. Within an hour its tide would slip out—a swimmer's tide running toward the Goodwin Sands and Dover. Upon the higher ground to the left, an old whitewashed lighthouse thumbed the sky.

From where Alleyn stood, that was all there was to be seen, but somewhere near were the camouflaged, long-range coastal cannons. They were silent now.

An intense nostalgia came over him as he drew from memory to fill in the rest. Hidden at the base of the ridge ahead were the red-tiled cottages of Gris-Nez, a handful at most, nestling in the palm of the dunes around the tiny Hôtel du Phare. Memory also threw in some odd tugging thoughts: the image of the ancient artesian beer pump in the hotel dining room, photographs of Channel swimmers on the walls . . . Old Marcel and Laura. . . .

He jerked back, becoming tense and alert. This was no place for an Englishman to idle.

Alleyn glanced at his watch, then skidded down the back slope, following the tilting dunes, slipping along their sandy shoulders, staggering as the low dry brush snagged his clothes.

His powerful body moved with peculiar stealth for a man of his size. His solid face with its long nose and wide forehead had been stained an Indian brown, as were his hands. The stain gave his features an almost Oriental cast, the inscrutability of one whose profession is danger. His uniform wore that mark also. It was that of the Commandos—black, with black skullcap, blackened equipment and arms.

Only three days before, he and a band of five had crossed the Channel from their Folkestone base, landed in Occupied France near Calais. Creeping up the night-bound beach behind the Casino, they had knocked out a sentry.

Having memorized the street plan of the town, Alleyn had made his way to the enemy munition dump near the railway. The place had been poorly guarded. He had overcome two more sentries and had taken his time planting the dynamite and touching it off with a grenade before retreating across the *gare* plaza.

He had seen by his watch that he had twenty minutes to contact their waiting boat. Just then a tremendous explosion rocked the city and cut a cone of light into the sky. His nerves went on edge for he saw another black-clad figure race toward him, turning at brief intervals to fire at pursuing soldiers.

It was Bradford, who had held up the station guards. Alleyn opened fire to cover the man. Suddenly Bradford went down. Alleyn retreated into an alleyway, reloaded and continued firing with a cold, mechanical bluntness. It had looked like a trap until he had found a disused sewer main leading to the sea. That blind eternity through the dark, slimy passage had taken thirty minutes and when he crawled out, on the beach, the Commandos' boat was gone.

He realized, almost without feeling, that he was stranded in enemy territory.

It was then that his thoughts had turned to Gris-Nez, a short distance down the coast, and to Old Marcel. The old man could help him, if he would.

NOW, as he skirted the dunes, moving toward the small cove east of Gris-Nez beach where Marcel lived, he wondered. The past seemed so vivid now as he neared the cove. He felt a sharp twinge of emotion. He was glad, in a way, that the war was bringing the old man and himself together again.

He remembered the old Frenchman's squat body. The face built square to support a bleached walrus mustache that overhung each corner of his mouth.

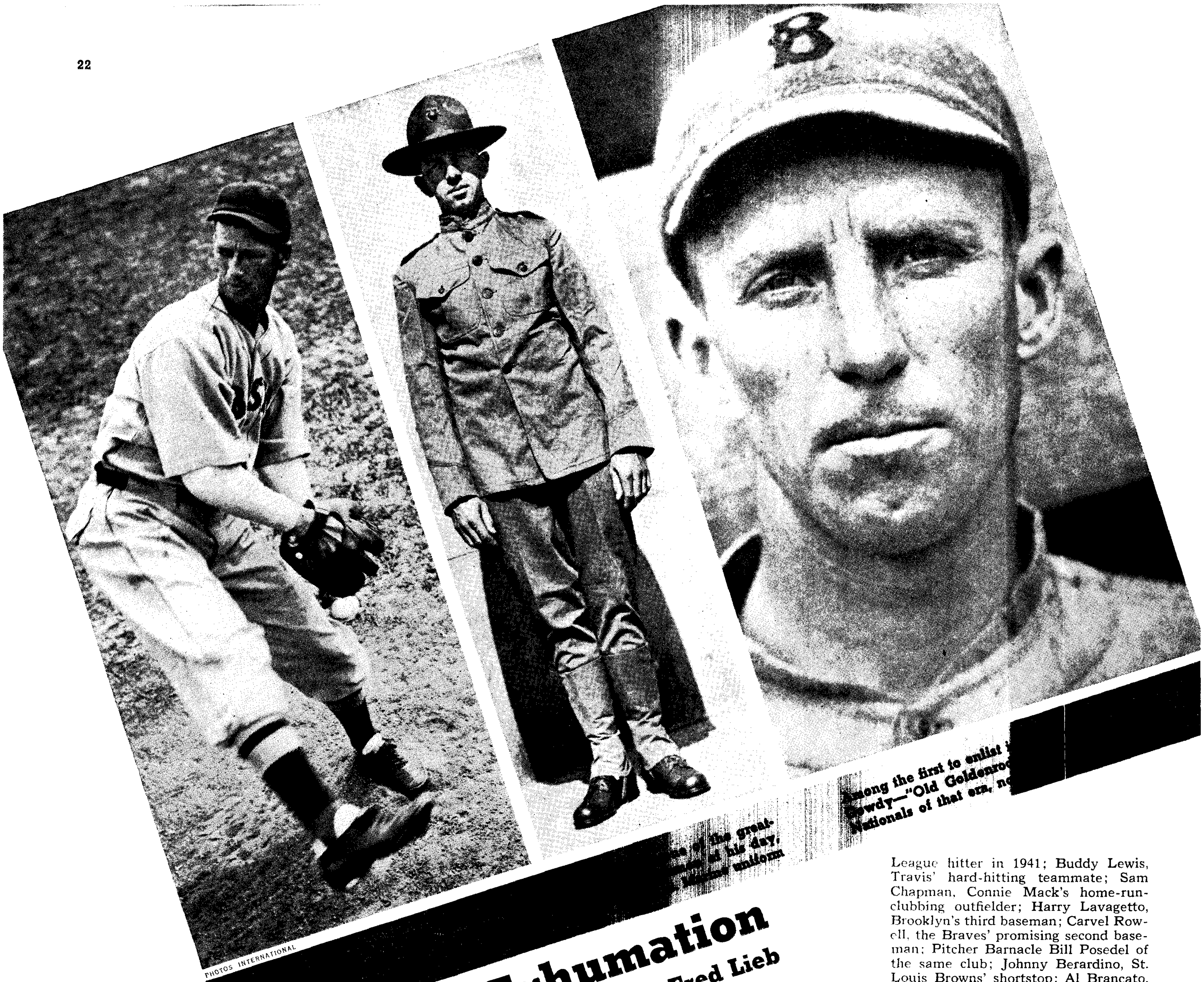
For twenty years Marcel had been as much a part of Gris-Nez as the stark white beach facing the Channel. He had been the first Frenchman to swim it, and "The Sleeve," as the French call it, had done something to him. Some people said he had floated in the cross tides too long and brine had replaced blood in his veins.

Alleyn knew it wasn't that. Marcel was very human. It was the death of his Parisian wife that kept him from returning to Paris. Instead, he built himself a shack by the cove and brought his daughter, who was yet a child, to live there.

He had gotten himself an inshore fishing boat, an open affair with a one-lung gasoline engine and a makeshift whaleback of canvas at the bow for shelter. He began guiding swimmers across the Channel.

He knew every inch of the Channel. He read ripples and currents like a blind man fingering braille. He made swimming a matter of timetable, and his brain was like an admiralty chart,

*(Continued on page* 31)



of the great-
his day,
uniform

Among the first to enlist
Gowdy—"Old Goldenro
Nationals of that era, no

PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL

# The Great Exhumation

## By Fred Lieb

**All over the land, baseball's old-timers are limbering up creaking soupbones and aching muscles as war and the draft open new roads to old glory, just as they did back in 1918**

BASEBALL is starting this season just as it started the 1917 campaign—lots of patriotic fervor, fond hopes and a prayer. It will most certainly need the prayer if the experience of the last war means anything. The boys got through 1917 without too much misery, but in 1918 when General Crowder issued his "Work or Fight" edict, the bottom fell right out of the baseball business.

What followed was the greatest process of disinterment ever known. It was distinctly on the ghoulish side. Old players who had done nothing but wield a pool cue for ten years were suddenly resurrected and pushed out on the diamond. The St. Louis Cardinals had Bobbie Wallace, in his twenty-third year of big-league baseball, on second base. The Giants pumped new life into the fabulous Jay Kirke, who had been creating legends in the minors for several centuries. The Yankees brought back Ping Bodie, former White Sox outfielder, the celebrated wack who far antedated the Brooklyn Bums and, at that period, was only several years removed from desuetude.

Will it happen again? It most certainly will happen again and we forthwith predict it.

In his famous letter to Judge Landis, President Roosevelt urged that baseball keep going at its usual pace for the sake of morale. He suggested that night ball be extended for the sake of the defense workers who otherwise would be cut off from the sport. The pronouncement was greeted with hallelujahs by the magnates who have their millions invested and by the players who depend on the professional game for their groceries, but the old judge himself kept his battered hat firmly on his head.

"No one can tell," said the judge. "Baseball will go up and down—with the rest of the folks."

The draft has been in effect for over a year. Hank Greenberg, slugging first baseman-outfielder of Detroit, and Hugh Mulcahy, an All-Star pitcher with the lowly Phils, went early. Since then, a batch has been taken, including Bobby Feller, baseball's No. 1 pitcher; Cecil Travis, Washington's second American League hitter in 1941; Buddy Lewis, Travis' hard-hitting teammate; Sam Chapman, Connie Mack's home-run-clubbing outfielder; Harry Lavagetto, Brooklyn's third baseman; Carvel Rowell, the Braves' promising second baseman; Pitcher Barnacle Bill Posedel of the same club; Johnny Berardino, St. Louis Browns' shortstop; Al Brancato, shortstop of the Athletics; promising young pitchers Mickey Harris and Earl Johnson of the Red Sox; and Freddy Hutchinson, Detroit's expensive pitching investment.

Draft boards have toughened since Pearl Harbor. There was the case of Benny McCoy, the young infielder liberated by "Abe Lincoln" Landis in 1940, whereupon Benny sold himself to the Philadelphia Athletics for $45,000. His Michigan draft board, concluding the elder McCoys could live for a time on that nest egg, put Benny in Class 1-A. Benny appealed directly to President Roosevelt and won deferred classification. When the Japs started shooting, the Wolverine State's board promptly moved Benny back to the head of the list. So he decided to avenge Pearl Harbor in the blue of the Navy. In the case of .406-hitting Ted Williams, the President's advisers overruled a Minnesota board and put Ted on the deferred list. The California Comet says he will enlist when the season is over and has steeled himself to take his share of Bronx cheers until then.

As this is written, the World Champion Yankees have lost only Johnny Sturm, .239-hitting first baseman; Ken Silvestri, third-string catcher, and two third-string pitchers. However, Tommy

*(Continued on page 60)*

# Moving Finger

## By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

ON THE advice of his doctor, Jerry Burton, a young Londoner who has been injured in a plane crash, goes—with his sister, Joanna—to the small provincial town of Lymstock. There he rents a house from an old maid: Miss Emily Barton.

Soon after his arrival, someone—some poison-pen writer—sends him a foul anonymous letter. But, since others have received somewhat similar missives, he is not seriously perturbed. . . . Among those whom the Burtons meet are: Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife; Owen Griffith, a physician, and his sister Aimée; the vicar—the Rev. Dane Calthrop—and his wife; Mr. Pye, an eccentric dilettante; Megan Hunter, Symmington's stepdaughter; Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' nursery governess; and Miss Jane Marple, an amiable elderly lady who is visiting the Dane Calthrops. . . .

Mrs. Symmington gets one of the letters; she reads it—and commits suicide. A short time later, the Symmingtons' maid—Agnes Woddell—*is murdered!* Whereupon, Superintendent Nash and Inspector Graves, who are looking for the letter writer, redouble their efforts.

All of the letters are composed of printed words cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper. Aware of this, Burton is much excited when he finds a book—in the library of the house he and Joanna are occupying—from which a number of pages have been neatly removed.

Superintendent Nash finds the typewriter with which the letters are addressed; the machine is in the office of the Woman's Institute. . . .

As the weeks go by, Burton observes with interest that Joanna is falling in love with Owen Griffith. He observes with even more *interest that he is falling in love with* Megan Hunter (as a matter of fact, he asks the girl to marry him; but Megan—a curious person whom few understand—turns him down). . . .

Superintendent Nash telephones Burton, tells him that he has found the author of the letters! A few minutes later, the two men meet and go to the home of the Griffiths, where Nash arrests—*Aimée Griffith!*

Aimée protests her innocence. And Owen is sure that his sister is not guilty. Nevertheless, he is dreadfully shocked; and when Burton leaves he sees Joanna (who has come in, a bit late) go to the man she loves and kneel down by his chair.

### Conclusion

I CAN'T *tell you coherently the events of the next twenty-four hours.* Various incidents stand out, unrelated to other incidents.

I remember Joanna coming home, very white and drawn, and of how I tried to cheer her up, saying:

"Now who's being a ministering angel?"

And of how she smiled in a pitiful twisted way and said, "He says he won't have me, Jerry. He's very, *very* proud and stiff!"

And I said, "My girl won't have me either. . . ."

We sat there for a while, Joanna saying at last, "The Burton family isn't exactly in demand at the moment!"

I said, "Never mind, my sweet, we still have each other," and Joanna said, "Somehow or other, Jerry, that doesn't comfort me much just now. . . ."

OWEN came the next day and rhapsodized in the most ardent way about Joanna. She was wonderful, marvelous! The way she'd come to him, the way she was willing to marry him—at once if he liked. But he wasn't going to let her do that. No, she was too good, too fine to be associated with the kind of muck that would start as soon as the papers got hold of the news.

I was fond of Joanna, and knew she was the kind who's all right when standing by in trouble, but I got rather bored with all this highfalutin stuff. I told Owen rather irritably not to be so sickeningly noble.

I went down to the High Street and found everybody's tongue wagging nineteen to the dozen. Emily Barton was saying that she had never really trusted Aimée Griffith. The grocer's wife was saying with gusto that she'd always thought Miss Griffith had a queer look in her eye—

THEY had completed the case against Aimée, so I learned from Nash. A search of the house had brought to light the cut pages of Emily Barton's book—in the cupboard under the stairs, of all places, wrapped up in an old roll of wallpaper.

"And a jolly good place too," said Nash appreciatively. "You never know when a prying servant won't tamper with a desk or a locked drawer—but those junk cupboards full of last year's tennis balls and old wallpaper are never opened except to shove something more in."

"The lady would seem to have had a penchant for that particular hiding place," I said.

"Yes. The criminal mind seldom has much variety. By the way, talking of the dead girl, we've got one fact to go upon: There's a large heavy pestle missing from the doctor's dispensary. I'll bet anything you like that's what she was stunned with."

"Rather an awkward thing to carry about," I objected.

"Not for Miss Griffith. She was going to the Guides that afternoon, but she was going to leave flowers and vegetables at the Red Cross stall on the way, so she'd got a whopping great basket with her."

"You haven't found the skewer?"

"No, and I shan't. The poor devil may be mad, but she wasn't mad enough to keep a bloodstained skewer just to make it easy for us, when all she'd got to do was to wash it and return it to a kitchen drawer."

"I suppose," I conceded, "that you can't have everything."

The Vicarage had been one of the last places to hear the news. Old Miss Marple was very much distressed by it. She spoke to me very earnestly on the subject:

"It isn't *true,* Mr. Burton. I'm sure it isn't true."

"It's true enough, I'm afraid. They were lying in wait, you know. They actually *saw* her type that letter."

"Yes, yes—perhaps they did. Yes, I can understand *that.*"

"And the printed pages from which the letters were cut were found where she'd hidden them in her house."

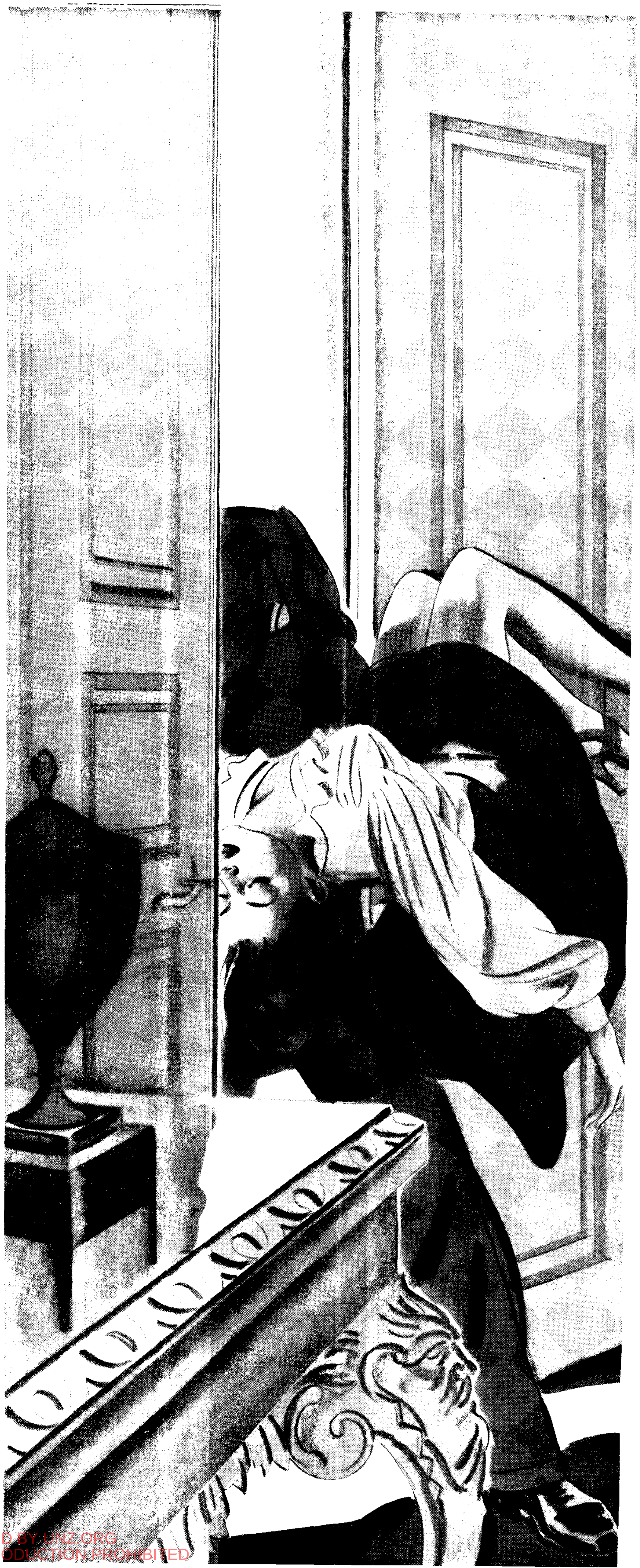
Miss Marple stared at me. Then she said, in a very low voice, "But that is horrible—really *wicked.*"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop came up with a rush and joined us and said, "What's the matter, Jane?"

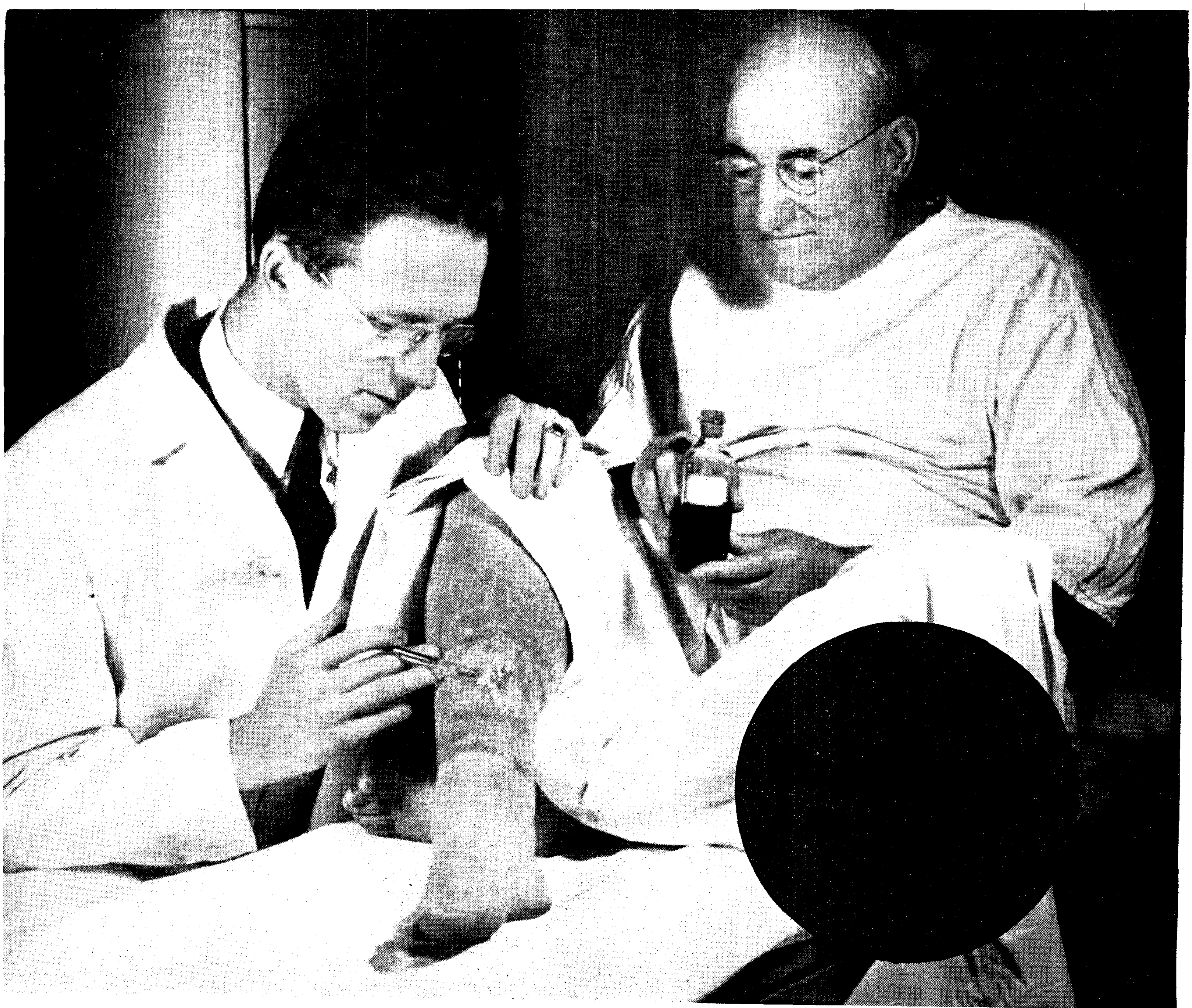
Miss Marple was murmuring helplessly, "Oh, dear, oh, dear, what can one *do?*"

"What's upset you, Jane?"

*(Continued on page 68)*



**And waiting there, with my heart thudding, I saw Symmington come out with Megan in his arms and carry her downstairs, with Nash and myself a *discreet distance* behind**



ARTHUR GRIFFIN

**Doctor Charles H. Rammelkamp treating a leg ulcer of fourteen years' standing; complete healing was effected in three weeks by the use of gramicidin**

**Set good bacteria to catch bad bacteria—that's the story back of gramicidin. It takes up where the sulfa drugs leave off and already there are several miracles to its credit**

THIS is the story of weapons against death that take up where the sulfa drugs leave off.

The story begins with an idea that kept hammering at the head of a research man. It was one of those plaguing ideas that refuse to let one alone. It ran something like this: soil is the great creator. It is also the great destroyer. Bury a leaf of lettuce, a canary or a pork chop and they are soon consumed. By what? The bacteria that teem in the soil. One investigator estimated that each pea-sized clump of earth contained a population of 50,000 bacteria!

Now we get to the part of the idea that was keeping our researcher awake at night. What were the bacteria that struck men down with disease? Organic matter—living stuff like other members of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. And here was the nub of the whole thing: if there were soil bacteria to destroy all other organic matter, wasn't it reasonable to suppose that there were soil bacteria to prey on the microbes that kill men?

The young Frenchman who had these teasing thoughts was Rene J. Dubos. He was born in a suburb of Paris, studied agriculture in France and Italy and finally came to the United States in 1924. After taking his Ph.D. at Rutgers, he joined the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1927. Dubos, tall, fuzzy-haired, mild, makes no claims to the originality of his thinking. The great Pasteur had the same idea and so had hundreds of other investigators. But with a big difference.

All these others played with the interesting thought and put it aside. Dubos let it worry and plague him. He let it hound him while he was busy on other jobs. It kept elbowing its way into his thinking. *Somewhere there were good microbes which would attack bad microbes.*

Medical research men have assigned jobs to do just as do bricklayers, lawyers and astronomers. But while he was busy on this routine work, Dubos started an epochal piece of side-line research. Once and for all he would chase down this soil-microbe business. If good ones were to be found, he would find them.

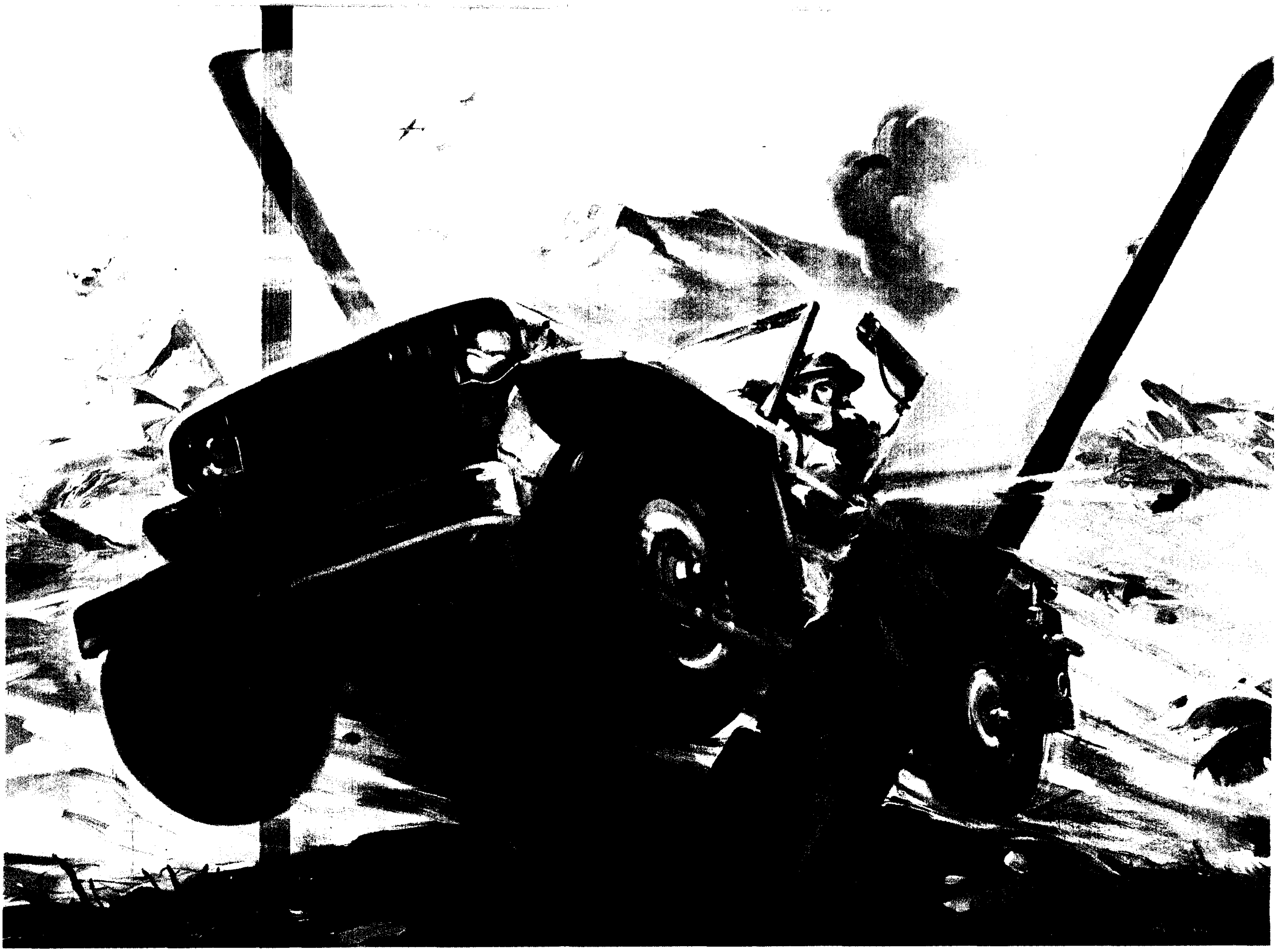
The procedure was simple enough—a perfectly straightaway job. Dubos made his start one afternoon when he took three kitchen tumblers to the greenhouses at the rear of the institute buildings in New York. He filled his tumblers with soil, carried them back to his lab and put them on an out-of-the-way shelf. Each day from then on he dampened the soil of Kitchen Tumbler No. 1 with a milky soup made up of that ugly brute of a microbe that causes pneumonia. No. 2 got a daily dampening with a culture of streptococci—causer of sore throats, childbed fever, erysipelas and a host of other diseases. No. 3 was treated with staphylococci—microbes responsible for such pus infections as boils and carbuncles, as well as a highly fatal type of blood poisoning.

The idea behind this daily exercise was obvious enough. If the soil did contain something to destroy man-killing microbes, that something would thrive if fed a daily diet of its favorite fodder. The beneficent cannibals would grow lusty and produce large families. Soon they would be available in such quantity that they could be sorted from the other soil bacteria. This routine continued for months before Dubos arrived at an epochal day in the spring of 1939. He was ready to test his theorizing.

For purposes of the test he selected eight test tubes and filled them with cultures of the pneumonia microbe. He would sick his soil microbes on them and see what happened. A pinch of the soil he had been nursing for months went into each tube: soil taken from Kitchen Tumbler No. 1. When this little preliminary flourish was over Dubos went out to lunch.

When he got back a jarring sight was waiting. The first tubes in the rack were water-clear and the others were clearing rapidly! The pneumonia microbes were being destroyed with incredible speed—by Heaven alone knew what. Something striking—perhaps something with magnificent implications — had happened. But Dubos didn't know what.

*(Continued on page 64)*



## HOT FROM THE "LINES" AT WILLYS-OVERLAND..

# HELL BENT FOR VICTORY

THEY'RE rolling off the teeming assembly lines at the Willys-Overland plants, in ever-increasing numbers—hell bent for Victory.

"They" are the motorized mustangs of our modern mobile army—Willys-built Jeeps.

Climbing stiff grades, crashing streams, mud and sand—hauling men, guns and other vital materials—the Jeeps are getting more power, more speed, more action and durability out of a ton of steel and a gallon of gasoline, than has ever been done before.

It was the great Willys civilian engineering staff fresh from their fine triumphs in the Willys-Americar and Go-Devil engine, who collaborated with the Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army to create and perfect the jubilant Jeep.

But, proud as we are of this fine achievement, we are still a motor car concern—dedicated to the building of low-cost, dependable transportation for "the people" as thousands of thankful Willys car owners are realizing at this moment.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

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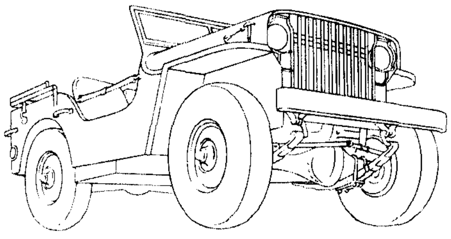
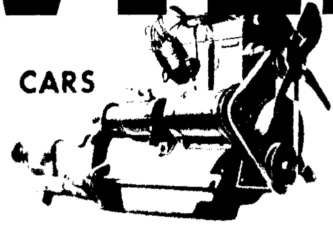
*TODAY do your part. Conserve rubber and other materials vital to war equipment. Buy defense stamps and bonds. Pay taxes with a smile. Whatever the total price you pay, it will be as nothing compared to the value of continued Freedom. . . . . . TOMORROW, make your first new post-war car a Willys—"The Jeep in Civvies."*

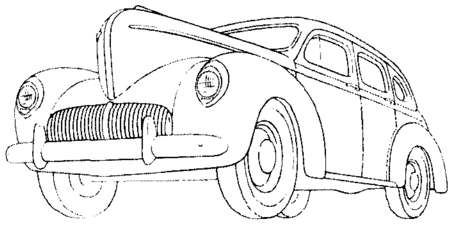


**U. S. ARMY JEEP**

# WILLYS

**MOTOR CARS** **TRUCKS AND JEEPS**





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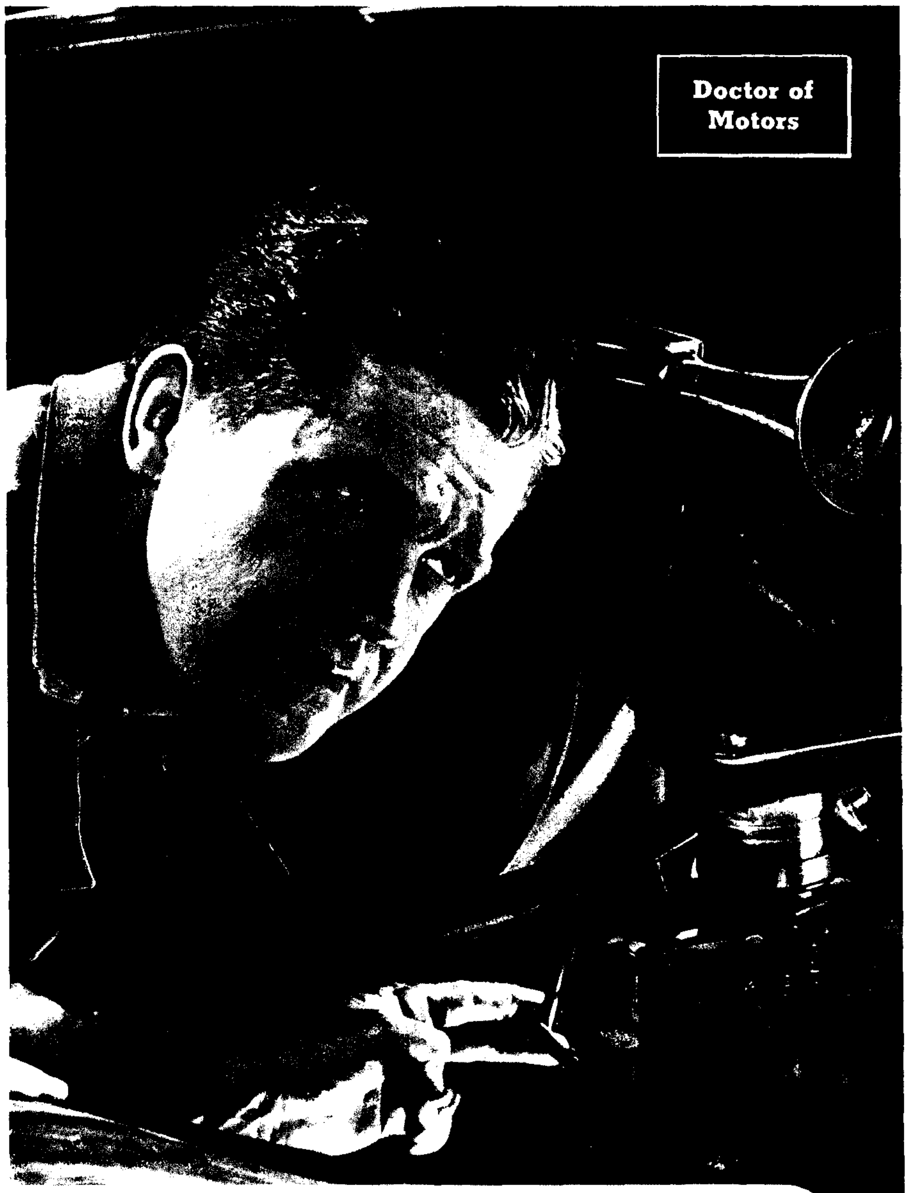
**the People's Car**

***THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE*—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS**



**Diagnostician!**

Tick! Tick! Tick! Your automobile mechanic listens to the engine and tells you what is wrong. For the Doctor of Motors has an almost uncanny way of diagnosing trouble . . . without taking the engine apart "to see what makes it tick"!

Years of study and experience have made your mechanic an expert at the fine art of diagnosis. He recognizes the symptoms. He understands the cause. He knows the cure.

Remember, your car must last for the "duration." Depend upon your Doctor of Motors to keep it in tiptop shape. Trust him. He will never let you down.

★ ★ ★

**Better mechanics everywhere recommend and install Perfect Circle Piston Rings because they know how well these rings stop oil pumping, save gasoline, and restore power, pickup, and pep. Install Perfect Circles in your car. It will take but a few hours, and the cost is surprisingly low.**

PERFECT CIRCLE
PC
PISTON RINGS

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANIES
Hagerstown, Ind. U. S. A. and
Toronto, Ontario Canada

# Escapade in Martinique

Continued from page 16

young man named Blaise Lorrain, came aboard with a scuffed leather traveling case and was conducted to his cabin.

His name meant nothing to anyone—Blaise Lorrain. He had told the captain that he was from the low country north of Rouen. He was unwell—haggard and unwell, his eyes deep-sunk. And on the third day at sea—the weather was extravagantly bleak—he died suddenly of an acute intestinal disorder that baffled all the rude chirurgical experience of Captain Arouet François Bec-Prudhomme.

"Too bad," the captain said blankly, tugging his wispy beard. The bleeding seemed to have been a mistake. In any event, it had done no good. The captain's interest was entirely academic.

Of course, there was no one to mourn Blaise Lorrain. The practical thing was done: he was consigned to the sea at five o'clock, slipped over the side in a sailcloth sack.

LATER, in the half-hour before dinner, the captain sent word that he should be pleased if M. de Goncourt would drink a glass of brandy with him. In the captain's cabin, if messire would be so good. So Nicolas, damoiseau de Goncourt, who was related to Mme. la Vicomtesse de Lisle, went to the captain's cabin. He drank several small glasses of the captain's excellent cognac. Conversationally the captain said, "The young Lorrain died today."

"Ah?"

"The other passenger," the captain explained. He shook his head. "Naturally you would not have noticed him. He was a clerk or something of that stripe from the neighborhood of Rouen—"

The captain paused. "We buried him in the sea at five o'clock." And the captain saw, then, that M. de Goncourt was sunk in private thought.

It was not often that the brig Renne was favored by a passenger like Nicolas de Goncourt. He wore exquisite blue cloth laced with silver, and rich knee boots of black leather. His eyes were like gray stones in clear cold water. Yellow hair fell below his shoulders. Good breeding sat upon him like a well-tailored cloak. He was, as has been said, related to Mme. la Vicomtesse de Lisle.

More, he was the nephew of M. de Pouancey, governor of Martinique for the French West India Company. It was, where the banks of the Seine were cobbled, common gossip that he fenced superbly and had dueled often. He had long been accustomed to the pleasant diversion of spending money.

He was, in that season, in the boisterous middle decade of the seventeenth century, three-and-twenty years old; and it should be observed that he was leaving the sweet comforts of Paris for the precise reason that he had spent rather more money than legally belonged to him. Not that he was dishonest; decidedly not. He was merely careless. He had often and rightly said that he did not understand money—money was a bore. Certain relatives, including the reluctant vicomtesse, had settled his debts for him and strongly recommended that he taste life in the colonies for a period.

In a distant colony, the conclave of aunts and uncles agreed.

Martinique, for instance; there was the ship Renne scheduled to sail so conveniently soon from Le Havre—

Now he sat deep in his chair in the captain's cabin with his eyes half closed and an expression of intense preoccupation on his strong brown face; and the captain said, to end a silence that seemed to him awkward, "Another brandy, messire?"

The young man waved his hand. "Tell me about this Lorrain," he demanded.

The captain shrugged. "He did not impress me. He was quite obviously nobody."

Nicolas de Goncourt stared into space. He watched the swaying, smoking lamp above the captain's table; he listened to the low whining discord of the ship's timbers. The captain sat patiently; and after a while the young man said, "Hark to me, Bec-Prudhomme—" earnestly, elbows on knees. "I am going to offer you a sum of money and it is my intention to demand a favor—"

"Messire."

"This: Nicolas de Goncourt died today on your ship and today was thrust into the sea. It shall be Blaise Lorrain—that was the name, Blaise Lorrain?—who lands on the wharf in Fort Royal, in Martinique."

"Messire—" The word was a question.

"Because I prefer it to be that way. The reason should not be obscure to you, captain; you who are a man of the world." Here Nicolas de Goncourt paused; here the captain smiled fatuously. "You are aware that de Pouancey, who governs Martinique, is my mother's brother. I should be under his eye, his surveillance; in effect, his guardianship. Revolting thought. It pleases me, rather, to go ashore as Blaise Lorrain. In that name, for a while at least, lies freedom."

"But will not M. de Pouancey know you?"

"He has not seen me in a dozen years."

"Your family, though. They will insist upon an inquiry."

"Aunts, uncles, cousins! They'll not trouble themselves too much, believe me."

The captain tugged at his beard and frowned. "I hesitate to say so, messire; yet this might involve me in a certain difficulty—"

"I spoke of a sum of money, Captain."

Again, but slowly, Captain Arouet Bec-Prudhomme smiled his somehow faintly unpleasant smile; and when a moment had passed he nodded. The ship, wind-buffeted, creaked on the dark sea.

HE WAS—this M. Edouard Vauban, father of the girl—elderly and very wide and blunt, built like a cane cart. He pushed across the sunny jetty of Fort Royal until he stood squarely between Nicolas de Goncourt and the girl. "You would be Blaise Lorrain," he said, and did not wait for an answer. He proceeded swiftly to introduce himself with an air of conscious formality.

"I am Edouard Vauban. This is my daughter Caroline. But I see that you have already met."

The girl said, "I saw M. Lorrain in the boat coming ashore from the ship. So I spoke to him."

"Of course." The older man, the father, touched Nicolas de Goncourt's arm, smiling. "Your luggage is still in the ship? No matter. My servants will attend to it. Come; my carriage is in the Savane. You'll want a bath and perhaps an hour's rest before luncheon—though I must say you look quite fit."

"Oh, yes; quite fit, thank you."

"Your uncle wrote me that you'd been seriously unwell."

"Did he, now?" Nicolas de Goncourt

said. He lifted his hands in a minimizing gesture. "Uncle exaggerated."

"H'mm," M. Vauban said by way of comment. "I've often felt your uncle worried too much."

"Exactly," Nicolas de Goncourt said, his eyes on the girl.

They left the jetty and walked to the wide Savane with its noble stand of royal palms; and they entered the carriage of Edouard Vauban and rapidly crossed the city, mounting to the low hills. This was, Nicolas de Goncourt told himself, a theatrical situation; and he was not at all sure that he liked it. A jest was a jest, but it might easily be carried too far—

"Naturally you won't expect me to cry out that I love you," the girl had said. What had there been between the Frenchman Blaise Lorrain and this girl of the West Indian colony? That she had not known Blaise Lorrain by sight was, of course, obvious; and it was further obvious that there was something about Blaise Lorrain that she disliked, rather bitterly disliked.

But why then had she turned up her face to be kissed?

Nicolas de Goncourt brushed his forehead lightly with his hand. The problem was too much for him. And the girl was so plainly unfriendly that there seemed little profit in pursuing the matter. Why not, he asked himself, turn now to stout, square Edouard Vauban and explain the deception? Surely the man would see that there had been nothing intentional in it; no intent to defraud, that is to say—

M. Vauban broke into the young man's disordered thoughts. "There is my house," he announced, indicating with a finger. The house was long, low, porticoed, with the deep windows of the tropics; a substantial place, white in the sun.

The carriage stopped abruptly. Old Vauban descended. He said, over his shoulder, "I've assumed that you'll stay with us. Eh? The inns of Fort Royal are atrocious, take my word for it." He laughed extravagantly but briefly.

The young man thought: I shall tell him now. And he will offer me his carriage for the return to the jetty and the thing will be finished. This is the time to tell him—

But the instant's opportunity passed. The old man interrupted the silence. He said, "The wedding will be at your convenience. Shall we say in about two weeks' time? You will want to discuss it with my daughter."

The wedding! thought Nicolas de Goncourt. So—

The situation held a curiously static quality: the old man, this Edouard Vauban, standing beside the carriage, his eyes on Nicolas de Goncourt; and still in the carriage, not having moved, poised for descending, Nicolas de Goncourt and the girl Caroline Vauban. Thus they remained, as if in tableau, for a long moment; and then the old man turned away and walked toward the broad steps of the house, and Caroline Vauban said, low but audibly, with an almost fierce accent of misery in her voice, "The wedding will be at your convenience, naturally—it is for you to say, M. Lorrain!"

Nicolas de Goncourt looked toward her quickly. He saw the constriction of her throat and the uncontrolled quivering of her lips. Then, suddenly, she was crying—crying openly and angrily, and her hands were lifted and so tightly clenched that he thought for an instant she was about to strike him.

But she dropped her hands and turned from him; she jumped from the carriage and ran toward the house.

THEY drank small cups of black island coffee on the veranda of M. Vauban's house after dinner, and at nine o'clock Vauban arose heavily from his chair. He would, he said, retire now; he was weary; but if they wished to sit for a while, to watch the night sky—

"Yes," Nicolas de Goncourt said; "for a while." He looked at the girl; she kept her eyes cast down in rigid silence. After a minute old Vauban murmured good night and went into the house.

Low night sounds flowed up from the town, accenting the quiet. Nicolas de Goncourt leaned toward the girl. "Why do you hate me?" he said softly.

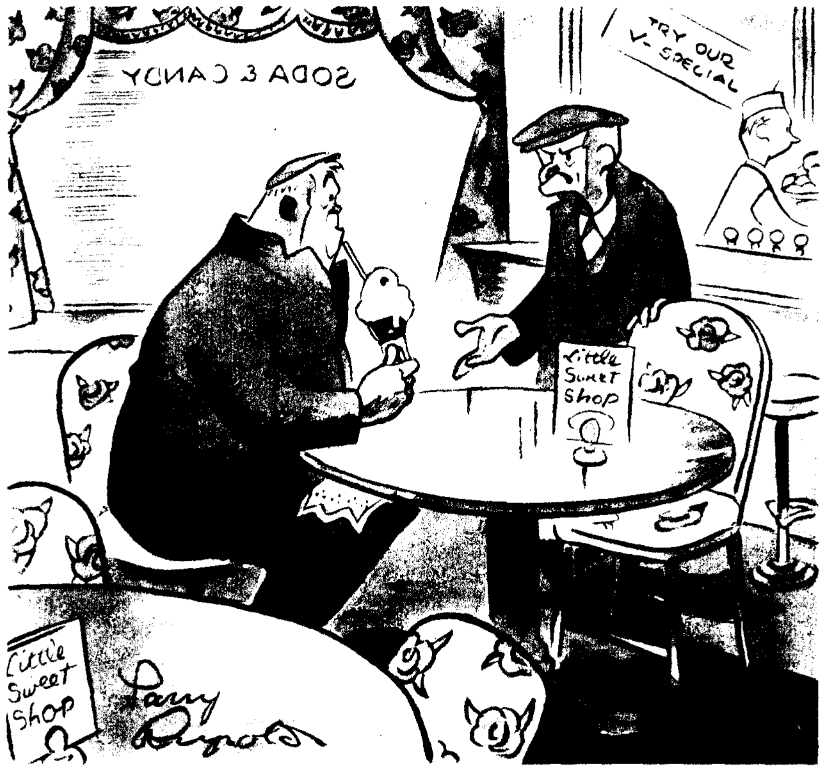
She raised her eyes, then. "I don't suppose I do."

"But you do. You very plainly do."

"You misunderstand."

He shook his head. "I misunderstand

**BUTCH** **By Larry Reynolds**



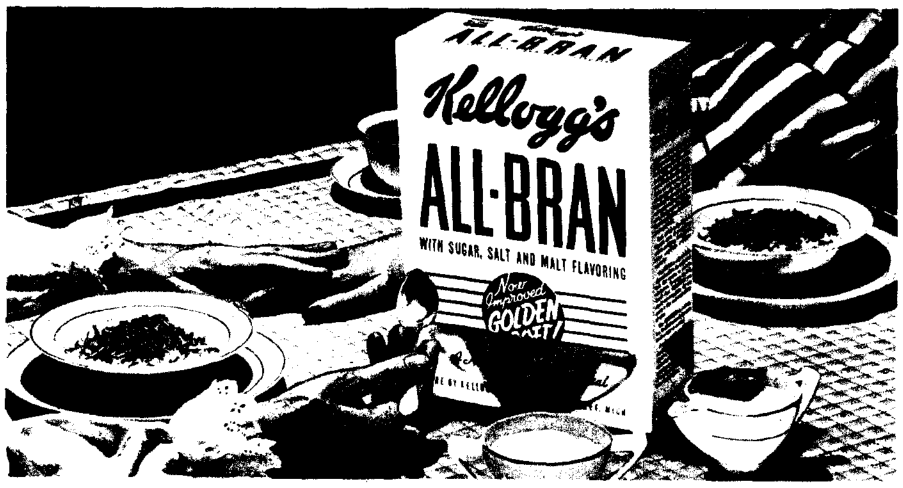
"Whyn't ya hide in a bar? Y'know th' cops'll search every soda fountain and goody shop"

Modernizing Aunt Martha

**THE MORE YOU** get to know my Aunt Martha, the more you love her. But, believe me, what she knows, she *knows!* "Annabelle," she says to me one morning, "mind what I tell you: there's nothing does a body as much good as a real, stiff, old-fashioned *purge.*"

**BUT I TOOK HER INTO CAMP** that morning. "Auntie," I said, all determined-like, "that little idea went out with the bustle! What you should do is find and correct the *cause* of your trouble. And maybe I'm the little girl who can help you. Come on down to breakfast."

**"HMPFF!" AUNTIE SNIFFED.** "What's this 'modern marvel' you're talking about?" "Why, it's nothing more than this grand breakfast cereal," I told her. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble's the common kind, due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN *is just the thing to get at the cause of it.* Eat it every day and drink plenty of water."



**"GLORY BE!"** says Auntie right after her first crunchy spoonful, "This *is* delicious! And if ALL-BRAN will do what you say it will, young lady— well, I always intended you to have that diamond ring, anyway!"

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran
NOW IMPROVED—GOLDEN SOFT—DOUBLY DELICIOUS

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nothing. You hate me. Because I have come here to marry you."

She said, almost whispering, "I hate the thought that you have been brought here to marry me." She shrugged, a motion full of intensity, as if an unspeakable burden lay upon her shoulders. "But I must be fair to you," she went on. "I hate the *thing*—not you. I hate what you represent."

"What do I represent?"

"The contract between my father and your uncle."

"I begin to understand," he said.

"I wonder you don't hate me too," Caroline Vauban said.

He watched the sweet, strong curve of her chin, the mobile loveliness of her mouth. "No," he said. "No; it hasn't occurred to me to hate you."

"Because you see it differently. For you this is an adventure. You're not being sold—"

"Ugly word."

"—as I am being sold. To please my father's whim and vanity, to keep a promise made without any thought of what I might feel. And for your money—for your uncle's wealth, which will be yours. Father would like that in the family!"

He said, "You put it very baldly. Surely you give it quite the worst interpretation."

She lifted her hands impetuously. "There *is* no other way to say it." She sat with her back straight, staring at him. "My father was prepared to marry me to you—no matter what you might be. He did not know you; he has not seen you since you were a child. It mattered nothing to him what you might have grown to be."

His voice was mild: "Have I grown up so badly?"

"It's the intention," she cried. "The contract!"

Nicolas de Goncourt bent forward in his chair. "You're a rebellious spirit. Unfortunately there aren't many like you. Certainly not in France. I feel the most pressing temptation to kiss you again."

She drew away quickly.

"Of course," he said. "You're consistent. You would be."

But he stood up and took a step and was beside her chair; and he bent suddenly and kissed her on the lips. Then, as she avoided his eyes, he walked into the house where candles glowed softly. He went up the stairs and to bed.

HE SLEPT badly. He woke in the night to a consciousness that she was in his mind, and he said her name: "Caroline." In the darkness he pictured her face, saw again the unhappiness in her eyes; and he knew that he was profoundly moved. It came to him sharply that he had never felt quite this way before. The emotion was something that did not go easily—perhaps would not go at all—into words. He said to himself, almost aloud, in the black room, "Am I in love with Caroline Vauban? Is that it?"

He fell into a heavy sleep in the hour before dawn. It was M. Vauban knocking on the door that awakened him. "Come," M. Vauban called heartily. "Dress. Have breakfast. And we'll go down into the town together. I must introduce you about, you know."

The girl was not at breakfast. The two men sat together at the long table and M. Vauban spoke briskly about the society of Fort Royal, the commerce. "And for the love of heaven," he said, waving a coffee spoon under the nose of Nicolas de Goncourt, "don't talk politics in the town. There's a deal of bitterness here against the monarchy—"

"So?" said Nicolas de Goncourt.

"Opposition of interests between the crown on one side, the landlords and merchants on the other. I'll confess that in this island we're less than content with the policies of Louis and his precious minister Mazarin—"

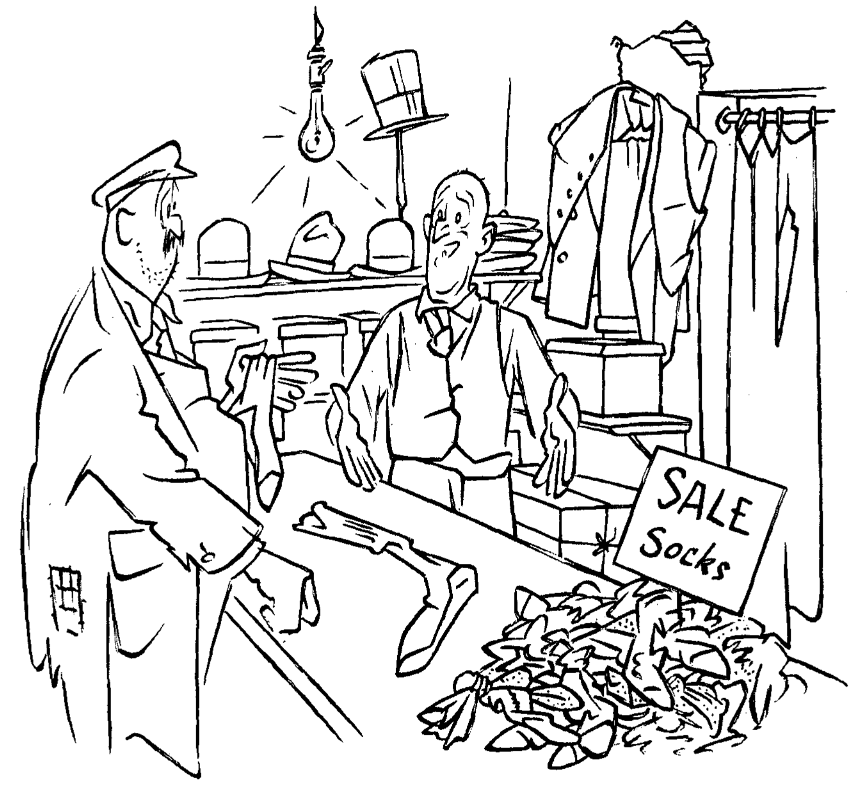
"Ah," said Nicolas de Goncourt amiably. "Then I am warned neither to arouse the Royalists nor enchafe the *commerçants*."

"Precisely."

"You may rest easily. I have no interest in these colonial quarrels." Nicolas de Goncourt sipped his coffee, watching the older man's face. And a vivid sense of the difficulties of his situation flooded him. Why, he wondered, did he not speak now? It was patently ridiculous to go into the town with old Vauban, to be introduced hither and yon as Blaise Lorrain—Blaise Lorrain of the neighborhood of Rouen, nephew of some moneybags bourgeois man of business—fiancé of Caroline Vauban. It was ridiculous and in very bad taste and its result could only be a greater confusion.

But he knew that he must speak with Caroline Vauban before he revealed himself to her father. He must; it was simply, clearly that; he ceased to dispute it. He had a lively notion of what the old man's reaction was going to be—

They sat at a round table and drank coffee: Nicolas de Goncourt, two merchants of the town, old Vauban, and Jules Poussin, a young man, not twenty-five, son of a planter of sugar and tobacco. The conversation moved, as inevitably it must in that day and in that place, to the colonial taxes of the crown. Nicolas de Goncourt listened without much attention to the heated condemnation of the policies of Paris. It was young Poussin—red of face now, excited—who thumped the table and declared in a voice altogether unguarded that Louis, King of France, was unprincipled, a tyrant, and, in his private life, brutal and salacious.



**"You're only wasting your time, my friend. I haven't been outhaggled in twelve years"**

GEORGE PRICE

NICOLAS DE GONCOURT was, in fact, much more offended by Poussin's manner than by anything he said. He found this excellently dressed colonial a bore and he disliked the size of his mouth. He took it upon himself to say, mildly, "I sympathize with your disapproval of Louis' taxes, monsieur; I should be prepared to defend your right to disapprove. But Louis is King of France. One does not apply to one's king these gutter epithets."

Poussin glared. His lips twitched. A fire-eater, this fellow, Nicolas de Goncourt thought, vaguely amused. Poussin said, coldly, "You are recently from France, monsieur. France is an odd place these days, since the civil war was fought and lost. Am I to understand that you are a Royalist bootlicker?"

HE WAS tall; he had massive shoulders. The breed of the bully, Nicolas de Goncourt observed, smiling. Doubtless he'd had some success with the small sword among the gentry of this remote and uncultured island. Ah, well! thought Nicolas de Goncourt. And he raised his eyes to meet the glower of Jules Poussin.

"Your manners are churlish, monsieur," he said. He ignored the agitated hand of old Vauban, plucking at his sleeve. "To say the truth, unwholesome. I am ready to accept your apology."

"Bootlicker," Poussin said, and would have continued—

But Nicolas de Goncourt reached across the table and struck Jules Poussin hard on the cheek with the flat of his hand.

"You were mad!" Caroline Vauban said. "Mad!" She drew in her breath with the exasperation of a woman faced anew by the evidence of man's eternal blundering. "And Father warned you—"

"I warned him," M. Vauban said, shrugging helplessly. "I told him that here, in the island, one must be extraordinarily cautious—"

"You did indeed," Nicolas de Goncourt said, looking from M. Vauban to his daughter. "However, I have long held the opinion that caution can be carried to excess. I do not like your M. Poussin. He is a boor, a blusterer, full of vapor. I am perhaps illogically appalled by his lack of humor. And I shall be happy if we refrain from discussing him further."

"But he will kill you!" Caroline Vauban cried.

"I think not."

"He has fought often with the sword—"

"Indeed?"

"While you have been sitting at the high counter in your uncle's *bureau!* He knows that. He knows who you are, what you are, where you come from. He can—and will—kill you!"

Her voice was almost shrill. Nicolas de Goncourt glanced at the girl obliquely. "Is he really so depraved as that?" he asked, smiling only with his eyes. "To take advantage of one like myself, scarcely better than a counting-house clerk?"

But the girl was gone with a quick, agitated step; and the silence and dimness of evening gathered on the veranda. When a minute had passed, Nicolas de Goncourt said, "M. Vauban—may I use your carriage tomorrow morning? The meeting is set for six o'clock."

"Let me go with you."

"I'd rather not."

"But—"

"I should prefer to go alone."

HE DESCENDED the stairs, buckling on his sword, feeling the tightness of his gloves; the veranda was in shadow but the morning sun glinted on the higher hills. It was, he knew, just after five o'clock.

Then he saw Caroline Vauban by the railing of the veranda; and he saw with a catch of his breath that she was lovely in the pearl-colored light of the morning. Slender and cool and fresh-seeming; only her eyes spoke of tiredness. She looked at him gravely. After a moment he walked to her. He touched her hand.

"I shall go with you to the dueling ground," she said.

He shook his head. "No."

"It is useless to speak. I shall go with you."

"You forget," he said quickly. "You forget that you hate me—you forget the contract. Don't you see that this provides a solution for you? If Poussin"—he hesitated—"removes me—"

The words seemed for a moment to hang in the air, like bits of matter waiting to be plucked, sorted, pieced together. Caroline Vauban stood with her eyes wide and a mask of calmness on her face. The tension broke then, abruptly, and her shoulders were trembling violently; and in that instant Nicolas de Goncourt took her in his arms and her face was lifted and he kissed her.

They stood so, for a measureless time, and Nicolas de Goncourt was aware of the audible unsteadiness of her breathing. He could see the delicate line of her cheek, the whiteness of her shoulders. He pressed her to him. And she touched his chin and kissed him in return.

Her mouth quivered. She said, softly, in a voice that was scarcely above a murmur, "You shall not go without me."

"You needn't be alarmed," he said. Her hand fell into his and he held it gently. She said, "I love you. You shall not go without me."

Then the carriage wheeled around the drive and Nicolas de Goncourt nodded and said "Come," and they got inside. They slipped down the hill and across the city toward the plain at the head of the bay; in time the carriage stopped under a bower of bright trees, and there were several other carriages there, more than there should have been. "The governor's carriage!" Caroline Vauban said. "The carriage of M. de Pouancey—"

"You stay here," Nicolas de Goncourt commanded. "Wait here in the carriage."

THE formal words touching upon the sanctity of the field of honor were spoken; then Jules Poussin, smiling haughtily, said, "I do not force you to fight, monsieur. You still have opportunity to offer apology."

But Nicolas de Goncourt did not an-

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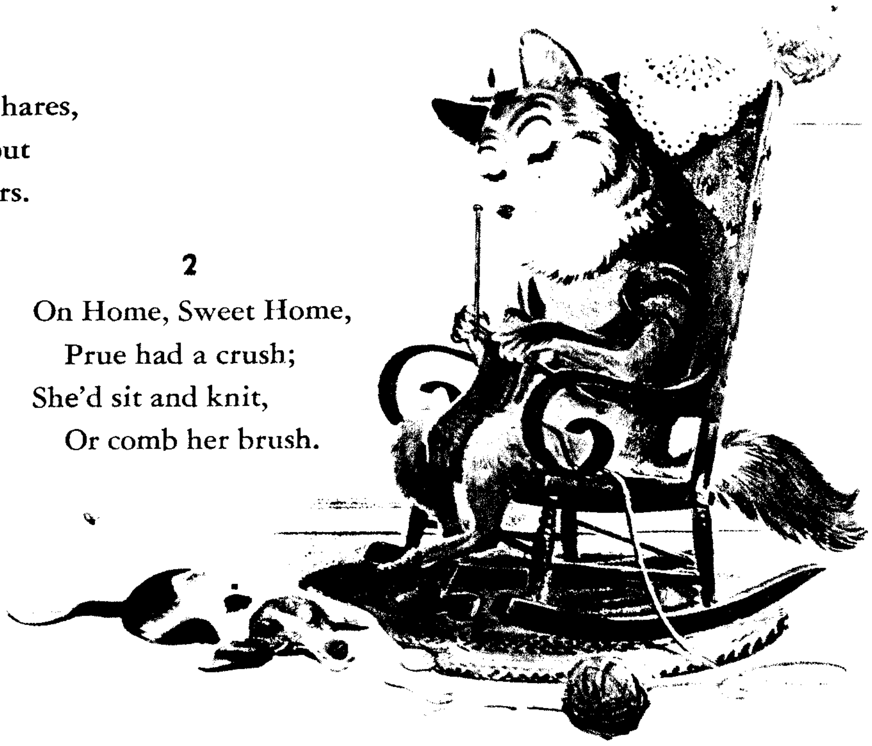

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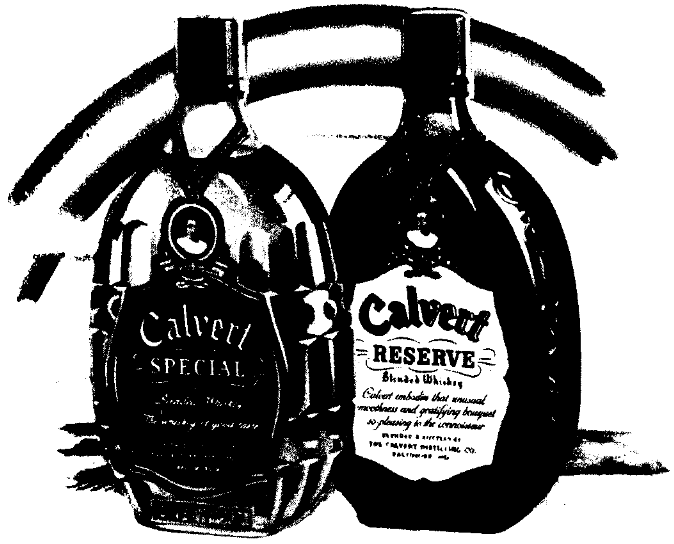

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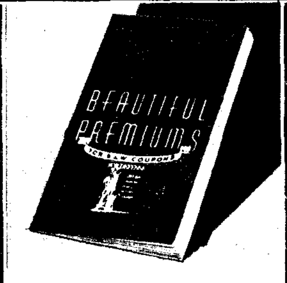

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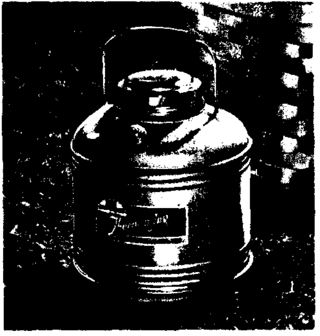

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swer. A controlled rage occupied him. He felt the balance of his sword. By conscious effort he relaxed his muscles until a kind of fluid strength moved warmly through his body.

"On guard!" Jules Poussin cried.

The blades met, clicked; Jules Poussin flung himself violently into attack. But the guard of Nicolas de Goncourt was like a wall of stone. He stepped with the nimbleness of a panther—or of a dancing master. His eyes did not leave the right hand of Jules Poussin. For the length of a minute his tactics were entirely defensive. Then he said, "You fence like a trained bear, M. Poussin. You have no grace." And, a moment later, "I'll concede you strength, my friend—the strength of a bear, a bull. But you should confine yourself to fighting with a club—"

He sidestepped with the speed of light and brought up the tip of his blade to slit—from shoulder to elbow—the loose sleeve of M. Poussin's silk jacket. He did not touch the flesh. The sleeve fell open.

"Do you really take yourself seriously, M. Poussin?" Nicolas de Goncourt cried. And, for the first time, he laughed. But not pleasantly. Deftly he explored Poussin's guard and pinked a button of his jacket. "The time of my breakfast approaches," he said. "I grow short of patience. Let us have done with this buffoonery!"

The steel sang with the blow of forte on foible; Nicolas de Goncourt's wrist was iron; he twisted with wrist and arm and shoulder. Then Jules Poussin stood disarmed, hands lifted as if to shield his face—and his face gray and distorted.

NICOLAS DE GONCOURT wheeled and stepped quickly across the field toward the carriage. He saw, from the corner of his eye, that one man broke from the ranks of the witnesses and followed him. He knew the man instantly—de Pouancey, governor of the colony. He had not forgotten, through the years, the gamecock bearing of his uncle, the almost comical jauntiness of his shoulders. Nor had he forgotten that beneath the flamboyant exterior, de Pouancey was as hard and as sharp as the point of a diamond. At the step of the carriage Nicolas de Goncourt paused.

Caroline Vauban was at the open door. Her hand gripped Nicolas de Goncourt's sleeve.

"Mademoiselle—" de Pouancey said, smiling and bowing. And then he added, standing to his full height, his face expressionless, "Nicolas de Goncourt, your aunts have said it, your uncles have said it, and I say it. You are a scoundrel!"

"How," Nicolas de Goncourt responded evenly, "did you know my name?" He felt Caroline Vauban's eyes upon him; and he was aware that she was frowning. He caught her hand and held it tightly.

THEN de Pouancey went on: "I should in any case have known that blasted yellow hair, which was also your father's hair—and the undoing of your father, if I may say so, where the ladies of the court were concerned." His mouth twitched faintly. "But in solemn fact, I am here because Captain Bec-Prudhomme of the ship Renne took too many bottles in the Café du Cours last evening. He had a story to tell in confidence—and the story was carried to me. A story touching upon Nicolas de Goncourt and one Blaise Lorrain, deceased—"

Caroline Vauban's voice broke in. "Who are you then?" she cried.

It was de Pouancey who replied. "My nephew," he said grimly. "And, as I have remarked, a scoundrel. Hark to me, mademoiselle: He sought to evade my just supervision. It is my intention to show him the error of his ways. Will you both take breakfast with me in the administrative mansion?"

"But, messire—" said Nicolas de Goncourt.

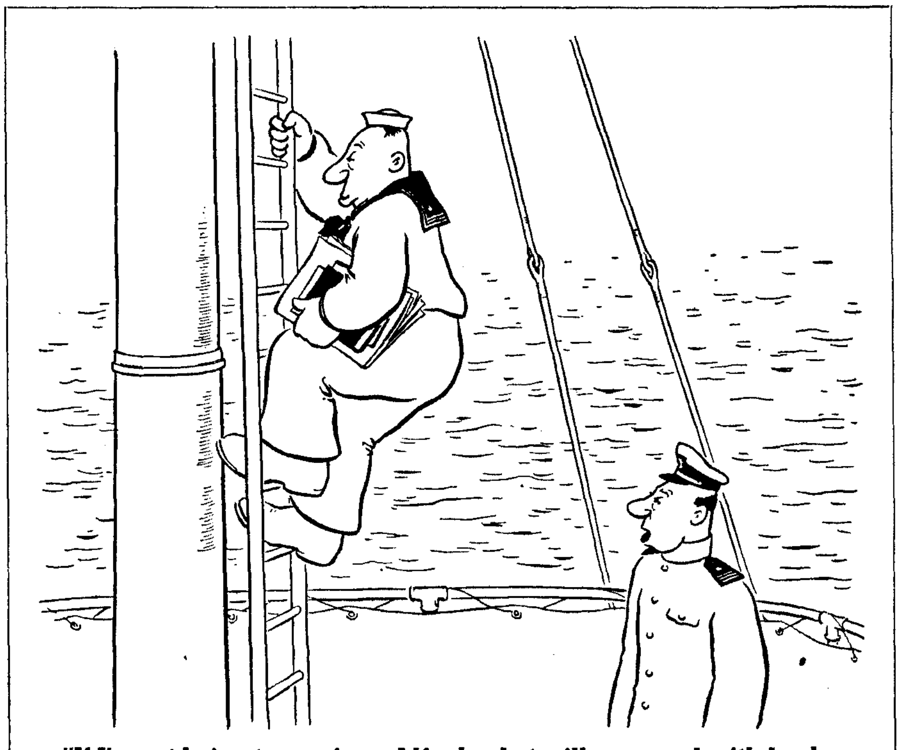
"Call me uncle," the governor said.

With a weight of uncertainty burdening him, Nicolas de Goncourt looked into the puzzled eyes of Caroline Vauban. "You must hear me out," he said, low. "You must allow me to explain. Will you come to have breakfast with us?"

"Did you think I would do otherwise?" she made answer, adding "Nicolas," strangely; but he felt the pressure of her hand and his heart went up. And he sensed that though there would be questions, they would have no real importance.

The girl stepped into the carriage. "After you, dear uncle," Nicolas de Goncourt said. The governor surveyed him sternly and, after a moment, surprisingly, grinned.

THE END



**"If I'm not being too curious, Alfred, what will you need with books and magazines while you're on lookout duty in the crow's nest?"**

## Channel Man

Continued from page 21

knowing all the dangers and exactly when one had to meet the tide shifts.

Not everyone trained by Old Marcel made the Channel, Alleyn remembered only too well. But they came back each season, drawn by his daughter, Laura. Marcel was as guardingly jealous of the girl as he was of the Channel. She had grown up to be a pretty thing—petite, very French, but not at all Parisian. Her face, at the level of her dark eyes, was a little wider than most and Marcel knew that the whimsical candor that showed there was the kind men are attracted to.

AS ALLEYN moved cautiously up the curve of the bluff rimming the small cove, the salty, crisp odor of the Channel assailed him. The sea had turned moody as the sunset slowly thickened into twilight. It was then that he saw Marcel.

The old man stood there motionless, his squat figure limned against the sky's glow. His shoulders were hunched pitifully and he seemed to be staring bitterly toward England. It flashed through Alleyn's mind—the memory of how Old Marcel had exploded with burning rage the afternoon his daughter had run off, marrying an unsuccessful Channel swimmer. Marcel had drunk every *bistro* in Calais dry in three days, broken most of the glasses in the Café Lieboise down in Boulogne, and had sworn he would never forgive nor see his daughter and the man again. The rage had tempered down to a bitterness and the old man had hardened with it.

Alleyn knew because it was to Alleyn that Laura had said, simply, "I love you. Some day, perhaps, he'll understand that."

Reluctantly, he loosened the automatic in his shoulder holster and ran forward, leaning low. To his right, and below, he saw the thatched roof of Marcel's hut down by the beach. Near it the warped boat lay like a gasping fish. He reached the cliff head and dropped to his belly, crawling and using what cover the dune brush gave. He knew that the coastal watch in the lighthouse might see this far.

Halting behind the old man, grasping his ankle, he spoke in an even, terse French:

"*Prends garde, Marcel.* Be careful. It's Alleyn."

The old man's leg trembled uncontrollably, then stiffened abruptly. Alleyn kept his grip and added, "Sit down, Marcel. Look at the sea as if I weren't here. Be natural, understand?"

There came a moment of tenseness and indecision, a moment he hated, but knew he had to risk. Then Marcel sat down. His weatherbeaten face and lips quivered. "Alleyn—" he repeated the name as though a thousand days of bound-up anger and bitterness found expression in it. Then, explosively: "*Cochon, toi!*"

Alleyn's fingers tightened on the gun beneath his jacket.

"Easy, Marcel," he said.

A short, heavy silence hung between them, then the old man asked, "Where is Laura?"

"Safe. In Folkestone, across there."

"What do you do here?" Marcel demanded with unreserved suspicion.

"I'm here helping you Frenchmen."

"What do you want?"

"Your boat," Alleyn replied bluntly.

Marcel stared at the younger man with rigid bitterness. "There's a guard at my cabin. The military, and he watches the boat."

"Why haven't they confiscated it?" Alleyn asked cautiously.

"They let me fish," the old man explained. "Each evening the guard goes into "The Sleeve" with me. We fish for the officers at the lighthouse. I'm going fishing now." He spoke calmly, as if he had thought it over and made a decision. He stared straight at Alleyn without seeming to see him.

Alleyn stood and gripped the old man's arm. "You're not fishing, Marcel," he said evenly. "Listen. We're going to make the Channel again. You and I. You want to see Laura, don't you? She's waiting."

Marcel jerked his arm free. Bluntly and with an expressionless face, he said:

"I can wait, too. The war will end. Wars always do and the Germans will go. You took my daughter and now you want my boat. No. I'll keep it. Maybe Laura will come back if she's alone. . . . When the Germans go, the swimmers will return too. Then I'll show them the way across the water. . . ." He paused, then added slowly, "But not you."

Alleyn stared in silence. The old man's voice rambled on, and yet there was something more behind that incoherent speech than just talk about the Channel as it used to be. There was a thread of vengefulness. Alleyn quickly realized the old man wouldn't expose him to the enemy. He would merely ignore him and leave him stranded like an unarmed man left on an island of tigers.

"You stay here as I do until the war ends," said Marcel. "It's very lonely. You will know how I felt when you took Laura." He walked away.

Alleyn felt his nerves run cold as he stood there, his huge body now made invisible to those at the lighthouse by the darkness. As the old man shuffled off, he wheeled quickly and ran to the sheer sandy bluff flanking the dark sea. He moved fast, sliding to the beach below. Reaching it, he cut back toward the shack, advancing silently.

The boat's shape was softened in the gray mist and gloom. Alleyn passed it as he crept on toward the hut itself. He came around from behind. Above his own muffled breathing he heard the sound of Marcel's sabots plodding down the trail. Then, directly ahead, his eyes centered on the Nazi sentry, a motionless figure in the thickening mists.

The man had a carbine slung over his shoulder. He was listening for Marcel and he carried his head forward as he scanned the darkness.

ALLEYN advanced with the padded silence of a jungle animal until he crouched less than a yard behind the man. Here he paused, his body growing taut.

Suddenly he spoke challengingly: "Look out, man!" It was not meant as a warning, but to throw the guard off balance during one keyed instant. He saw the man's arms rise gently—then stop.

Realization must have stabbed through the man with sickening force. Alleyn hardly saw his face when he whirled, the carbine sliding into his hands with a dry sound. That was how he stood when the heavy blow of brown-stained knuckles against flesh and jawbone caught him.

The crack was like thunder. It was followed by a groan as the sentry rocked in the sand, his body rigid for a moment. Alleyn hit again. The man's knees buckled and he dropped senseless on

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the beach. Alleyn caught the carbine just as Old Marcel emerged from the mists.

Marcel stopped, astonished. His eyes and head swung toward the bluff he had just left, and back. Alleyn jerked the carbine toward the boat. He said bluntly, "Push it out, Marcel."

THE mist was thick and full of chill. The motor throbbed unevenly, muffled by the oppressive invisibility. A cloying odor of gasoline hung with the boat.

Alleyn handled the tiller familiarly and experienced the terrible aloneness of the small boat out here. . . . Darkness crept all about, as if the black of the North Sea and the Atlantic had now engulfed an entire continent and an island. It was as if there were no more Channel—only sea.

Old Marcel was forward, nursing the wheezing engine along with resentful silence. Alleyn eyed him carefully, aware of his increased bitterness. The old man was utterly cut from France now. The discovery of the German sentry, tied up in a fishnet, gagged with a wad of waste, would make that final. Still, Marcel refused to accept the fact that there was no returning.

The boat rolled slightly with the drive of the screw and nosed into the darkness. Back toward Gris-Nez, the German coastal watch was probably listening, waiting for the sound of the boat to stop, for Marcel to set out his nets and return.

SUDDENLY the engine coughed, then stopped. Alleyn quickly picked up the carbine. "What's wrong?" he demanded. "Mines?"

He watched Marcel poke his head and shoulders from beneath the canvas whaleback. There was a look of patient triumph on the old man's face as he watched the prow lose its head and drift idly with the sleek tidal current.

"*Pas d'essence,*" he said. "No gasoline. There is only enough to reach mid-channel or return. I stopped the engine."

"That's a lie," Alleyn snapped. He slid the bolt on the carbine; its smooth oily click was ominous, as it could only sound on the unbroken sea. "Remember, Marcel," he added coldly, "I could have left you at Gris-Nez. You wouldn't live long after they found the guard. You understand? I brought you because I like you, because you're Laura's father."

Marcel stared back, his eyes heavy with an old man's bitter opposition.

"No petrol," he insisted. He ignored the gun. His mustache drooped like some soggy plant hung too long in a chilling fog. He slowly prepared to put out his nets. "I fish now," he said at length. "You swim from here. Then I go back."

Alleyn frowned and tried to think it out. "They'll kill you, if you go back," he said. "Why didn't you tell me there was no petrol?"

Marcel shrugged indifferently. "You think I'm an old fool," he said. "If the Germans found me with the guard, they would kill me. But not if I am fishing and then go back alone. I can say I didn't see the guard. That is why I did not tell you the petrol was low. Now you can swim to England and let me alone. You thought you were once a swimmer. It is up to you."

"Swim?" Alleyn gave a harsh laugh. "You know I can't make it from here, even if there were lights and a small boat."

"If you stay in the boat and we don't go back, a patrol will search for us," Marcel grunted. "They listen at the lighthouse."

The choice had been thrown at him, and yet there was no choice. Alleyn lit his storm lighter and glanced at his watch. "Seven five," he said. "How long has the tide been going out?"

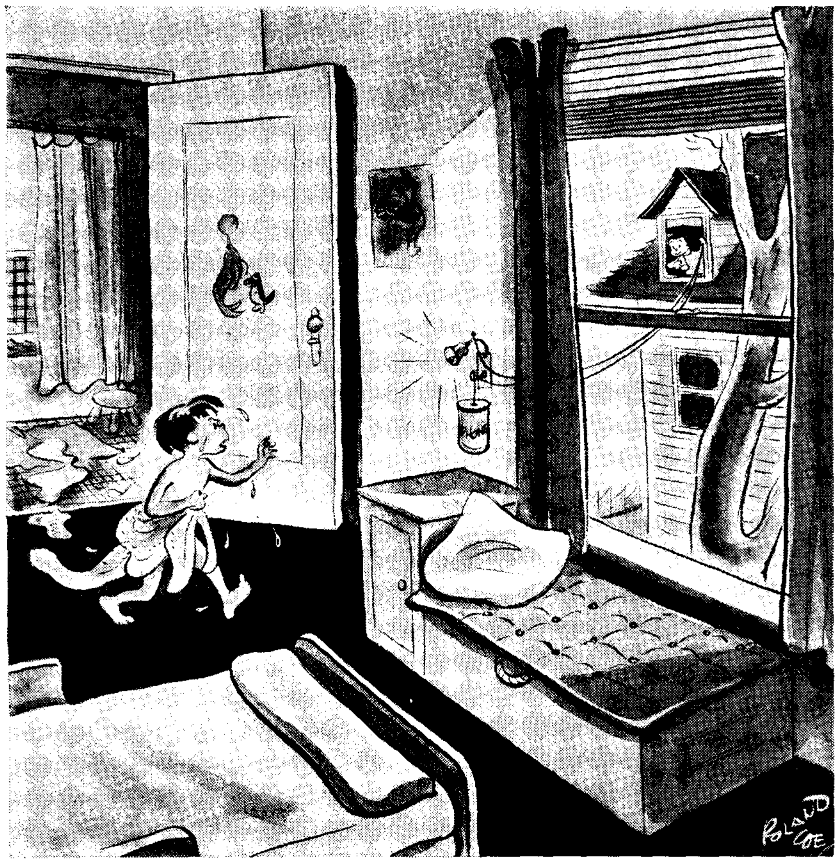
"Twenty minutes."

"We'll drift with it."

After making his decision, Alleyn fell silent. His shoulders rocked with the idle drift of the boat and he glared dully at the old man without actually finding him with his eyes. At the same time he was keenly aware of the boat's motion and its incapability of holding the intensity of hostility flowing out of it. That hostility would have to be changed or they would both sink with it.

He said: "You're a fool, Marcel. There's a war on. It'll have to be won before you can have the Channel the way you want it. Forget Laura went with me. Forget you hate me. The job is to win and we can't do it each alone. You've got to give up a lot of things to win."

"You aren't good enough for her," Marcel replied abruptly. He crawled out from beneath the whaleback and sat on the gunwale bench looking at the sea as though he were measuring its motion and velocity. "If a wind rises, it will push us into the North Sea," he murmured absently.



"Doggone it—who can that be?"

ROLAND COE

Alleyn glanced at the sea also. He overlooked the old man's stubborn opinion for the moment and considered the tide. "A swimmer's tide, isn't it?" he said thoughtfully. "It should carry us toward England. Remember, it was almost this smooth and misty the time I started my swim. A storm broke it up near the Goodwin Sands and you pulled me out."

AT THE mention of the Sands, Marcel became alert. He nodded slightly while his eyes patiently scanned the dark curtain pressing in on all sides. There were no longer lights to take bearings on, but he seemed to have the feeling of where they were and where they were going.

Some of his outward bitterness dropped away. "I had this fog when I took Helmy across," he murmured reminiscently. "Laura came with us."

Alleyn put the carbine aside. He leaned forward, saying, "You know where Helmy is?"

"He went home, to Egypt."

Alleyn shook his head. "Helmy wrote to Laura. He's with the British. Fighting on the desert."

The boat drifted past mid-channel, still carried as though the tide were some powerful, unseen hand reaching up from the sea, grasping the keel and guiding it. Now and then the mist lifted in patches revealing clear spots through which the stars thrust down, giving them their position. Once, an ugly wart-skinned mine drifted by.

A SLIGHT chop creased the surface of the sea and wavelets slapped noisily beneath the curve of the bow. A few hours before sunrise the chop increased and the mist drifted over the Channel in long, moist, gauzelike streamers. Neither man had slept. Each had listened above the tongues of the sea for the sound of patrol boats and in the extended silence and night chill each had regarded the other: Alleyn with alert caution; Marcel, with uncertain animosity.

Something was changing in the old Frenchman. It was either leveling off his bitterness or deepening it. Alleyn wasn't sure. The old man seemed to be struggling to understand Alleyn's decision to try reaching England without petrol, thus risking both their lives.

Alleyn tried to explain: "Our lives are already risked," he said. "That happened when France surrendered. If we went back it would be certain death. It would be death even if you went back alone. This way, we have a chance."

Marcel asked again about his swimmers. "They'll be killed. They shouldn't be fighting," he murmured as he stared at Alleyn with the bitterness rekindling in his eyes.

"They're fighting for you and the Channel as it used to be," Alleyn replied. "You ought to be, too, Marcel."

"But I'm a trainer, not a soldier."

For a long while, the old man silently brooded over this. Then he asked more questions. There came more silence; then, from time to time, he spoke as if he were carrying an imaginary swimmer across the Channel on this night. It was almost as if there were no war and no danger. As the flood tide shunted them to the edge of the Goodwin Sands, and the short slack set in, he became garrulous about Helmy.

Alleyn finally hushed him. They were but a few miles from the dark, fog-bound English coast and a nervous excitement welled within him. He ordered the engine started.

"You see," he said. "The tides aren't only for swimmers, old man. From here we can use what petrol we have to reach Dover. We're going to make it after all."

Marcel stooped beneath the whaleback. The news hardly seemed to touch him and the brooding sag of his face scarcely changed. The engine grunted as the flywheel spun. It coughed again, then its uneven throb vibrated through the small boat like a large, quickening pulse. The boat took head, and Marcel clambered back, taking the tiller from Alleyn.

"You're heading for Dover?" Alleyn asked. He held the carbine again.

The old man remained deaf. His eyes glistened a little as did his face, with mist beads. His eyes lifted and met Alleyn's, giving his first uncertain smile. He said, "I'm an old man, Alleyn. Until now I was too old for wars, but you make me take sides. I should like to be on Laura's side and on Helmy's. . . ." He was silent for a moment, then added, ". . . and on yours."

Alleyn let the carbine slip and reached forth, gripping the old man's arm warmly. There was only that sign of emotion between these two men in the boat, but it was deeper, swifter and stronger for its suddenness.

SUDDENLY Marcel's body grew rigid. An instant later, from beyond the starboard stern, Alleyn heard the hollow drumming of a patrol boat. It swelled within the fog like some expanding gaseous rumble, overriding the engine throb of the tiny inshore boat. It sent a cold blade of expectancy cutting in Alleyn's spine.

He wheeled toward the whaleback to cut the engine when he saw a pocket open in the drifting fog. A black roaring shape shot across it at a tangent and swept past the small boat's stern and on into the swirling mist.

"Nazis!" Alleyn's indrawn breath cut a thin echo.

He turned toward Marcel, watching the old man closely, not sure whether he would stick, or turn on him.

"They've seen us. Don't stop the motor." Marcel's voice was vibrant and hoarse. The drumming sound of the patrol boat circled, battering against the darkness. The old Frenchman listened, then leaned hard against the tiller. "We'll run the Sands," he said.

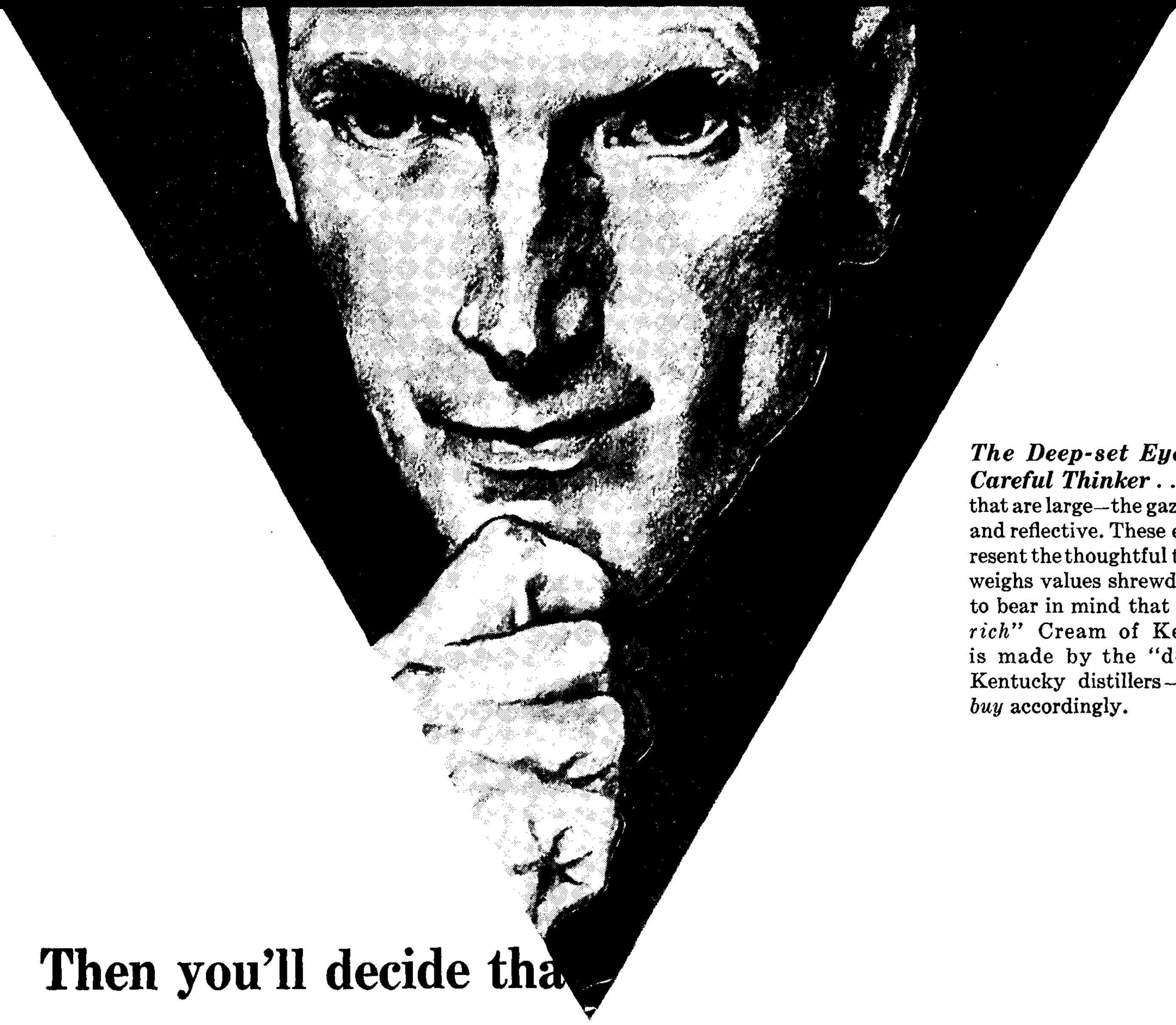
The enemy boat now crisscrossed behind them blindly. A burst of machine-gun bullets sprayed into the night while a searchlight reached out haphazardly. The little boat's gunwales wallowed as it plowed forward into the rougher waters over the Sands. Here the enemy craft couldn't follow with its deeper draft.

"The engine," Marcel called at last.

Alleyn cut it. Somewhere to the right he heard the patrol ship circling at a reduced speed, groping in and out of the pockets of fog. He peered uneasily at the sky. The fog was drifting westward slowly. A gray, luminous false dawn showed through the ever widening patches. Suddenly his heart gave a wild lift as he caught sight of the English coast, the chalk shoulders of South Foreland's cliffs rising above the Channel. They seemed so near and, at this moment, so impossibly distant.

He glanced back and saw Marcel fumbling with a box under the gunwale bench. The old man brought out a rocket pistol and a package of rescue

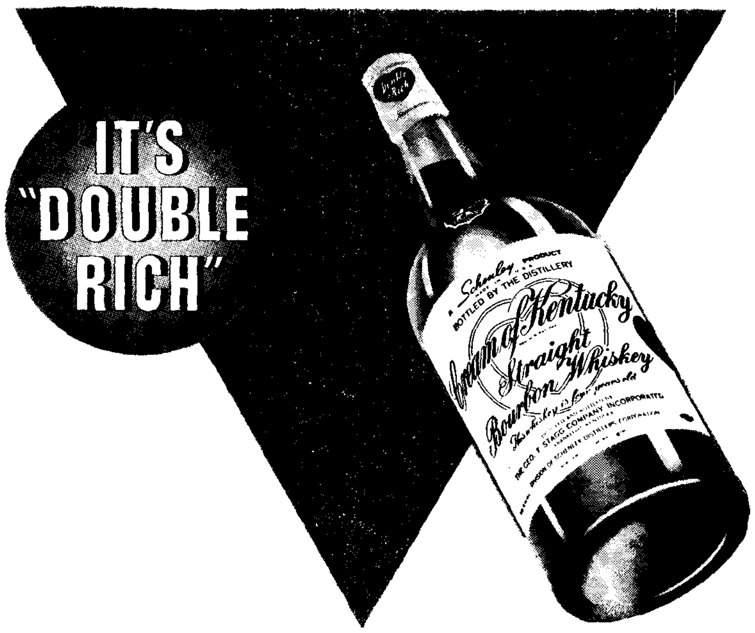
# Are YOU the thoughtful type?



***The Deep-set Eyes of a Careful Thinker . . .*** pupils that are large—the gaze steady and reflective. These eyes represent the thoughtful type who weighs values shrewdly—sure to bear in mind that *"double-rich"* Cream of Kentucky is made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers—sure to *buy* accordingly.

## Then you'll decide tha

# *Cream of Kentucky*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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Copr. 1942, Schenley Distillers Corp., NYC flares. "The fog is going," he explained. "The German boat has a small cannon and when they see us . . ."

"Put it away," Alleyn said wearily. "With the first flare they'd have our range, fog or no fog."

Marcel put the flares aside reluctantly. "But if we get into the water with belts before . . ." He listened tensely to the enemy boat, nearer now. "They're feeling for a channel across the Sands."

Alleyn raised the carbine. It made a futile gesture seem even more foolish and he lowered the gun again. What chance did a carbine have against a cannon? Then he saw Marcel staring skeptically toward the dim shore and the Channel surface. The old man looked as if he were reading it. "The slack and ebb tides are short this season," Alleyn heard him say. "The ebb is already running. It goes down the coast. You might make it. You're not a good swimmer, but you're young. I'm too old. The ebb runs only another hour, then it turns back toward France."

"Nonsense. We'll make it together," said Alleyn. "I'll show you."

Marcel started to say something, then he flinched as the air quaked with the explosion of a small cannon. His weatherbeaten face grew pale as he saw a geyser of water spout up a hundred yards beyond. The patrol boat was still feeling for them.

Alleyn yanked a cork lifebelt from beneath the bench and tossed it at the old man. "Here, put it on," he ordered. "Get clear of the boat, quickly, Marcel. Get out there in the water and stay as wide of the boat as you can. The Nazis may think we went down with it when they sink it. I'll try for the coast and bring back a crash boat to look for you."

He began stripping off his own heavy black uniform. The whistle of a shell and a second explosion sounded nearer. The sea churned twenty yards off the port bow. Alleyn saw Marcel go pale again and struggle to control himself. He also felt time tightening about them, running out thin. The fog was lifting fast and the patrol boat's motor throbbed near by. His own nerves drew taut as he quickly opened a drum of thick, crude oil and began greasing himself with it.

"It should be lanolin," he heard Marcel muttering with old-man fussiness. "Only lanolin keeps out the sea's cold. . . . Remember, you must swim hard. It's very cold. You should make toward Foreland. Perhaps you can beach at Shakespeare Point. But remember, swim hard."

"All right, old man." Alleyn gripped Marcel's rough hands warmly. "Keep clear of the boat and be off before they blow it. Pray we make it, and stay afloat." He turned to the rail.

THE water was heavy, dark and full of the nauseating tang of brine. Its first numbing shock slid over him, held out by the oil, as he came to the surface and sighted the coast ahead. He struck out toward it without looking back.

At times the sea rolled him. He now thought of swimming, and nothing else: the length of his stroke, his breathing. One had to think only of these things because being in the Channel was not like riding it. The sea looked angrier, larger and far lonelier, and a careless man could succumb to terror in it. It was only after he had gone a few hundred feet that he sensed the current drawing him back. That awareness grew until he realized that something was wrong.

"Swim hard," Marcel had said. That was it. He could fight the current to a standstill, staying in the same place, never reaching the coast.

He quickly realized what had happened. He had been tricked by an old man's treachery. Marcel never made mistakes on his tides. All along, the old man had known that the ebb current had run out and this was the neap tide which threw swimmers away from the English shore. That was why Marcel had refused to swim. It was why he had let Alleyn take to the sea first. Perhaps the old man still hoped to surrender to the mercy of the Nazis.

A sharp, cold anger blotted the awareness of his own danger from his mind and he turned, straddling water. The fog had lifted, letting the sky throw a solid, bleak morning half-light over the broken sea. To his right, he saw the long, rakish deck of the Nazi ship. Figures crowded the foredeck. He saw them swing a cannon toward the tiny boat.

Alleyn made out Marcel's squat figure hunched in the small boat as if the old man were frozen there. Suddenly, gunfire ripped the canvas whaleback from the bow and the little boat danced like a cork. Air cupped beneath the whaleback's canvas and it floated on the surface, drifting away from the boat. Then Alleyn gasped, seeing flames lick up along the boat's bow.

THE petrol tank had caught, he realized bitterly. And the old man hadn't learned. He had been trapped by his own stubbornness. Machine-gun lead peppered the water around the small boat and cut at the old man.

"In the water, Marcel!" Alleyn shouted furiously. "Dive!" A wave slapped icily across his face, choking the emotions that welled up within him.

The old man hadn't heard. He seemed not to want to hear. From the small boat, a finger of blue light curved skyward, blossoming brightly at its zenith in a shower of wavering stars. The patrol cannon boomed again. Alleyn saw the sea explode directly beneath the small boat's prow as it lurched sideways and rocked, badly crippled.

Again the finger of light curved heavenward. . . . Rescue rockets. Alleyn followed the rocket's flare and he felt a sense of trembling in his brain, a quick realization of mingled joy and remorse.

He held back his emotions and knew that his shouting from the sea meant nothing to the old man crouching there in the tiny boat, calmly firing the rocket pistol over and over. Marcel's face was turned toward England now, without bitterness. He was fighting, at last, for the Channel as it used to be. It sent a sick, roiled ache through Alleyn as he swam alone in the sea, unable to help.

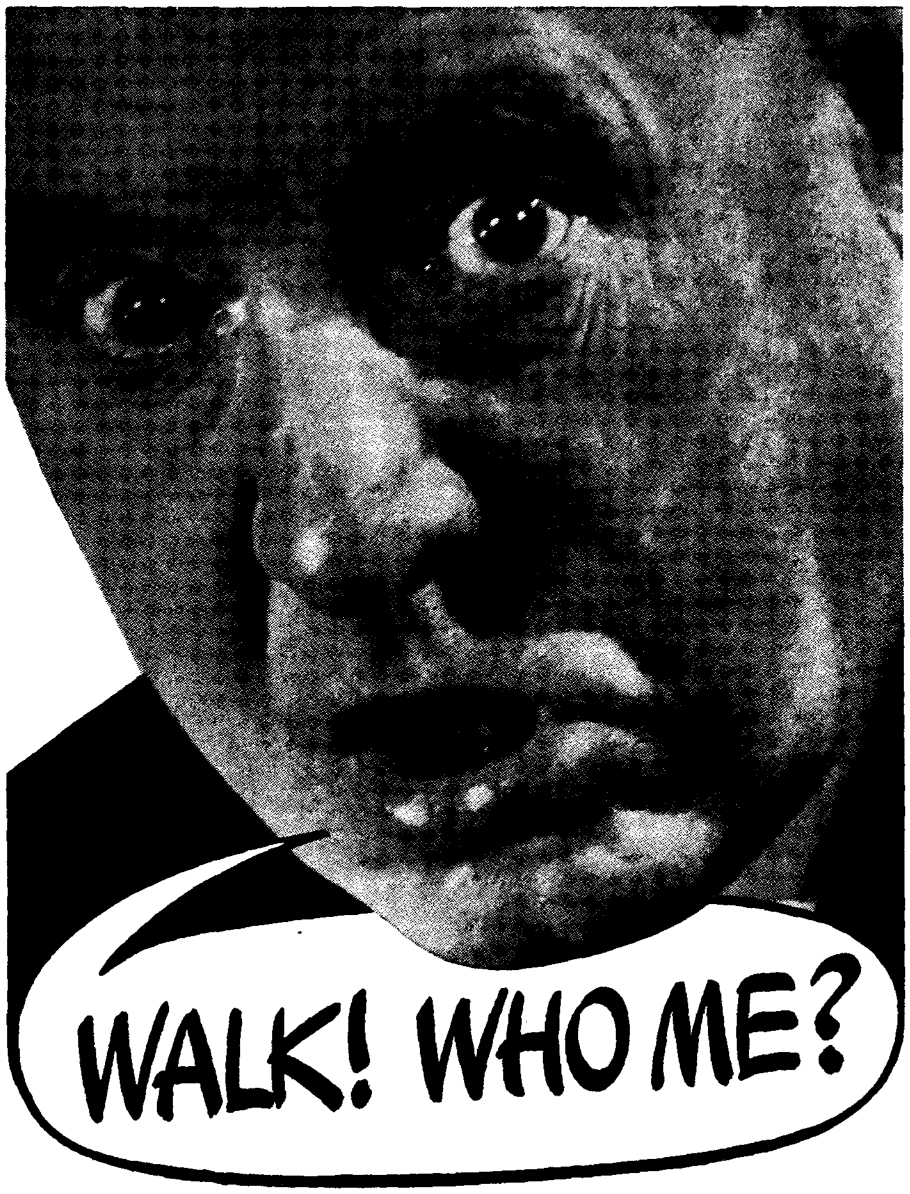
The enemy cannon fired again. Suddenly the tiny boat opened like a flower in the sun. A vivid explosion, then a blinding sheet of flame blotted its shape—a direct hit. A moment later there was nothing but shattered bits of wood floating idly where the boat had been.

For an instant, Alleyn's blood ran cold. The Nazi patrol now turned its cannon toward the half-submerged canvas whaleback that drifted toward him. Then, as though frightened, the boat suddenly curved off and roared toward France without having fired. Looking toward England, Alleyn saw the reason—a low, trim crash boat approaching through the distant fog banners.

He swam to the torn whaleback and clung there, feeling beneath him the tug of the tide on his legs. Somewhere also, the same current held Marcel—Marcel who had known his tides and realized that someone had to stay and fire the rockets to beat them. Now, as he stared across the broken sea, watching the rescue boat draw near and seeing the first melting glow of the true dawn break across the English cliffs, he no longer felt the cold of the Channel.

His heart warmed and he thought of Laura. Of being able to tell her that Marcel had finally understood. She had known that some day he would.

THE END



THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER, when your present car gives out you'll have to walk.

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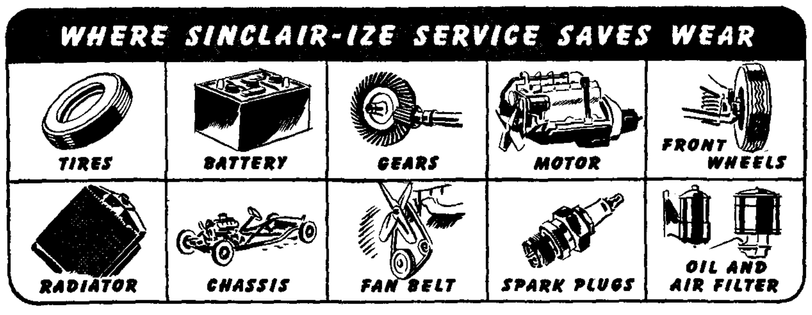


SAVE WEAR WITH SINCLAIR

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

## South of the Moon

Continued from page 11

gotten over it, have you?" Sam said.

"Yes. Of course." But she wasn't positive. "I don't know. Honest, I don't."

Sam lighted a cigar and exhaled a cloud of fragrant blue smoke. "What happened between you and this Cameron? From beginning to end? If you don't mind. . . ."

She did mind but she wasn't letting Sam know. "There isn't much to tell. I was a pretty good dancer. At least, I think I was. But whether or not, I had contacts in New York. I could do things for Eddie and I did. We teamed up and we got married. We went pretty well—comedy ballroom stuff. Like the Hartmans, only different. They're out of this world. But our act was sound and we had some nice bookings. I thought we were making a go of it but I was wrong. I was happy but Eddie wasn't."

Sam waited patiently but finally he had to prompt her: "Go ahead."

"The dancing meant everything to Eddie. More than marriage. More than me. He was good; I'll hand him that. But not as good as he thought he was. Things got tense. It seemed as though he'd only married me because of the contacts I had; because he needed that sort of break. I stood it as long as I could and then I walked out."

"Did he mind?"

"If he did, he didn't let on. Anyway, the world had busted up for me. I was fed up with show business. I hated dancing. I thought I hated *him*."

"But you didn't."

"I don't know. Even after the divorce I wasn't sure how I felt about him. I'm not sure now. He's not a heel. It's just that he was more wrapped up in dancing than he was in me. I didn't want things that way."

"And then?"

"I EVENTUALLY drifted down to Miami. I took this job for a fill-in because even with a busted romance I figured an occasional meal was a good thing. Then I got to like it here—the way things are, you know . . . like a family . . . and I stuck."

"Eddie . . . ?"

"He's been dancing. First one partner and then another. He gets pretty good jobs but he doesn't hit the top. He doesn't realize what it spells."

"You tell me."

"Our act could have gone places," she said quietly, "if we'd stuck; if he'd been different. I think that's why he's never found the partner he needs. Sure, he's breaking in a new act. He's always breaking in new acts. He always will be. He thinks he belongs way up there and maybe he does. But not with just anybody."

Sam was studying her, his shrewd eyes missing none of the tenseness, none of the eagerness. He asked, "Does he know you're working here?"

"No. We've been out of touch with each other since before I came."

"If you're still in love with him . . ."

"I didn't say that. I didn't say I wasn't, either. But when a man has been your husband . . . when you know that he needs you . . ."

"I'm putting it in your lap," said Sam steadily. "You give me the answer."

For no reason at all, there were tears in her eyes. "Gee, Sam—what a dope you are! Whether they call themselves Joe & Julie or what, you know you're getting a bargain. But you'll pass it up for a cigarette girl . . ."

"I'd pass it up for you, Dale." He chewed hard on the cigar and looked down at the floor. "I wouldn't hurt any of my regulars—you know that."

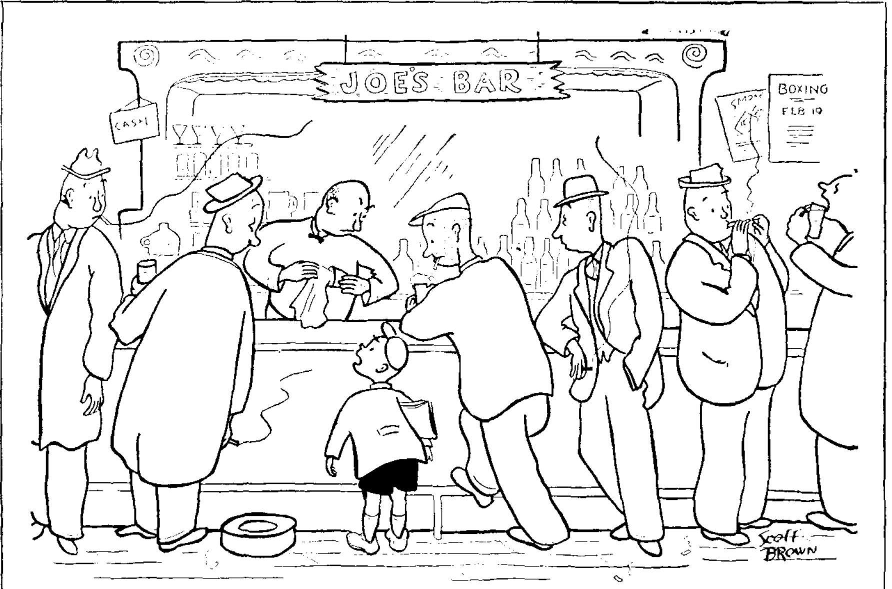
Yes, she knew it all right. She knew what sort of man Sam really was—sneaking around, doing nice things for everybody, like he was afraid he'd be found out.

She said, "This won't hurt, Sam. Maybe it's just what the doctor ordered."

And so Eddie Cameron and his new partner were booked in for two weeks, with a two weeks' option, under the name of Joe & Julie. When they rehearsed with the orchestra Wednesday, Dale wasn't there. She wanted to catch the first show at ten-thirty that night, to see Eddie then for the first time.

The opening show was nice. The chorus got mixed up in some of their new routines but the audience didn't realize it. The M.C. was a holdover—and good. There was a trick xylophone player and a pretty redheaded singer who wowed them with swing and then laid 'em in the aisles when she did "Jim" for an encore. Then the emcee announced Joe & Julie.

Dale stood against the wall. There was a catch in her throat when she saw Eddie. Same Eddie—tall and blond and easy and graceful. He still had an infectious grin and a loose, lean-hipped body. Julie was a nice foil, tiny and vivid and dark. Otherwise, Dale might have been watching the old act, Cameron & Clark. Same musical arrangements, same routines—straight ballroomology



"Could I interest you in taking an ad in our school paper?"

SCOTT BROWN

ALL [illegible]
IN[illegible]

BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T KNOW IT!

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke . . . and inhale.

Look at the *difference* below. It was found and reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes:

**SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED *MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!**

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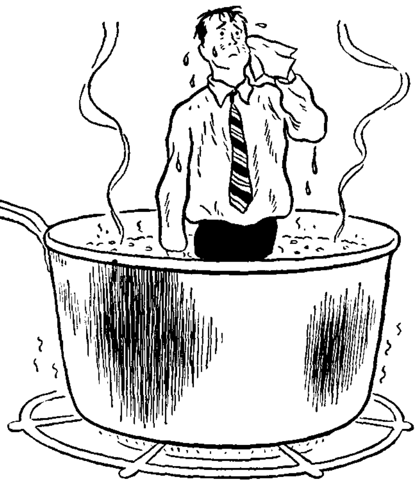
REAL PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER PLEASURE!

*America's Finest Cigarette*

**ROSS**
Thought it was a cross
A man had to bear
To wear
Regular, year-round shirts in June
And stew, like a prune.

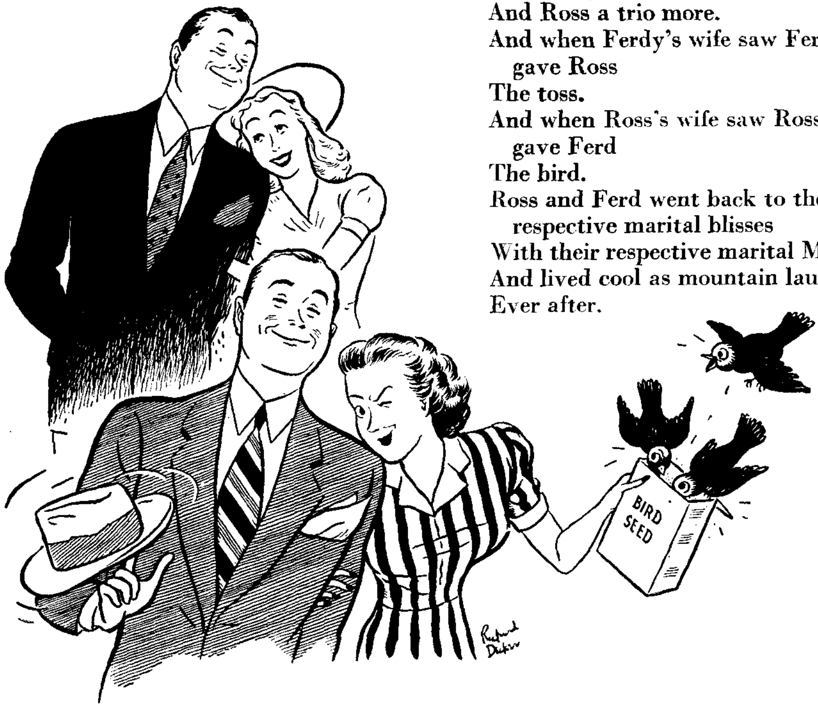


**FERDINAND,**
On the other hand,
Decided comfort outweighed propriety
And stepped out in summer society
Undisconcerted,
Nonchalant, and polo-shirted.

"Why can't you be cool like Ferdy?" Ross's spouse demands.
"Why don't you wear *shirts* like Ross does?"
dittoes Ferdinand's.

Before long the affections of those who
were hitched
Were temporarily *switched!*

Well, a little bird
Told Ross and Ferd
(For the sake of rhyme, we'll say it was a
sparrow)
About Summer Shirts by Arrow:
About the Arrow Collars that couldn't be
crisper,
About the fabrics weighing less than a
whisper.
A couple of other sparrows joined the chorus
And sang, "They're also oh so porous
And cooler than
An electric fan."



Ferd bought three or four
And Ross a trio more.
And when Ferdy's wife saw Ferdy she
gave Ross
The toss.
And when Ross's wife saw Ross, she
gave Ferd
The bird.
Ross and Ferd went back to their
respective marital blisses
With their respective marital Mrs.
And lived cool as mountain laughter
Ever after.

ARROW SHIRTS
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

*Sanforized Shrunk, less than 1% fabric shrinkage* BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

spiced with subtle comedy touches. The nostalgic tap-tango, the trick lifts, the comedy breaks. They hit Dale hard—harder than she had expected.

She didn't know that Sam was standing beside her until she heard him. He said, "Good act. Darn good!" His lean, sensitive face was alight with appreciation. "Your old routines?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You must have been good."

Funny how he said it. As though it were a question. As though he were asking her whether she had been as good as this Julie Martin. As though it had never occurred to him that she had been—or could have been anything other than a cigarette girl.

THE show closed with a patriotic number, and a few minutes later Eddie came out of the dressing room. Dale was standing there, her cigarette tray suspended about her neck with a strap. She wore her almost nothing costume and looked very young and very pretty. Eddie said, "Well, I'll be . . ." and Dale smiled and said, "Me, too."

He took her hand and turned her around and eyed her approvingly. "Same old Dale and twice as luscious."

She could have said, "Same old Eddie," but the words stuck. She felt hot and she felt cold; definitely her knees were shaky. It was odd, meeting this way for the first time after the divorce.

He seated her at a table and started to ask questions. He carried it off beautifully, as though there had never been anything between them—no partnership, no marriage, no ecstasy, no quarrel, no divorce—just two old friends who had chanced to meet again. Then Julie came out and Eddie introduced her. The girls were shaking hands and saying nice things while Eddie was explaining, "This is Dale Clark, Julie. You've heard me speak of her," and Julie said yes, she had, and she gave Dale an appraising—though not unfriendly—scrutiny, and then she said she wanted to talk to Sam. In spite of herself Dale liked the girl.

Eddie asked dozens of questions but didn't wait for the answers. He mostly talked about himself: what he'd been doing, what his chances were. He asked Dale what she thought of the act, and when she said she thought it was great, he beamed.

Later on, after he had gone into a huddle with Julie and the orchestra leader about the music, Dale was waylaid by a little blond chorus cutie called Honey. Honey was eighteen years old, pretty as a picture and devotedly married to the head bartender for two years. She adored Dale and knew her like a book and she'd been keeping her sharp blue eyes wide open.

She demanded to know what was cooking, and Dale told her. Honey was goggle-eyed. This was something right out of a confession magazine and she saw fresh romance brewing.

"You think you're still crazy about him, don't you, Dale?"

"Why do you say it that way?"

"Oh, I don't know." Honey shrugged. "Skip it. Anyway, I'm rooting for you to get what's best for you." And she refused to elaborate.

That was the beginning of something. Julie was there, of course, but as the days went by, she sort of blanked out. No matter what else figured personally in Eddie's life it was a cinch bet that Julie didn't. And as for that young gentleman, he was his same charming, egotistical, ambitious self. There had been a few moments when Dale had thought this business of breaking in a new act was just a gag. She had figured that perhaps Eddie was on the skids, that he was playing a spot like Sam's because it was the best he could get, and that the new tag—that Joe & Julie business—was merely a shield for his pride.

But she knew now that it was on the level. Eddie had flitted from partner to partner, grimly determined to find the one with whom he could go to the top. Maybe Julie was the answer and maybe she wasn't, and Dale knew what that meant. She'd either come up to specifications, or Eddie would let her go. Sentiment had no place in his professional plans.

Two weeks passed swiftly. Joe & Julie were held over. So was the redheaded swing singer. Sam let the xylophonist go and brought in a couple of wacky comics.

Dale was both happy and uncertain. Eddie was taking her in stride. He treated her as an old friend, and his infrequent references to the past were jocular. She didn't know whether he was covering up but there was something about his casual acceptance of the situation which rankled. Maybe it was because she'd built it up in her own mind, maybe because Eddie was in the nature of unfinished business, maybe because there was a subtle, intangible something in the atmosphere of Sam's these nights.

It sort of focused on Honey and Sam. They seemed bent upon protecting her. They were both unusually kind, unusually considerate, unusually affectionate. She didn't mind but she also didn't understand it.

On Wednesday morning of the third week something happened. Honey came bursting into Dale's tiny apartment before noon, which was practically dawn for her. She said, "Sam's up in the air a mile. Julie has wrenched her ankle. She can't dance."

Dale sat on the edge of her bed, slipping her feet into a pair of red satin mules which were decorated with silly little pompons. She shrugged into a red chiffon velvet lounging robe and rubbed sleep out of her eyes. She started to think.

Julie hurt. Her ankle twisted. It was an odd break, somewhat on the miracle side. Dale put coffee in the percolator and got dressed while it simmered. Honey watched her and said very little, but Honey knew what she was thinking.

THEY walked to the club together. They found Eddie and Sam in heated debate. Eddie was arguing that he could dance alone and make a good act of it, and Sam was shaking his head. "I gotta book in another act, Eddie," he was saying. "I gotta book in another act—if I can find one."

Dale hoped nobody would notice the elation she felt or the hope that had been born all over again. She joined the two men and said, "Look, perhaps I can help. Eddie and I used to dance together. If he sticks to the old routines, maybe I can fill out until Julie's ankle gets better."

Eddie wasn't having any. "Thanks, keed," he said. "But no soap. After a layoff like this . . . well, you can't just start dancing again."

Dale didn't tell him that she'd never stopped rehearsing by herself; she didn't tell him that she'd kept up with her limbering and stretching exercises, she didn't tell him that she'd never really believed their separation was permanent. She said, "Why not try it, Eddie? What can you lose?"

Eddie looked at Sam. "It's up to you," he said. "Dale's a swell kid . . . but about stepping into the act: I don't know."

Sam said, "Might be. Who knows? If you're willing, Eddie." And when Eddie said yes, Sam sent out an S.O.S. for the orchestra.

From that moment Dale Clark went into a tailspin. It was one of the most hectic days she'd ever known. Scared, just as though she'd never danced professionally. Eddie was patient. The chorus girls were excited. They—and the swing singer—worked all day on Dale's costumes while she was rehearsing on the infinitesimal stage, fixing this, adjusting that, taking it in here and letting it out there.

First show at ten-thirty. It wasn't a good show—except for the two comics, who were new—because they were all too concerned about Dale. Sam hung around the door of the dressing room chewing a cigar that he never remembered to light. Then the emcee made his announcement. Julie had met with an accident but the audience was in for a pleasant surprise. Maybe they didn't know that their little cigarette girl used to be a dancer, used to be the partner of this same Joe, of Joe & Julie. And tonight she was filling in . . . Dale heard the music cue and felt Eddie's hand on her arm. "Chin up, keed. You can do it."

DALE stepped into a fog. There was the audience, there was applause, there were the strained, eager faces of the little chorus girls rooting silently for her. She danced automatically. It was all strange and new and when it was over they took a half dozen bows, and then she went into the dressing room and collapsed. They brought her a drink and some coffee and they all said she'd been wonderful. Dale wanted to cry because she knew she hadn't been wonderful at all.

Yes, she knew. She was professional enough to know. She had danced as well as she ever had; so that wasn't the trouble. The trouble was that Eddie had gone ahead. He was better—infinitely better—than he'd ever been when they were partners. He was going places, this Eddie—far places, high places. She hadn't been able to see it when she was just a cigarette girl. But she saw it now.

They were all too kind to her . . . backstage and out front. She had been wonderful—for a fill-in; for a cigarette girl. Not that they put it that way, but she could tell. Eddie was kind, too. He wasn't a bad sort, Eddie wasn't. But she knew that the restoration of the old act of Cameron & Clark was out. A finished dream.

The surprising thing was that her pride was hurt, rather than her heart. It seemed to add up to Goodby, Eddie, and she had thought that would cut pretty deep, but it didn't. Eddie was a good guy and overwhelmingly ambitious but he simply didn't register with her any more. The love affair had really been washed up the day they divorced, though Dale hadn't realized it until this moment. She'd been clinging to an illusion.

She didn't want to continue for the balance of a long, heartbreaking week. Old stuff of rubbing salt in the wound. It'd be tough, going through the routines show after show, knowing that it didn't mean anything.

Maybe Julie's ankle wasn't too bad. Maybe the ordeal could be cut down to a couple of days. And so, partly because she wanted to talk it over with Julie, but mostly because she couldn't stand the empty praise and false sympathy of the people in the place, she slipped a coat over her costume, took a taxi and gave the address of Julie's hotel.

It was a simple, unpretentious, inexpensive hotel on Flagler Street. She got the number of Julie's room and went up alone. She started to rap on the door and then paused.

Something was happening inside that room. She heard rhythmic, clicking noises: tap-tap-tappety-tap. Even, firm, sure. Dale put her hand on the knob and the door opened to her touch. She stepped inside.

Julie was there. She was scantily clad but that wasn't what Dale noticed. What she did notice was that Julie wore dancing shoes and that she was practicing a new routine—practicing on two good, strong ankles.

Dale said, "What gives?" and Julie made no pretense of misunderstanding. She dropped into a chair and said, "I'm sorry, Dale. Who tipped you off?"

"Nobody." Dale shook her head. "Your ankle's okay?"

"Sure, it's okay."

"Then why . . . ?"

"It was a frame-up," Julie explained. "I was paid to play sick."

"Eddie . . . ?"

"No. Eddie doesn't know anything about it. It was Sam."

That was a tough one. Dale repeated, "Sam?" like someone in a fog and then asked, "Why?"

"I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. But he offered me something nice and I couldn't figure where it'd do any harm." The girl's eyes were kindly. "How'd you make out?"

"Terrible. I used to be better than Eddie. Now I'm not in his class." Her voice pleaded: "Can you be back in the act tomorrow night?"

"Sure, I can. If that's what you want."

It *was* what Dale wanted. But she wasn't thinking about that as she took another taxi back to Sam's. There was an answer somewhere but she couldn't get it. Eddie? She might have understood it if he'd pulled the frame. But Sam? Where did Sam fit in? What right did he have butting into her business? What was the big idea behind it?

She got back to the place five minutes before the second show. Eddie was in a ferment. He'd seen her go out and didn't know what was what. Afraid she might not get back in time.

Dale danced grimly through that second show. No fire; no pep; going through the routines mechanically. And with each beat of the music, with each tap and twist and twirl, she found herself getting more confused and more angry.

It was Sam. She couldn't figure him in this thing, no matter how she looked at it. She couldn't even understand her resentment but there it was. She had seen him right after the first show, wandering around with an odd look on his lean, kindly face which said, plainly as words, "I can't lie to you and I don't want to tell you the truth." Right now he was sitting at the bar, watching the act.

THE show ended. Dale waited until the orchestra started to give out with dance music and then she went trailing down to where Sam was sitting. He started to get up as she swept down on him but she said, "Just a minute, Sam. We've got things to talk about"

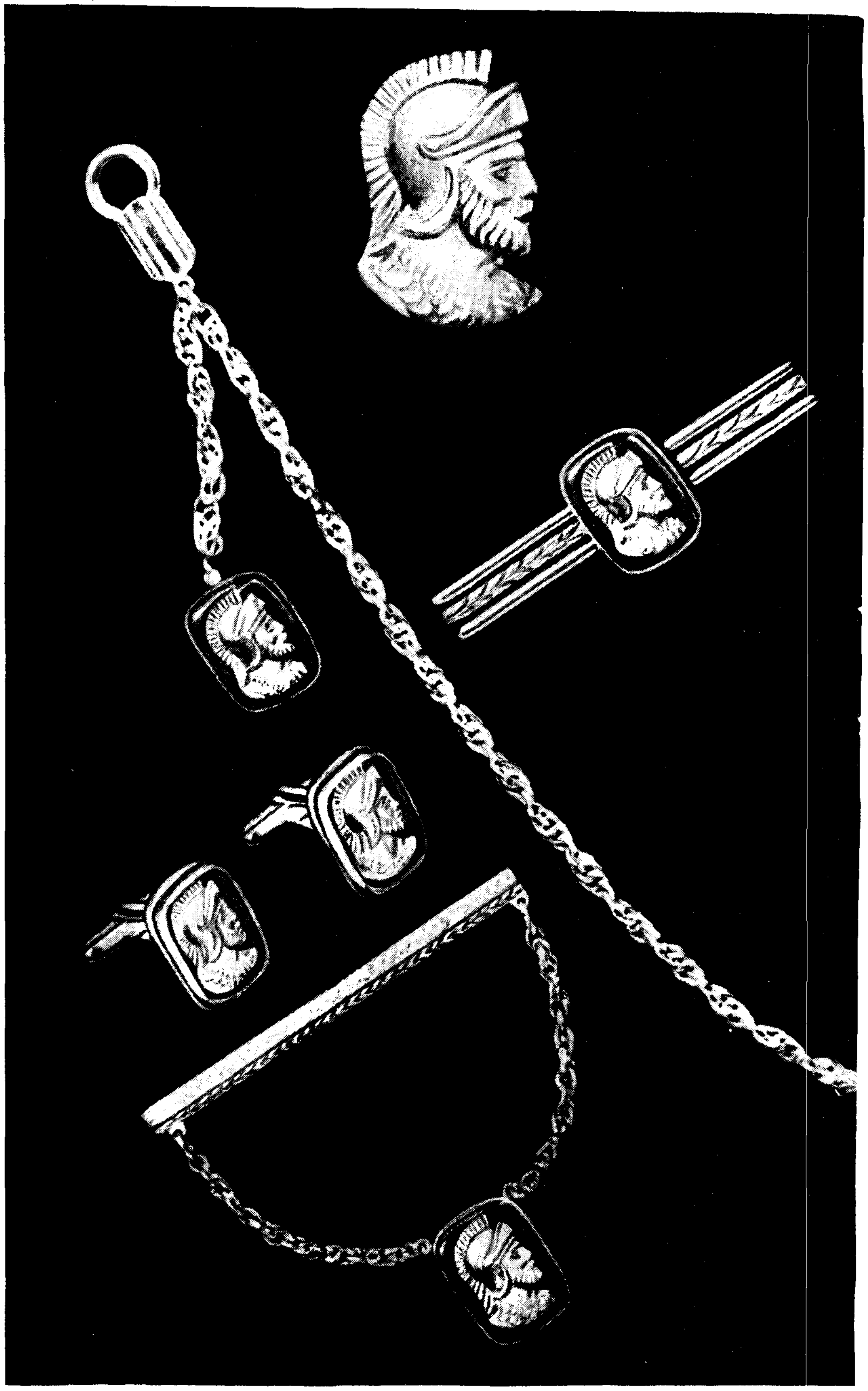
She talked fast. Perhaps there was the faintest hint of hysteria in her voice. Things had been happening fast; surprises had hit hard . . . like finding out, for instance, that Julie's ankle was not injured. She told Sam about that. She told him she knew the Eddie affair was ended, finished, through, done with. She told him Julie would be back the next night and she told him that she knew he'd engineered the whole wacky deal. "But why, Sam?" she finished. "What was the idea? What does it all add up to?"

Sam looked very unhappy. He mopped his forehead and twisted on the bar stool. He told her to skip it but she refused to skip it. She wanted an answer. She made him talk.

"So I stepped out of line," he said awkwardly. "I thought maybe it would work out."

"What would?"

"You and Eddie. You used to be married to him. Ever since you left him you



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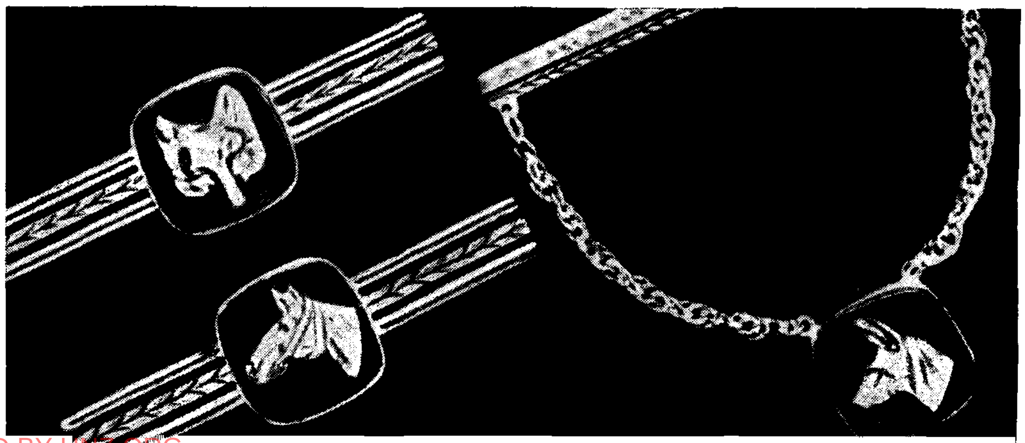


# First Line of

**AMERICA'S *offense* against the Axis is already rolling on the production lines of the aircraft industry.**

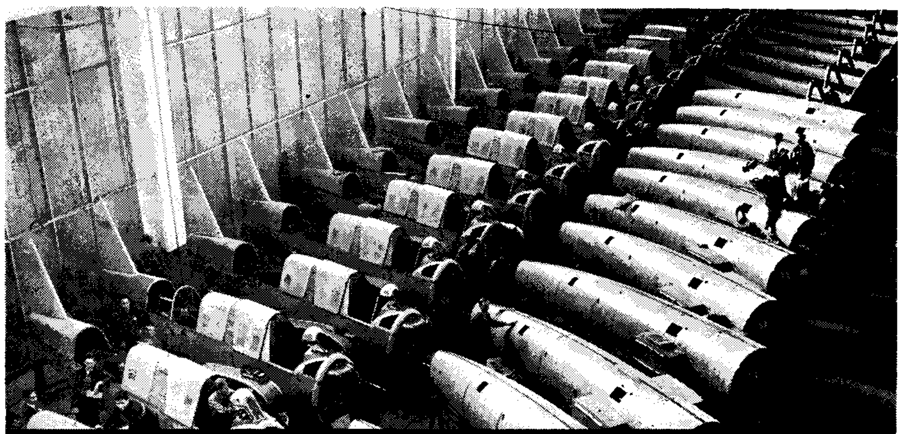
At the beginning of the emergency, this industry was ready with superior types of airplanes, engines and propellers. Its next responsibility was the immediate volume production of these types. The photographs on these pages show how well it has been meeting this responsibility.

Heavy bombers, medium bombers, dive bombers, fighters, pursuits, trainers and transports are streaming out from production lines in factory after factory to meet the 1942 goal. Vastly expanded, the industry is now expanding still further. At the same time, it is giving every possible assistance to other industries

★ The scenes pictured on these two pages show only a fractio of the rising output of the American aircraft industr

**CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT**—These four-engined LIBERATOR bombers, like the equally famous CATALINA and CORONADO flying boats, have long been in production at one of Consolidated's great factories. They are now rolling out in volume from a mechanized assembly line.

**DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT**— Designed as bombers, the Douglas airplanes shown above are highly versatile and have seen action as pursuits and night fighters as well. Hundreds of other Douglas planes, from dive bombers to giant transports, are streaming out from Douglas plants.



**VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT**—KINGFISHER Observation Scouts were recently cited for their successful attacks on enemy submarines. Hundreds of them have been delivered to the Navy, and soon will be joined by quantities of the powerful Vought CORSAIR shipboard fighter.

KEEP THAT LINE ROLLING

**REPUBLIC AVIATION**—The Republic THUNDERBOLT with its 2,000-h.p. Pratt & Whitney engine, is being hailed as the Army's champion pursuit plane. Speed, range, altitude and blistering fire-power make the THUNDERBOLT one of the world's most formidable airplanes.

**VULTEE AIRCRAFT**—The basic trainers shown above have been assembled on Vultee's pioneering mechanized line, and are ready for delivery to Army training centers. In another factory, Vultee combat airplanes are being rushed to completion for widespread use by the Allies.

# OFFENSE

in the conversion of their plants to help meet next year's goal.

In this production offensive United Aircraft is supplying engines and propellers by the thousands to nearly every major airplane manufacturer. Type after type of America's first-line fighting planes, including all those shown here and many more, are being equipped with either Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engines, Hamilton Standard propellers, or both.

## UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

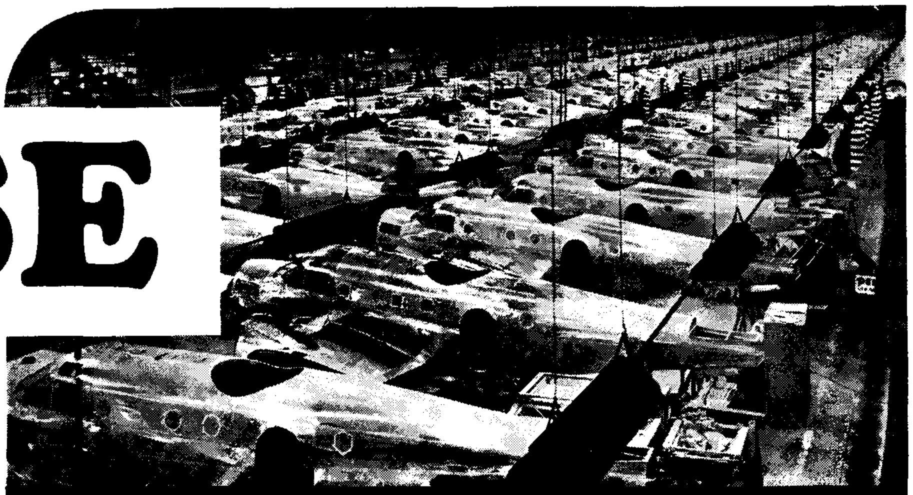
Pratt & Whitney
Engines

Vought-Sikorsky
Airplanes

Hamilton Standard
Propellers

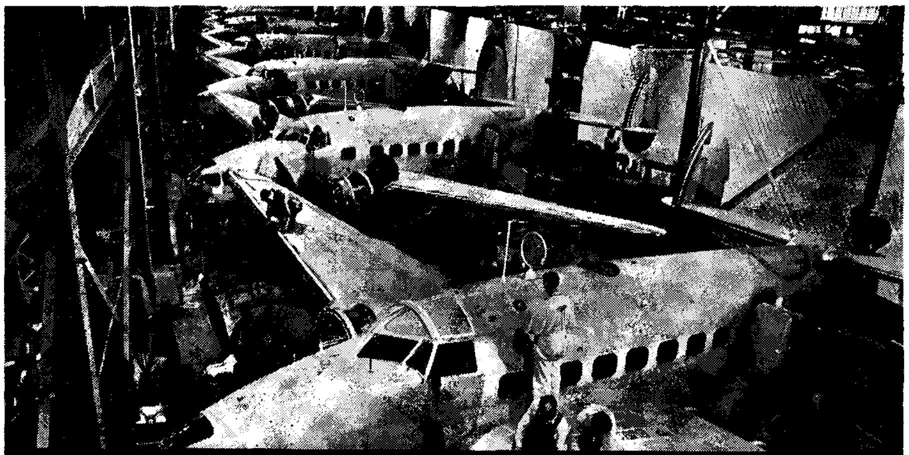
any others in the industry are helping to swell the tide, and
any manufacturers are operating more than one factory. ★

**BOEING AIRCRAFT**—In bombing raids from Berlin to Macassar Strait the FLYING FORTRESSES have proved their mettle. These high-flying, hard-hitting Boeings are being produced in a number of plants, each equally impressive as the one above.



**BEECH AIRCRAFT**—Each of these Beech twin-engined trainers will be used to teach hundreds of bomber pilots. Especially designed for this task, they are helping to launch the mightiest offensive force in the world.

**NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION**—These fast North American medium bombers, lined up for fly-away delivery to the Army, combine speed, range and striking power. These airplanes are a small fraction of the output from one of North American's factories.



**LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT**—This assembly line is the birthplace of HUDSON bombers, long famous for their brilliant record in the R.A.F. On similar lines in the Lockheed and Vega plants, hundreds of LIGHTNING pursuits and VENTURA bombers are being built for the United Nations.

**GLENN L. MARTIN CO.**—The B-26 is one of the latest Army bombers to enter quantity production. Double Wasp engines drive it at a speed approaching that of the fastest pursuits. Other Martin planes in production include the BALTIMORE bomber and the Navy's MARINER.

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THE SET-UP

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Mix together ½ cup butter, ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 1 tsp. salt, 2 tbs. sugar or light corn syrup, 2 tbs. Heinz "57" Beefsteak Sauce, 2 tbs. Heinz Cider Vinegar, 2 tbs. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce. Bring to boiling point. Keep sauce warm while meat is cooking. Every few minutes baste meat with sauce—using a new dish mop, large butter brush or cloth tied to end of a stick.

**What to Barbecue:** Grilled Spare Ribs, Hot Dogs, Chicken, Hamburger, Ham Steaks, Pork Chops or Roasts are all candidates for barbecue honors. Cook in the usual way—keep basting with barbecue sauce till done. Then—fall to!

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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

weren't sure whether you were still carrying the torch. And so long as you weren't sure . . . well, there wasn't another guy in the world. There was only one way to straighten things out, and that was to fix it so you'd get back into the act. No matter how it worked, you'd know where you stood with yourself."

Dale felt kind of funny—sort of hot one minute and cold the next.

"You mean, Sam, you were thinking about me when you did this?"

"Maybe."

"You wanted me to click . . . and to find out all over again that I was in love with Eddie?"

"Yes. If that's how it was."

Her eyes met his steadily. "Well, it wasn't. I found that out for sure. I don't belong with the act or with Eddie either. So . . . where am I?"

"You're here," said Sam. "You're still working here."

"Yes." Dale stared around the room, full of the odor of stale drinks and tobacco smoke. She looked hard at Sam. Things were beginning to hit hard—like coming out of a dream, slipping back into a world of reality. She said, "You got to keep talking, Sam."

His voice wasn't quite steady. He said, "You got to ask yourself questions, Dale . . . and answer 'em yourself, too. For instance: What kept you here this long? You didn't have to hold onto a job like this."

He stood up. There was a certain dignity about him—a quality she'd never seen before.

He said, "Think it over, Dale. Think over all the angles."

He left her there. And she *was* thinking—thinking hard.

Sam was right. Something had caused her to keep this job. The same thing that had kept her from going to pieces when she realized that her old feeling for Eddie had died out completely.

The bits of the jigsaw puzzle began to slip into place, a piece here and a piece there. She didn't hear the loud conversation at the bar or the solid jive the band was dispensing. She only knew that the picture was getting clearer and clearer . . . and then the answer hit her.

SAM was sitting alone at a table across the room. It was as though she were seeing him for the first time. She walked toward him and she felt very happy—very sure of herself. This was no illusion; this was something real and definite and permanent.

She stood beside him and they looked at each other.

"I've thought it over," she said quietly. "And so I'm asking you one question, Sam."

She paused then and moistened her lips. But she went through with it.

"I was wondering," she said, "how you'd like the idea of marrying your cigarette girl?"

Sam didn't say anything. He didn't have to. Just by the way he looked—by the words he didn't say—she knew that he'd like it very, very much.

THE END

## Panama Patrol

Continued from page 20

—in a manner of speaking. From the Zone, no lights stab up at you but there's a sultry glow upon the ground from hooded lamps, and millions of stars mock the futile gloom. Ancon, Balboa, and Quarry Heights, whereon sits the quiet, hewn-faced commander of the Canal Defense, Lieutenant General Frank Andrews, are shadowy but wholly visible. Gilky and the rest of us, streaking across the star-spangled skies, could blast Ancon, Balboa and Quarry Heights to blood and dust (and die happy) if we were the enemy.

We could smash the Pedro Miguel Locks if we could get this far. However, this is no secret. The Japs know it. The Nazis know it. For years we've been giving away thousands of maps and cross-section charts, photographs and engineers' tables, until the Canal itself hasn't a ghost of a secret left. All the enemy would have to do is get this far in and this far down. That's all. That's the enemy's problem.

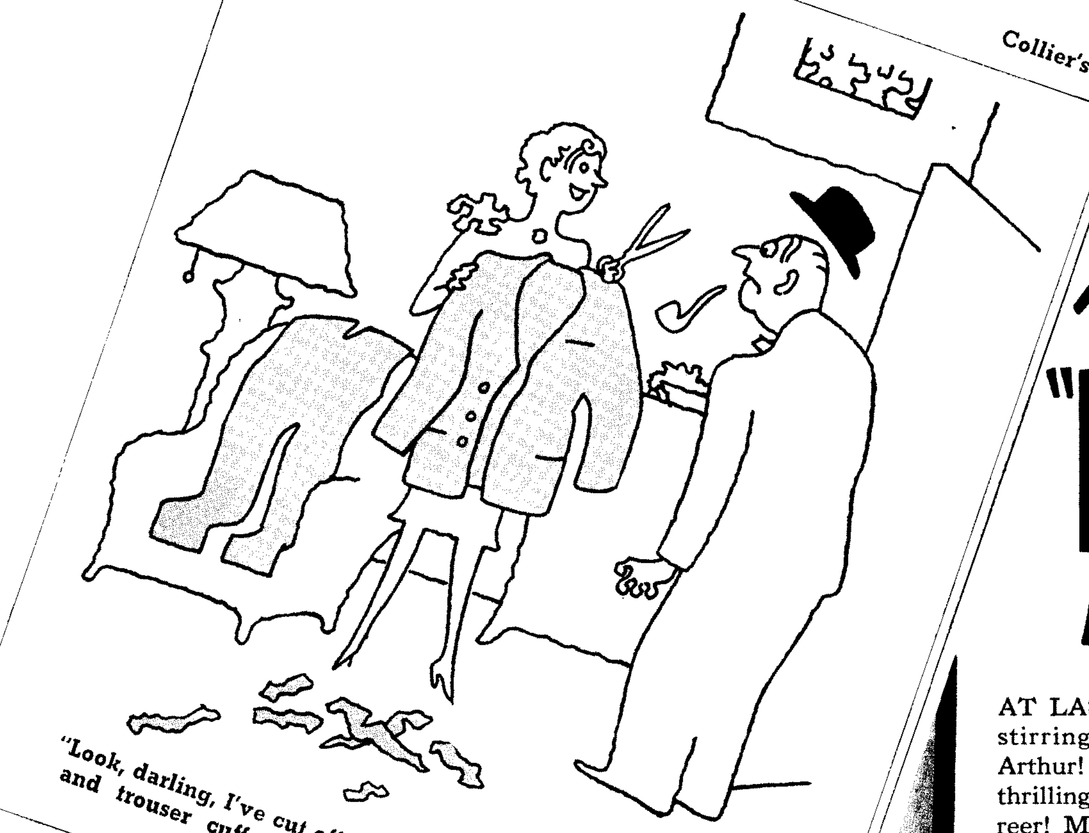
### The Canal Zone Holds Surprises

But even if he gets by Gilk and the interceptors, his troubles will have just begun. We can go no further along this line. Use your imagination and don't boggle at improbabilities. The Canal Zone is tropically rich and riotous with defense surprises. We've heard the Albrook organ play its *Danse Macabre*. Have you seen and heard Walt Disney's Fantasia? That gives you a thin hint, as the Old Mill Stream gives you a hint of Niagara Falls. Gilk built the Albrook organ. You should hear him play it. We've climbed the mountains where former bellhops, divinity students, milkmen, soda jerkers, college sophomores and ticket scalpers have become jungle troops, antiaircraft artillerymen, bomb and bolo fighters swinging from tree to tree, screaming back at howler monkeys. The temptation is strong to tell you more of what we've seen below there, from Mexico to South America—and beyond. But that's for the speedy Jap to find out and we predict no joy for him when he tries it. These lads, shackled to defense, eager to take the offensive, are too hungry for a fight.

This is the place to be, looking down upon the scramble of peoples, the clustered communities, the clean fifty-two-mile gash of free and impounded water that is the all-important Canal. Down below there, afoot or in the last-gasp taxis driven by brown men who make the chauffeurs of prewar Paris seem like scary old ladies, you're permanently confused. The only thing you're sure of is that those Panamanian taxi drivers ought to be in the tank corps, they and their brothers who drive those chivas or public busses. Incidentally, they drive on the left side of the street like the British. We asked one of them why. He said that there'd be too many accidents if he drove on the right, and that's as good a reason as anyone will give you for anything down there.

From up here, flying with Gilk or with young Lieutenant Colonel Tom Darcy, aide to General Andrews, or with Lieutenant Red Woolsey, a big, shy, clean kid from Oklahoma, the garble of town and tongue, position and politics, greed and glory unlaces itself. We have a quick look and write it down as we go. We have a night of hopeful patrol before us. We shall cover *many* miles of sea and sky before we get back.

We see the shine of the Canal, the sweep of Albrook Field, the winding roads of Balboa Heights and the broad, smug, termite-gnawed government houses. Yonder, similarly gloomed down but not blacked out are the United States Naval Reservation, Fort Amador, Ancon and Sosa Hills, Diablo Heights and Corozal; and beyond, the new locks. These districts "dark down" at six when the hot daylight ceases and suddenly it's night. There is no evening,



"Look, darling, I've cut off all the lapels, and pocket patches, and trouser cuffs for you, so you'll be right in style!"

GARDNER REA

no twilight. Suddenly it's night. But blackout—lights out—doesn't happen until eleven and you wonder why they wait almost until midnight. You wonder until you see it from the skies. Actually you can't blackout the Canal any more than Londoners could blackout the beckoning, guiding Thames, any more than New York can blackout the East and Hudson rivers.

Up here, our plane roaring defiance, we get our land bearings and sort out what was a garble below. In the skies we begin to understand why the Canal and its environs make such a complex problem of defense, why the Canal's defense means diplomacy as well as guns and guts. The skein unravels, the jigsaw puzzle sorts itself out. Yonder, where the City of Panama ends in a crooked finger in the sea, is the American Embassy. There is Ambassador Wilson, a clever gentleman, knowing his Latin Americans, hugely respected by them. He got this delicate post because he is those things. He is the skillful balance between the Panamanian government and the United States Army, a man of infinite tact and patience. The big fellow on Quarry Heights, General Andrews (Andy to his men) is lucky to have Wilson here. The State Department, thinking and acting often timorously in terms of the Good Neighbor Policy, is frequently more appeasive than aggressive, and Andrews, a soldier to his last fiber, must think of everything. But in Wilson's deft hands, the State Department side is never a blockade.

A step up Central Avenue on the flank of Cathedral Plaza is the Presidencia—Panama's White House. Therein sits Señor Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia, Panama's president. De la Guardia became president as the result of last October's *coup d'état* which sent the Huey Longish Arnulfo Arias into exile. In Washington's eyes, Arias was tricky if not treacherous, a little too prone to listen indulgently to the cause of our enemies. Perhaps however he was merely a shrewd politician eager to drive a harder, more profitable bargain with the Canal's owner, the United States.

We haven't time to go into that but he surely got the works when the time came; and de la Guardia, a less spectacular statesman whose heart is in Panama not Havana, has taken over, co-operating completely with Washington. If we had time, we'd tell you how it happened—a grand tale of how to get rid of a political boss. Too bad the United States hasn't studied the Latin-American procedure. She could use it occasionally and be the better for it.

Looking down through the clear, dark blue we can see the Canal Administration Building, the seat of the civil government of the Canal Zone. From that headquarters, Major General Glen E. Edgerton, governor, and Colonel Joe Mehaffey, engineer of maintenance, rule the affairs of seventy-five thousand civil employees among whom the caste system is more than somewhat prevalent. It is just as impossible for the low-paid worker (the silver set) to break into the social circles of the upper brackets (the gold crowd) as it would be for the guy who mows your lawn to ride Mrs. Astor's plush horse. But neither Edgerton nor Mehaffey, both tough-minded United States Army engineers, are much concerned with anything but running the Canal.

One last look before we strike out above the jungle, over the Pacific, to the far-flung airfields, the batteried mountaintops. High above all these groups on Quarry Heights is the commander—General Andrews. Andy's a flier too. He's pushing toward sixty, was built for offensive warfare. He's an old cavalryman, turned airman. We didn't fly with him but saw him bring in his huge Army transport plane as neatly as you'd wheel a pram the length of a suburban block. He gives you a feeling of deep security. He smiles infrequently. Even a professional grinner would find little to smile about in Andy's job.

At last we're off to see what lies be-

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# to Win
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## A MESSAGE OF MAGNIFICENT COURAGE, HATE and SHEER MILITARY GENIUS

*by* **OWEN LATTIMORE**
**Roosevelt's Envoy to Chiang Kai-shek**

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In this stirring article, Owen Lattimore, President Roosevelt's personal envoy to Chiang Kai-shek, reveals the priceless secret of victory we may learn from China's fighting millions.

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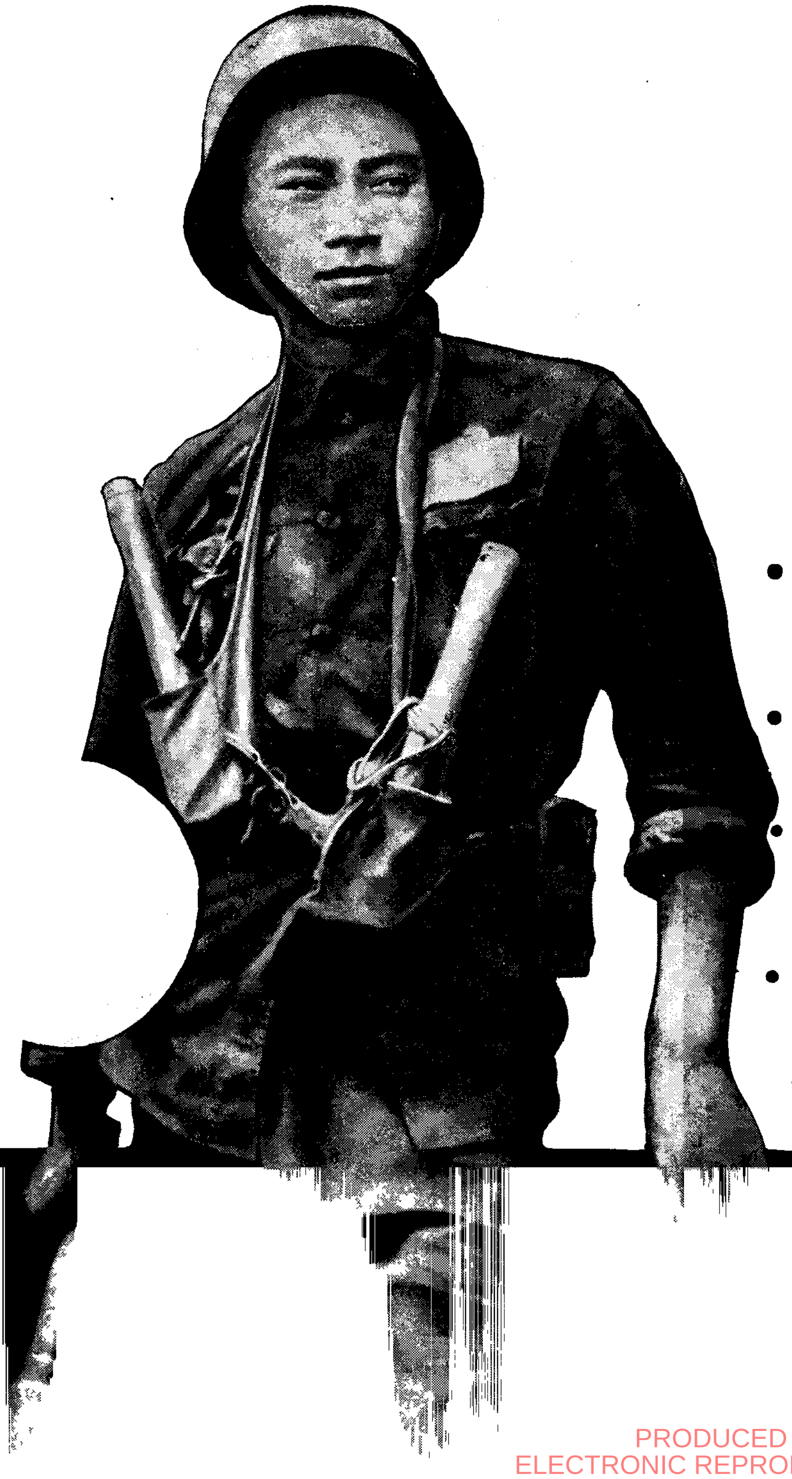

yond the man-made jungle of politics, administration, government and rumor. The jungle that nature grew, with its cats and apes, snakes and birds, rotting vegetation and infested swamp—that will be peace. We swarm over the fortified islands in Panama Bay. The huge guns crouch in their pits, great clumsy beasts ready to rear and hurl tons of steel beyond the horizon. Somehow they don't impress us.

Perhaps we remember what so many airmen, so many new-school soldiers have said about them—that they are all right if the enemy is fool enough to get within their brief lateral sweep. But that's not the way the game is played today. The new order tells you that they'd be more use melted down and recast into five-inch antiaircraft guns. But there they are, as everybody from here to Tokyo knows, monsters of the wars of yesterday! However, we'd advise nobody to try bombing them into silence. They're stoutly protected from attack from the air. We wouldn't tell you how, even if we hadn't been warned away from the subject by Major Bob Bruskin and his boss, Colonel Robert G. Kirkwood, G-2.

We fly to the east, down the Darien country toward Colombia. Presently two huge slim birds pass us, turn, circle high above us. They dive at us, turning themselves almost inside out. They know who we are but they take no chances these days and nights over Panama. They verify us and go back to their stunting, showing us what P-39 and P-40 fighters splitting the clouds at hundreds of miles an hour could do to a bomber. They circle us, deftly maneuvering us into a new airfield cut out of the raw jungle on the Pacific side.

### Out of the Palms—the Hidden Bases

Gilky knows all about it of course, because this field is one of the cunningly contrived and hidden bases of his Interceptor Command. All we saw when we swooped suddenly into the clearing was a field. Then out of the palms, the thick curtains of vines, came the kids who fly the fighters. We saw no planes until we got behind those curtains. All of them can be off the ground in much less than four minutes. They can be back in their cover before the roar of their descent dies, and there is no order or rote to their cover. There is no solid-phalanx stuff about the disposition of Gilky's planes—as there was at Pearl Harbor. (Trouble with this story is that we always have to pipe down the moment we get warmed up.)

We had a beer at the Stork Club. If you'd been there you could have read the sign on the barracks door for yourself. The shack near by was 10 Downing Street. Next to that was 1,600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Next, The Brown Derby, Twenty-one, The Mark Hopkins and Ye Olde Bucket of Bloode.

One of the lads told us that all aviators have to be more or less crazy. He was studying medicine when he got into the Army Air Force, said he was going in for surgery but had changed his mind. But eventually he's going to make it psychiatry. He thinks it would be a sin not to, after being in a laboratory like the Air Force. He has the various psychoses stages catalogued but admits that changes may have to be made. For example, if you have a persecution complex you'll be best in a scout plane, observing. He says that the heavy bombers—the flying fortresses—are ideal ships for homicidal maniacs.

"It's like musicians and artists," he said. "If they're any good at all they're crazy. There's one guy here who wouldn't have a mattress. When he goes to bed he takes everything off but his boots. Wraps a blanket around his head. Yale man."

They are a talented mob. You could dig up a small professional dance band. In Ye Olde Bucket of Bloode we were about to be entertained by a magician when the alert sounded, and just as mysteriously as they had appeared, the airmen vanished. Seconds later the jungle roared as ship after ship took off. So did we, Gilky swinging east again. He's a veteran but if he lives to be a hundred he'll never be an old-timer. Not old-timer stuff. They say he could fly a rocking-chair if you gave him a couple of palm-leaf fans. Back in the first World War he flew Martin biplanes which made sixty miles an hour and inspired the old Army brass hats to predict that they had no place in combat because they were too fast and would overshoot their target. Some of these men are still in the Army, still shaking their heads.

Gilk was getting bored. No Japs. The best we could do was a buzzard. It made a three-inch dent in one of our wings, but the buzzard was all through in a lovely explosion of feathers. Buzzards fly by the hundreds over the Isthmus. They got used to the slower planes, diving out of their way. But the new fast fighters have caught them unprepared for real speed. The pilots don't go for them intentionally because they're oversize buzzards and can do a lot of damage if they smack you square. Anyway we had to be content with a large buzzard before landing in our next jungle hideaway.

BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION
ONE MOMENT PLEASE
DAVID B. HUFFINE

### Rescue from Quick Mud

Lieutenant Jack Burr, who used to be swimming coach at Miami University, and Lieutenant Jim Johnston, a pitcher who belongs to the Boston Red Sox, gave us something to eat, and Lieutenant Bill Buxton of Memphis, Tennessee, told us why he was very glad to see us. Bill's plane caught fire as he was coming in. He bailed out but landed in the quick mud near the coast.

He fought hard and his life preserver helped but he was three hours in that mud, and before the rescue party got to him on a rubber raft, he had sunk to his shoulders. And that wasn't all. The tide was coming in, bringing sharks with it. The rescue gang, taking two hours to make a quarter of a mile, shot three of the sharks. Bill was right glad to see us.

He introduced us to a kid flier whose hobby is gun collecting. He has everything from beautifully inlaid Spanish matchlocks to cunning little killers made in what was Czechoslovakia. Somebody has told him that the Japs have a .25-caliber automatic that nobody in the Western Hemisphere has seen yet. Very solemnly, unmindful of the kidding of his fellow airmen, he tells us that he's going to be careful about bagging his first Jap. He hopes to force his Jap far earthward before blasting him. He doesn't want the Charlie plane to burn before he has a look for one of those .25s.

Throughout the whole Interceptor Command, half the men make model airplanes. They don't follow conventional lines, constructing stereotyped plans of ships already in existence but build their own ideas, their dream ships. Gilk says that the lads breed some swell ideas, practical too. And why not? When they're not doing that, they study the schoolbooks they abandoned or they go in for archery. They compose music. They paint. We saw three novels in the making. We caught two poets at their trade.

They'll hike miles on their nights off —when they get them—to the native villages and dance the *tamborita* or more primitive dances with the San Blas, the Cuna and the Chocoi Indians, learning things about the tom-tom that Gene Krupa never dreamed of. In exchange they break out into American swing for the Indians, who are politely appreciative but make it clear that they think it somewhat unnecessary. Until they got to know better they joined the San Blas Indians in a few bowls of *chicha,* compared with which our American popskull corn likker is a standard temperance drink. It takes only two slugs of *chicha* to teach the white man that you have to be born to it. The Indians have taught them *balseria,* a swift, lethal game wherein you throw mahogany spears at one another and laugh yourself sick if you get a guy in the belly. But it's all in the spirit of good fun, and even the victims try to appreciate good throwing.

The night grows darker as we approach the dawn. Gilk knows what he's doing. He's been flying these skies for two years. But we're somewhat confused in our directions. When you're in the Canal Zone you're confounded at first to see the sun rising out of the Pacific. But that's as it should be; the Pacific end of the Canal is twenty-seven miles east of the Atlantic end. However, as you fly toward South America, soar over Colombia and on toward Ecuador, things become normal again.

Throughout the night, our radio tells us lots of things we may not repeat here. But the suspicion grows that the Japs have a base or two in western South America. It is still a suspicion, but one that won't die. We know the spots where they are most likely to be. The South Americans are helping us scout them. When there is any certainty, we'll blast them. We're tired of watchful waiting, of appeasing. But that's what the Canal's defenders are watching closest. Two, three or four enemy planes, hastily assembled, bent on a suicidal raid, might make the attack. An attack from a source like that is more likely than from a carrier five or six hundred miles offshore. Wait and watch! It's grueling work, tough on the nerves, much more punishing than aggressive warfare.

### What are We Waiting For?

One of General Andrews' jobs is to keep his troops calm, but every time there's a fresh outbreak of Nazi submarine attacks back yonder in the Caribbean, the same old growl is heard:

"Why don't we get going? What are we waiting for? Let's take those Vichy islands—Martinique and Guadeloupe! That's where the Nazis are refueling, taking on ammunition. Let's clean the devils out!"

In the predawn blackness we talk to headquarters back at Albrook Field. We hear the night's reports from South America, from Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico and other countries. We know that great convoys bearing American troops, planes, guns, food, ammunition are hurrying darkly down the Pacific, bound for Australia and MacArthur.

We hear that our jungle troops, kept informed by the intelligence sections, have rounded up a half dozen strangers forty miles or so west of the Canal. The prisoners were caught with their mules. The mules were very important. They carried short-wave transmitters on their backs—small affairs easily concealed by a blanket. There's a pretty good road from Panama City to David up near the Costa Rican border. But what wouldn't we give for that Inter-American Highway now! The transmitters might have operated from cars on this road. But with a mule you can get into the jungle where the white man can't follow. Fortunately, loyal natives can, and they can report to Captain McIntire or the Army Intelligence—which they do and did. We're forbidden to repeat rumors. We don't think we are doing so when we say that quite a number of men trek into those jungles who never come out. It's all nice and mysterious —and tough.

But they'll probably send the captives to the internment camp in the Canal Zone, and very lucky the prisoners will be. That internment camp is quite a commentary on the camaraderie existing between Central America's Germans, Japs and Italians. The

NAVY ANNOUNCEMENT TO COLLEGE FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES 17 THRU 19

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2. *Those who qualify in the classification test and do not volunteer for Aviation will be selected for training to be Deck or Engineering Officers.* In that case, you will continue your college program until you receive your bachelor's degree, provided you maintain the established university standards.

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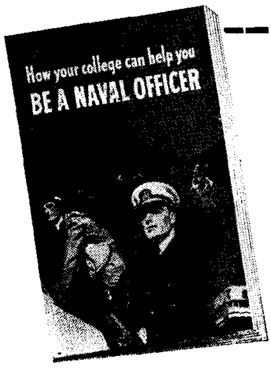

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Military Police have discovered—by the blood, sweat and tears route—that the punishment most dreaded by refractory Jap prisoners is to move the little yellow rule-breaker over to the German sector for a couple of days. The Nazis reduce the Nipponese ego quite perceptibly, and the Jap begs to be returned to his own people, pledging good future behavior. And all the M.P.s have to do is threaten the troublesome German with a day or so in the Jap cage. He wilts at the mere suggestion.

If an Italian gets balky they exile him to either the German or the Jap quarters. He is loved by neither and, being more emotional than either of his Axis partners, he begins to scream repentance the moment the guards come for him. At his approach, both the Japs and the Nazis go into their burlesques of Mussolini, wringing their hands, hiding behind one another, beating their chests, weeping convulsively. There used to be nearly a thousand Axis-lovers in the bull pen. Gradually they are being moved up to the States where, in an emergency (an attack), they'll be safer or at least not so dangerous.

### Confinement Breeds Contempt

It's interesting to walk through the compound, watching characteristics. The Italians are almost servile, pleading for a smile, a kind word. The Nazis stand rigid. They'll salute you if they think that you are authority. Most of the Japs are hissingly ingratiating, replying to questions with many deep bows, lynx-eyed. We used to think them cute. In the internment camp they're much cleaner than the Nazis and the Italians. The Italians just can't seem to manage cleanliness all by themselves. The Japs and the Germans complain to the M. P.s that their Latin friends stink.

No one pretends to believe that all the subversives, all the Axis agents and all the possible saboteurs in the Canal country have been rounded up. Most of the military and the astonishing Captain Leo McIntire believe that attempts at sabotage are the ever-present danger, and that attempts upon the locks may be made as a prelude to an attack in force from the air. They are watching. We advise no one valuing his life to meander into the immediate vicinity of the Canal after dark.

Watchful waiting isn't the best tonic for nerves. There are times when the Army in Panama would give almost anything for a fight. But thus far, as we write, actual warfare has come no nearer to the Canal than the sinking of many tankers and supply ships in the Caribbean and the racing attack of Hitler's U-boats on the naked little Dutch oil-refining island of Aruba. We were in Aruba during the attack. Here in Panama they laugh at that attack but we say they're jealous. Of course it wasn't much of a battle but it's the only one we've had to date. A couple of shells crashed through the barracks we were sleeping in. Maybe they were duds but they didn't do our roof any good nor the garage nor the car in it. Moreover, we got out of that barracks just as fast as if we'd been missed by high-explosive stuff. (Note to the kid soldier, the lad from Indianapolis who jammed his rifle muzzle into our ribs: Honest, soldier, we were just running to the beach to have a look at that submarine. And we weren't reaching for a gun by the dawn's early light. We were just pulling on our pants. Honest!)

All right, Gilky, laugh at the battle of Aruba! Show us a better war hereabouts! Say those shells were Boy Scout whizzbangs! If you had been there you'd have loved it, spoiling for action—even a little action—as you are.

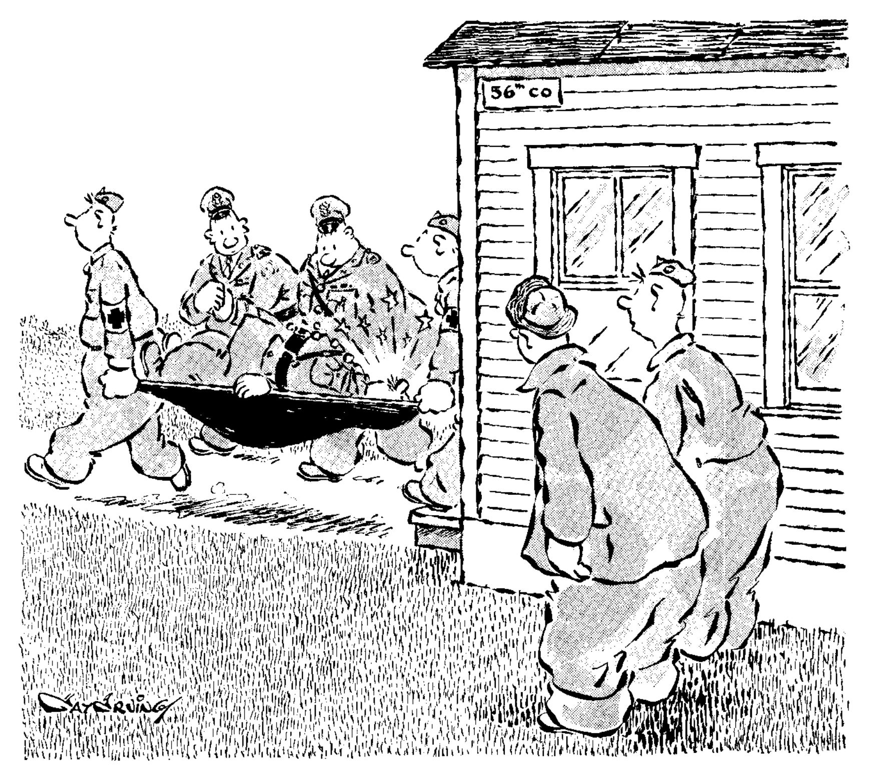
We're back in the Canal Zone with a bookful of notes about kids who are flying Army planes, who have made pets of boa constrictors which they've named after Hollywood's most provocative oomph girls, and of howler monkeys which they've named after members of Congress and of Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet.

"Good morning, Senator. Tuning up for a good windy day, I see. How about a nice pension this morning? And how are you this morning, Mr. Congressman? Have a seat! Don't worry about the snakes. You're probably used to them. Have a nice iguana sandwich. Tastes terrible but it's reeking with twenty-six vitamins, one for each letter in the alphabet. Smells like Washington but healthy, sir, healthy!"

Otherwise, flying the Isthmus, the Pacific, with Gilk has been a miserable flop.

No Japs!

THE END



**"Well, it's finally happened—th' colonel tripped over a broomstraw while makin' an inspection!"**

JAY IRVING

# New War Horses

Continued from page 19

policy in 1941 when the Army Remount Service, scouting from Vermont's farm-checkered countryside to the lonely frontier back of Puget Sound, bought 24,053 horses. This was more than had been purchased all during the previous decade. While the attention and effort of the nation were concentrated on the increased production of mechanical juggernauts, keen-eyed Army horsemen were searching ranches, stockyards and race tracks for war's oldest transportation, the transportation that can ford rivers, surmount mountain ranges and slip through forests and jungles. These horsemen are searching still. Few backwoods farms or remote cowpunchers' camps escape their careful scrutiny. Wherever horses work or forage, officers of the Remount Service invariably show up to feel muscles, examine hoofs and study age, gait and height. No branch of the War Department roams so far into the hinterland.

### The Number Still Increasing

In 1940, the Army bought only 2,323 horses, but once actual conflict seemed at America's threshold, the quota was multiplied more than ten times. The exact number which will be purchased in 1942 is a military secret, but it is sufficient to say that if you own a horse between the ages of four and eight, the Remount Service wants your animal's history. To date this year, the Army's purchases are far ahead of even the boom 1941 figures for the same period. And if wishes were horses, the Remount Service would have many more frisky geldings available. Tanks and trucks and jeeps can be built as speedily as human ingenuity can master blueprints and tool machinery, but it takes five years to breed a horse fit for military campaigns, and no power on earth can reduce the time.

Besides all this, the war has shown that horses can trek across terrain where man's new mechanical creations cannot go. When the Army was holding extensive maneuvers along the Sabine River in Texas and Louisiana, a steady rain drenched the region for three days. Fields turned into quagmires, and the minute highways were left behind, tanks bogged down until their treads disappeared. Not without some pride and exultation, Colonel Hardy, present as an observer, was able to report, "Not a single motorized or mechanized unit could move forward to take up its initial position off a paved road even to start 'the war.' The cavalry and the horse artillery were the only ones which could move, *and they did move* and they were at their locations at the assigned time."

So the horse is an integral part of the American Army once more, and county agricultural agents in all forty-eight states have been instructed to collect detailed information on every horse in their areas. Animals not required for farming or essential travel may soon be off to war, provided all tests are met. What are some of those tests? What sort of steed does the Army want in this hour of crisis, when our cavalry and artillery may be on battle fronts in both hemispheres, on five continents and all the way from Alaska to the tropics? Watch, then, as Ranger is inspected, bargained for and bought at Harold Grabner's wilderness ranch, deep in the peak-rimmed basin of the John Day River, eighty-four miles from the nearest railroad.

Ranger was the first prospect of the morning, as the Remount detachment trudged down the road in the sunrise after an Oregon breakfast of beefsteak, biscuits and hashed browns. Cy Rood led Ranger into the yard back of the big red barn, while Colonel Koester, a chunky, bronzed man who used to ride for American Olympic teams, watched with practiced eye. Ranger stopped and the colonel walked up to him, telescoped a measuring stick out of his ivory-headed cane and leveled it on Ranger's withers. "Fifteen hands," he called.

"Fifteen hands," repeated Captain Cecil Edwards, scribbling the information in a little black notebook. Ranger had satisfied the first requirement. Only horses fifteen or sixteen hands high are eligible for the United States Army.

Next, the veterinarian of the troop, Lieutenant Colonel William H. Dean, jaunty in breeches and a camel's-hair vest, slipped a gloved hand into Ranger's mouth over skittish protests and peered at the teeth. "Four years old," he announced. The oval-shaped markings on a horse's incisors tell his age to within a few months, so Ranger had passed another test. Army mounts must be between four and eight years.

Colonel Dean circled around Ranger, then looked at his head again. "Chestnut gelding with a star, a broad race and a snip." This described the white blaze on Ranger's face. Noting the white leg markings, the veterinarian added, "Three-quarters stocking, both hinds."

All this was scrawled in the black notebook by Captain Edwards. The Army will not consider horses which might be readily visible to an enemy observing from airplane or hilltop. "I want a column that matches the terrain," growled General Oliver Howard in 1877, as he led the 1st United States Cavalry across the Oregon uplands in pursuit of Nez Percé hostiles. This is still good Army doctrine, particularly since the great expansion in military aviation.

### Brown or Black Preferred

Major General John K. Herr, our present chief of cavalry, believes that horses are becoming increasingly important in the Army because they, unlike mechanized vehicles, can leave the roads and scatter across country when attacked from the air. So grays, appaloosas, pintos and other light colored horses are out. Browns and blacks in the various shades are preferred, and their white markings must not be too splurgy.

"Color okay," said Colonel Koester, eying Ranger. He picked up one of Ranger's forelegs and examined the hoof. "Shoed properly, foot strong, sole intact," he declared.

The cowpuncher clucked softly and pulled on the rope, and as Ranger jogged around the yard, the two colonels watched closely. A splay-footed horse cannot carry a cavalryman or drag a fieldpiece; and at headquarters, a horse unfit for action is a black mark against the Remount unit that purchased him. Colonel Dean turned to his fellow officer and nodded approvingly.

"All right, saddle him up!" ordered Colonel Koester.

Cy pulled Ranger to the fence, bridled him and cinched on a Western saddle with its big horn. Ranger stiffened once nervously as Cy swung onto his back, leather chaps rustling. Colonel Koester scrutinized the proceedings carefully. "Are you sure he's gentle, Cy?" he inquired.

"Plumb sure," drawled Cy from the saddle. "He's just sorta fidgety this morning. He don't know what to make

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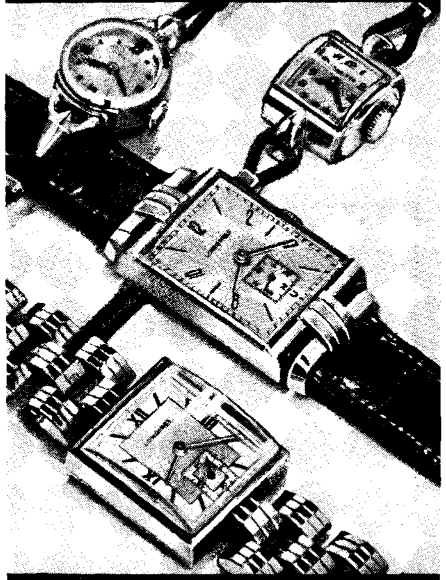


*Illustrated: Longines Trinidad (top left) $93.50; World's Fair LA (top right) $67.50; World's Fair strap (center) $67.50; Hall of Fame man's bracelet $82.50*

of all the fuss, but he's gentle all right. He won't throw anybody."

"We haven't got time any more to break in horses," Colonel Koester explained.

"He won't give you any trouble," reiterated Cy reassuringly, as he wheeled Ranger into the pasture that sprawled off toward the thick forests.

The Remount officers followed on foot. "Trot him," commanded Colonel Koester.

Cy made a wry face. The trot is the standard gait of the cavalry, but cowpunchers and wranglers eschew it. To them, posting is an evil chore. Their choice is to loaf along at a walk or bang away at a gallop. But orders are orders, and Cy brought Ranger into a trot.

This was an important test. Horses that pace or single-foot but will not trot are worthless to the Army. As part of the accelerated rate of modern warfare, the daily journey expected of an American cavalry troop has been increased from 40 miles to 65 miles. A brisk trot is the means by which this extended mobility is to be attained. So Ranger has to be able to trot and he has to have enough wind and endurance to trot a long way.

### Sound of Wind and Limb

After the two colonels had ratified Ranger's gait with a nodded "Okay" to Captain Edwards for the notebook, Colonel Koester told Cy to let him go at a gallop. Twice the wrangler, bandanna streaming in the breeze, took Ranger around the big pasture in the direction of the snowy ramparts of Strawberry Mountain. As Ranger came in, he was panting hard. Colonel Dean grabbed the reins and bent over to listen to his breathing.

If a rasp came from his lungs, Ranger would be returned to his backwoods grazing on the edge of the Malheur National Forest. A winded horse is of no value to cavalry or artillery on the march, especially inasmuch as the mounted units of the American Army must surmount rugged, slanted country which renders mechanized equipment useless. If Ranger's respiration was clear he would become part of that Army, and where he would go, only the fortunes of war could tell.

Colonel Dean straightened up. "Wind sound," he said.

Colonel Koester, cane under arm, Captain Edwards' notebook open in his hand, led Ranger over to where Harold Grabner leaned against the high fence of lodgepole pine. The rancher pushed his flat five-gallon hat back on his forehead and fell into step with the Army officer. They moseyed across the barnyard while the topic of their conversation followed at as discreet a distance as the reins would permit.

"Your horse, Harold?"

"Yep, Fred."

"H'mm. Let's see what the notebook says about him." They walked a minute in silence. Colonel Koester spoke again: "Not bad, but he might carry a little more flesh."

"He's a good horse, Fred. He was sired by Point Blank. That counts for a lot. Point Blank's been one of the best stallions in Oregon."

Cy joined them, and Colonel Koester stopped and pointed at Ranger with his pencil. "Hope this horse of yours can stand up under tough going."

"He's only four years old. The Army'll get a lot of service out of him."

"I think a hundred and seventy dollars is a fair price, don't you, Harold?"

"I do, Fred."

"All right then, Harold?"

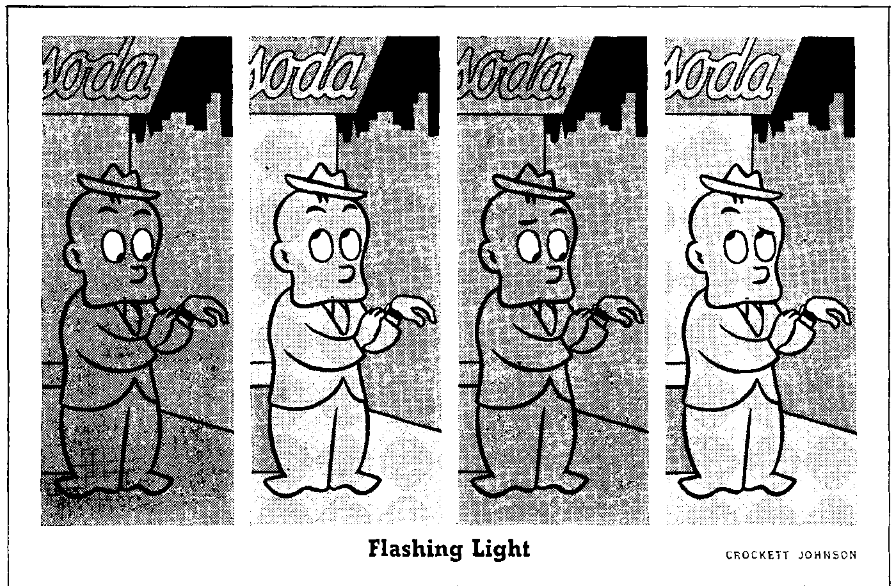
"Yep, Fred."

On a folding shelf attached to one of the dusty automobiles of the Remount Service, a bill of sale setting forth Ranger's specifications all the way from gait to markings had been drawn up by Captain Edwards. The back read: "I hereby swear that I am the owner of the horse described on the reverse side and have this day sold same to the United States Government." Harold Grabner signed, and Ranger was the property of his Uncle Sam.

In the past year this has become a familiar transaction in every rural area in the United States. Thousands of horses like Ranger have been sold to the Army. Thousands more will be sold in the months to come. Remount detachments are constantly on the move. In 1941, Colonel Koester and his troop traveled 100,000 miles and bought 3,224 horses. To get this number, they looked at 14,000 hopefuls. Only one in four passed muster. The qualifications are severe and all Remount officers scrupulously careful.

There are seven Remount divisions—Western, Southwestern, Northwestern, South Central, North Central, East Central and Eastern. They include all forty-eight states. From various Army posts in these areas, Remount officers journey to farming communities and the gaunt open range in search of horses. Generally they announce fixed schedules in advance. Thus ranchers in Texas know, for example, that on a certain morning the Southwestern Remount detachment will be at the O'Keefe place near Sierra Blanca. From hundreds of miles around, cowboys and ranchers and professional horse breeders bring in animals.

Informality rules these occasions, and many of the ranchers call the Remount officers by their first names. Before the present emergency, in the years when the Army was buying only 2,000 horses annually, the Remount units were nevertheless familiar to most of



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(*from a letter by* J. W. S., Springfield, Mo.)

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(*from a letter by* D. G., Glendale, Calif.)

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(*from a letter by* M. D. N., New Rochelle, N. Y.)

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**KLEENEX "POP-UP-BOX"**

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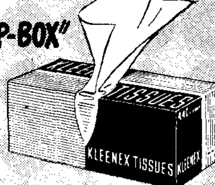


(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

the country's important agricultural districts. This was because of their supervision of the Army's horse-breeding plan. The plan was set up twenty years ago to meet just such a demand for horses as exists today. It consisted of placing at strategically located farms and ranches throughout America thoroughbred stallions which could sire offspring fit to carry the colors of the United States to war.

Today 723 Army stallions stand at stud in the nation. Skip It is typical of such stallions. Once he was a race horse and won $5,000 at the tracks. Now nine years old, he is the sire of Army horses in the John Day River basin of Oregon. He is the property of the United States Army, which has placed him at Harold Grabner's ranch on the recommendation of the Remount Service. For each mare on Skip It's book, Grabner is authorized to charge the owner of the mare $10. Skip It has a book of about forty mares a season and this pays for his feed and care. The owners of the mares, in turn, are finding a ready market for the young horses with the Army. Skip It's predecessor Point Blank sired Ranger.

This plan of breeding was approved by Congress in 1921. It was a national-defense measure for, after the first World War, the number of top-notch horses in America dwindled so rapidly that the cavalry faced the necessity of drilling on merry-go-round animals. The Army stallion system was adopted as a means of providing ranchers and sportsmen with better horses in times of peace and enlarging military units during emergencies.

Last year Remount stallions sired 14,000 colts. Seventy-five per cent of the horses being purchased by the Army at present are the progeny of these stallions, which stand at stud in forty-two states as well as Hawaii and Puerto Rico. The rancher or farmer in charge of the horse is known in the locality as a stallion agent, and he is responsible to the Remount Service for the horse's care and condition. Some of the stallions cost the Army as much as $7,500. Several are gets of Man o' War and Sun Beau. There are 105 Remount stallions in Texas, twenty each in Oregon and Idaho, ten in Louisiana, three in Hawaii, two in Connecticut, one in Massachusetts and so on almost everywhere the American flag flies.

### Old Dobbin Isn't Through

Because this is the most mechanized war in history, the American people have overlooked the fact that it is still a war in which the horse is an important factor. Most individuals thought the development of the armored division meant the end of Old Dobbin at the front. Yet there are 200,000 horses in the Russian cavalry, and 800,000 horses and mules are packing Soviet supplies. The Germans have a cavalry of 50,000 horses, in addition to 900,000 horses and mules carrying equipment. Even the Japanese have 50,000 cavalry horses and 325,000 animals to haul artillery and wagons.

The American Army has had a far smaller number of horses in use than any of these other nations. A year ago Major General Herr said the Nazis had 464,000 horses dragging artillery and fieldpieces, the United States 11,000. As early as the Polish campaign, Hitler's Völkischer Beobachter reported, "It is not an exaggeration to say that without horses the rapid advance of our armies would have been impossible."

The animals being bought by the Remount Service are shipped to one of three Remount depots—Fort Robinson, Nebraska; Fort Reno, Oklahoma, or Fort Royal, Virginia. After a training and conditioning period most of the horses go to the 1st Cavalry Division at Fort Bliss, Texas, or to the 2d Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas. The average price paid is $165. Checks are sent on delivery of the animals at the nearest railroad shipping point.

The shortage of rubber may add to the difficulty of getting plenty of first-class mounts. In agricultural districts, where the Army buys the bulk of its steeds, tire-rationing has restored the essential usefulness of the horse on countless farms and ranches. No longer have rural residents so many horses to spare. On the high plateau of central Oregon, where the Remount Service purchased hundreds of animals in 1941, cattle will be driven down to the railheads this year for the first time in a decade. Cowboys on horseback will replace the huge trucks and trailers which transport companies are now afraid to risk on tire-chewing mountain roads.

### Even the Lowly Mule is Wanted

Mules, too, are needed as the American Army realizes that hoofs must supplement treads and wheels. In 1940, the Remount Service bought only 290 pack mules, but last year the number soared to 4,096. The long-eared brayer with neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity is still in military demand. His sinews are worth ten trucks when roads dwindle into forest trails. Artillery stuck in the Russian snows, tanks snared by the Malayan jungle have taught a lesson which may be applicable to Alaska and Latin America: that in the wilderness, whether it be arctic or tropical, animal flesh is the most reliable all-weather transportation.

There is a sentimental side to this recruiting in farm, barnyard and polo field. A little nine-year-old girl brought her pony to a Remount inspection near Seattle. Her father hovering in the background made it evident that the desire to sell the animal stemmed principally from him.

"He's a nice little horse," Colonel Koester said to the girl. "Do you ride him?"

The little girl nodded and burst into tears.

The colonel stepped back and cocked an eye at the pony. "However," he added hurriedly, "I'm very much afraid that he's a trifle too small for us. He's not exactly what we're looking for. We can't use him."

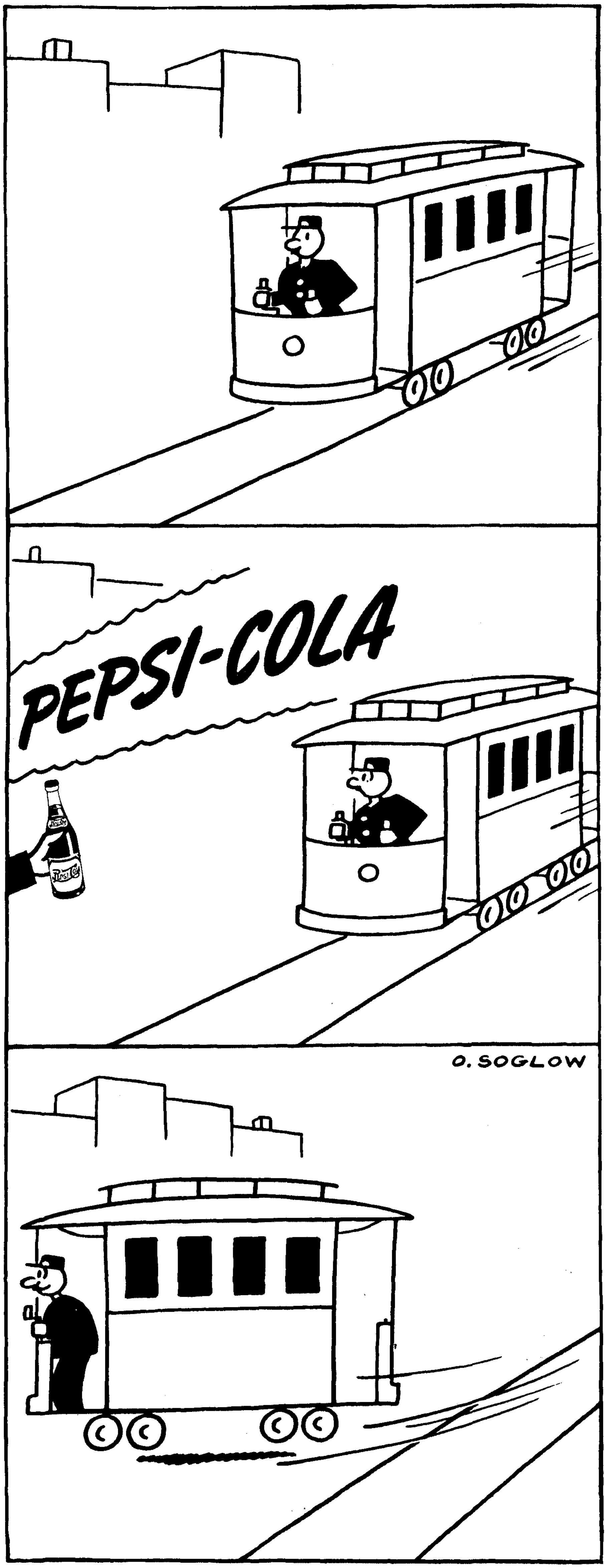
The little girl walked away clutching the halter with an expression of ineffable joy.

In a town in southern California the Remount Service bought two fine thoroughbreds from a handsome, dignified woman who needed money to send her tubercular husband to a sanatorium. A high-school girl on a farm in the Rocky Mountains sold her horse to the Army so that she could finance a semester at her state university. A lean, gimlet-eyed cowpuncher parted with his bay gelding at a hamlet in the Sierra Nevadas. He was so crushed and broken up that he could hardly speak. The Remount officers never asked him what his story was.

Once Colonel Koester had to reject a lumbering draft horse that a gray-haired farmer with handle-bar mustaches brought in from the hills. The man was indignant. "He's a good horse," he shouted at the colonel. "I'll bet he's as good as any horse in your whole Army!"

"That's the stuff," the Remount officer shouted back. "We like to hear a man stand up for his horse that way. We don't think much of a man who won't stand up for his horse. You bet he's a good horse but every horse can't be in the Army. You let him do his part to win this war in front of a plow!"

THE END



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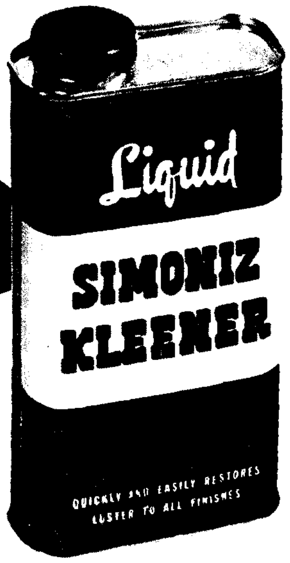


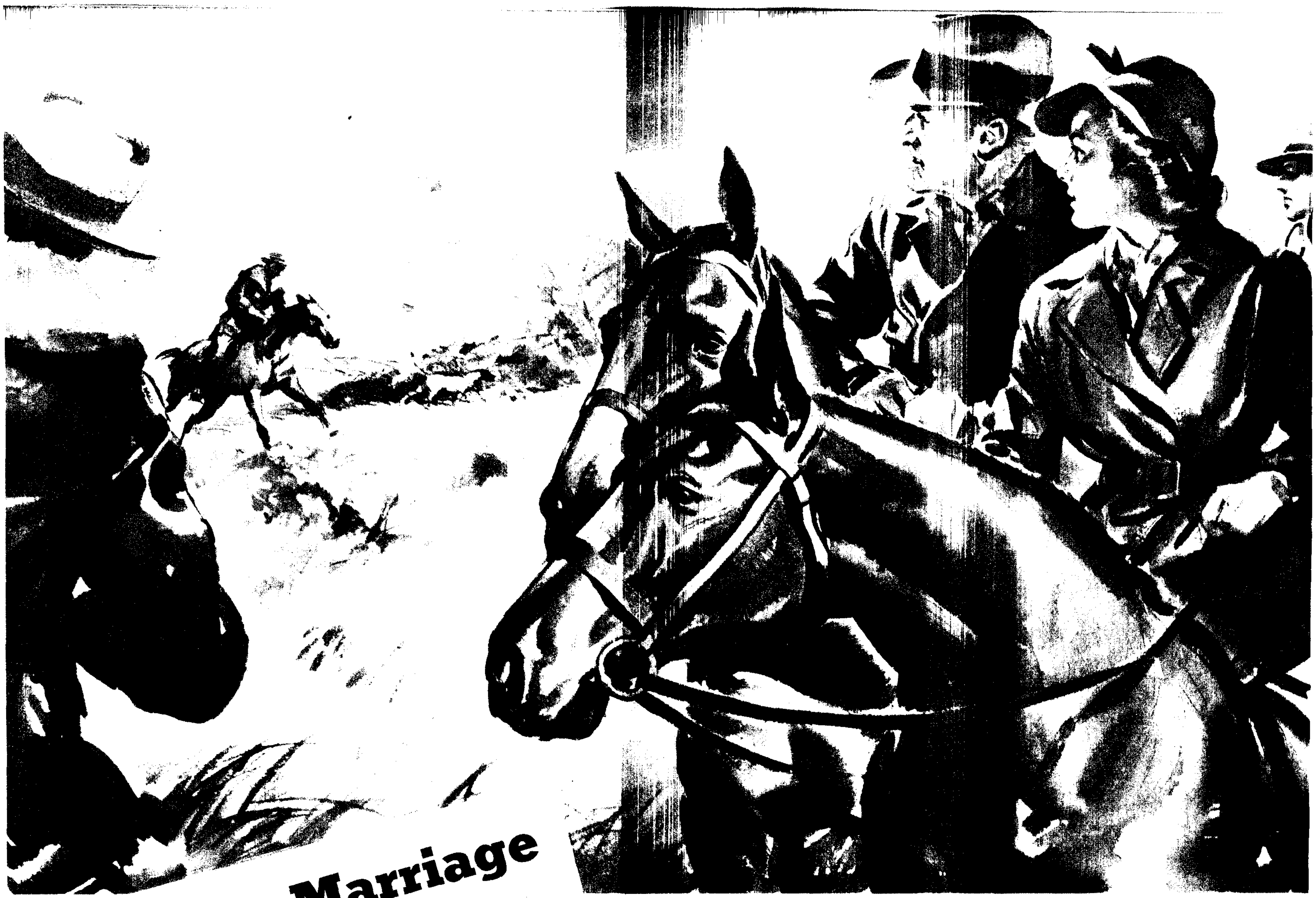
Simoniz Kleener now a liquid, as well as a paste. You can choose the one you prefer.

*Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener costs no more than polishes that give but an artificial shine. Obtainable at hardware, drug, and grocery stores, as well as wherever automotive supplies are sold.*

# Trial by Marriage

## By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



**Duff came galloping across the place where Ambling Sam had pointed, and when he got there, an enormous covey of birds got up. There was a stunned hush**

*The Story Thus Far:*

SHORTLY after his mother kills herself, in the deep South, young Duff Webster leaves his shiftless father (once a noted dog trainer *and field-trial man), and takes to the road.* A short time later—when he is almost starving—he captures a runaway dog—a surly, savage pointer wearing a collar on which is a plate bearing these words: "REWARD: Amos Hawthorne, Tafton, Alabama."

Hawthorne is a crotchety old man. He lives in a little house in Tafton with his granddaughter, Lucie Sullivan. He has some kennels, about four miles from Tafton. When Duff arrives, leading the dog (Judas), the old fellow refuses to pay any reward; he says that the dog is worthless. Whereupon Lucie gives the boy five dollars, and—after he has recovered from a serious illness—puts him to work at the kennels.

Certain that Judas can be developed into a great field dog, by the proper training, Duff works on him patiently. The dog remains savage, unruly. . . . From the moment they first meet, Lucie and Duff are strongly attracted to each other. Thrown together constantly, they presently fall in love. But—because Hawthorne regards Duff as a shiftless ne'er-do-well, and dislikes him—they feel sure that they cannot marry; not for some time, at least.

Doctor Phillips (a kindly local physician) has a beautiful daughter: Delia. Delia is a Circe, accustomed to taking what she wants. Attracted by Duff, she stages *a drive on him;* and soon the boy is in her toils. He does not, most certainly, love her; but he finds her an exciting, fascinating companion—one with whom he can let down, relax, be thoroughly at ease. . . .

Unwilling to be bothered with Judas any longer, Hawthorne gives him to Duff. Then, with Ambling Sam—a famous old dog that has won many championships—Hawthorne, Lucie and Duff go to Grand Junction, for the national championship field trials. After some of the preliminary events have been held, snow falls and the "running" is postponed for a day or so.

*To pass the time, the old dog experts reminisce* about great dogs they have known. Finally someone says, "I don't believe none of of them could of beat Amos Hawthorne's Ambling Sam, in his day." Hawthorne is present. "What do you mean, *in his day?*" he demands. The man says, "I mean when he was younger."

Hawthorne is nettled. "Let me tell you something," he says coldly. "Ambling Sam's day, mister, is next Thursday."

### IV

FRIDAY night somewhere about twelve, Teague McGinnis' black coupé moved slowly along the wet road. The radio played softly . . . *Maybe you'll ask me to come back again, and maybe I'll say "Maybe."* Teague sat deep and comfortably in the seat, one foot propped on the hand brake lever.

"That's a good song," Teague said, lazily humming it.

"Yes, it's pretty good," Lucie said. "Teague, do you know any poetry?"

"Poetry?" He looked at her puzzled. "I know some dirty limericks."

"So do I. I mean real poetry."

"I guess not. How come?"

"Nothing."

"You know," he said, "a lot of times I don't get you. I guess I'm just plain dumb."

She laughed up at him. "You are sort of dumb, Teague."

"I get along," he said tolerantly. "Don't have to make my living reading women's minds." He opened the glove compartment and brought out a bottle of rye whisky. While Lucie held the wheel, he took a small swallow, screwed the cap back on, and replaced the bottle.

"You know," he said, thoughtfully, "I can't get over that heat old Sam run yesterday."

"I believe you. You've talked about it enough."

"It just ain't possible for no ten-year-old bird dog to get out and run for three hours, and then have to be rid down to catch him when taking-up time come."

"Are you worried, Teague?"

"Me? I tell you what's a fact, Lucie: if I could see what I seen Thursday every time I entered a trial, I wouldn't much care if I never took a stake. Honest, everybody expected to hear old Sam had waked up dead this morning."

"You know what you are? A sportsman. I've heard of them, but I'd given up hope of ever seeing one."

"Lucie, if old Sam hadn't messed up on that last covey so bad, bedog if I don't think they'd 'a' give it to him without a run-off. Hot damn, I'd like to see 'em give it to the old squire anyway. Everybody's been taking such pity on him. He told 'em he could still handle and his dog could still run, and wouldn't nobody believe him, including me. But if they make Sam run again, it'll be bad."

"Why?"

"He can't run another race like that."

"Teague, you're a funny one."

"Well, if he runs like that again, I just want to see it, that's all." He took another swallow of whisky.

"Teague," Lucie asked, "what do you think of me?"

"You know."

"I mean, what is your opinion of me? You think I'm on the level, straight, no fooling, and that sort of stuff?"

"As straight as any woman."

"You're some gentleman."

"Who said I was a gentleman?"

"Why don't you make love to me, then?"

"I ain't ready."

"When will you be ready?" she asked, interestedly.

"About Sunday night."

Again she was silent. She changed the radio. Then she said, "Teague, that about Sunday night sounds nice, but I don't think I'll go out with you again."

"Don't you want to, or what?"

"What do you think of me, honest?"

"I think you're plumb straight."

"Well, if I'm plumb straight, I ought to quit seeing you."

NOW the weather had turned good, and every morning two dogs ran, and every afternoon two more ran. All of them were fine bird dogs, dogs with the heart for hunting. Some of them ran big, and handled well, and found birds, and stood them right. A few had streaks of pottering, or ran wild, or found no birds, or handled what they found sloppily; all of which even fine dogs will sometimes do. But Duff Webster figured that so far not a heat could touch those of Hotfoot and Ambling Sam.

When the last brace was taken up,

*These 5 fine tobaccos are why*

**REVELATION**

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**Left:** Your ordinary mixture. Tobaccos cut same way, mat down — retain heat — cause soggy heel.

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**BURLEY** (cool burning) • **CAROLINA** (adds sparkle) • **VIRGINIA** (rich body)
**LATAKIA** (spicily aromatic flavor) • **PERIQUE** (champagne of tobaccos)

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the judges rode off a way and dismounted. The gallery dismounted too, and stood around talking, speculating, lighting cigarettes. The horses stood quietly, in contrast to the first day; the foolishness had been ridden out in nine hard days—you could have crawled between the legs of the meanest horse there. Now the judges called R. H. Scott, the club secretary. He joined them, and listened to what they had to say. The judges came back and mounted their horses and rode away, while Scott said:

"The judges request the handlers of Hotfoot and Ambling Sam to have their dogs on the morning course at eight forty-five A.M. tomorrow."

Some of the handlers had their dogs loaded, and some of the followers had made business appointments for the next day; but hardly a man left town that night. The old hand-crank phone in the drugstore was kept busy until after ten o'clock.

The morning was a good one, with only a slight mist hanging over the still muddy grounds. Several amateur photographers and two newspaper photographers floundered in the mud, squatting, squinting, clicking, adjusting diaphragms, changing shutter speeds, winding films, flipping out burnt, clouded flashbulbs. In sepulchral silence sat the judges. Hotfoot walked on his hind legs, in McGinnis' grasp, and whined and jumped about, the quintessence of eagerness.

Ambling Sam stood quietly, not moving; nobody held him, or touched him. Amos Hawthorne had told him to stand, and had mounted his horse, and Sam stood. There was gray about Sam's muzzle, a suggestion of fat on his shoulders, and his eyes did not have the bulging brightness they had had when the stud booklet to prospective breeders was written.

But of course the stud booklet was written six years ago . . . *with superb breeding, individuality, brains, and remarkable field quality, this dog stands at the top as a stud animal. His conformation is ideal, tall and racy, yet has plenty of strength; he has the setter shoulder that we all try to breed; his running gear is perfect—long, free and easy stride that takes him over the ground at a tremendous rate, yet light as a fox on his feet. Ambling Sam has a clean-cut head of the bench-show type, with a neck that is long and clean and never will become throaty. He stands straight on his tiptoes, legs straight and well under him, and has the best of feet; with an arch back of great strength and endurance; his tail is straight and tapering, set on at the right place. As to his field-trial quality, all dog men know what he has accomplished. . . .* That was six years before, and now the "setter shoulder that we all try to breed" had a suggestion of fat about it, and the long and clean neck that "never will become throaty" had become somewhat throaty.

DR. KING looked at his watch. Time: 8:51. Sky clear, slight wind out of the northeast. "Gentlemen, are you ready?"

Teague McGinnis, wrestling with Hotfoot, said, yes, he was ready, and the gallery chuckled nervously. Amos nodded.

"All right, let 'em go."

Amos said, "Git, Sam!" and Sam shot away as Teague McGinnis released Hotfoot. The dogs ran shoulder to shoulder in the customary race for a few seconds. But Sam had run in too many trials to be diverted from the main object. He turned off, and even as he ran you could see him sizing up the country. Ahead were open fields, and a dog that wanted to do some line running could bust the fields wide open. To the right were the woods, and a dog that wanted to find birds might skirt them. Sam headed for the woods. Duff turned his horse out toward the edge of the course. At 8:55 Sam checked his fast flight, and took five quick steps, without any drawing or hesitating, and suddenly there he stood with his tail up and his head high, and the only moving thing about him was his tongue over his discolored old teeth as he grinned and waited.

"Point!" called Duff, who was scouting.

AMOS HAWTHORNE rode up and dismounted, and drew his gun from the saddle boot. He walked out in front of Sam, far ahead in case the birds were running, and began quirting the grass with his whip, then came in closer. There was an explosive *whir-r-r* as the birds burst from the sedge and grass; Amos turned toward Sam, catching his eye, and fired the gun into the air.

Sam lifted his head and ears and watched the flight of the quail interestedly but he did not move in his tracks until Amos lifted him by the collar and thrust him away. Now Sam was gone again, sweeping away in that snappy, shortcoupled puppy-dog stride. He skirted the field edges, the plum thickets, the locust groves, the fallow ground. He stayed ahead, not once back-casting or road-running. A man who knew bird country could stand in his stirrups and say, there ought to be a covey yonder, and yonder, and yonder . . . and those were the places Sam went—and he found birds. . . .

But that was no surprise to anybody. They knew Sam could find birds, for nobody doubted his choke-bore nose, or his near-human brain that had ten years of bird hunting to refer to. The surprise was that he could now still grind away the swift miles, and smash through the swamps and leap the red-clay gullies. . . .

"I'll swear, I believe old Amos has rung in a young dog on us. That pistol ball yonder cain't be no ten years old!"

"I wouldn't put it past old Amos, except I don't believe he could turn up a young dog that's got as much sense as that gentleman topping the hill yonder."

"Boys, you listen to me," said another. "I've bred bitches to that Ambling Sam for six years and I'm gonna keep breeding to him as long as they got him at stud. You think I don't know every mark and tick on that old dog's hide? I've sat and watched his puppies. I've said 'That'n's got Sam's tail spot, and that'n's got the same spot over the ribs.' Some day, if I keep at it, and if my money holds out, I'm going to get one that's just like him in every way and I'm going to have me an Ambling Sam born all over again," he said. "That's Sam out yonder, boys. You take my word for it."

"Well, if that dog is ten years old, about thirty minutes of that kind of running is all you'll see out of him."

*. . . The dog is old Ambling Sam, grizzled veteran of more than ten years, showing the telltale gray about his muzzle, the flabby fat of age about his shoulders and quarters, the fading eye of passing time—but under that exterior there still beats a great heart which has carried him through many a battle from the prairies of Saskatchewan to the plains of Texas. The fires of youth have burned out, but there still remains that spark of genius just as it was in the days of his prime. No one expected Sam to go out and do more than a turn or two, and perhaps even Amos Hawthorne felt that same way when he led him out before that vast audience. . . .*

*But Ambling Sam's big brave heart beat true and mayhap it was more than instinct that led him to do the deeds he did; but whatever it was, reason or instinct, or unquenchable courage, Sam ran a race like in the old days. True* *enough he did not go as fast as his fiery young opponent, but he went as wide and he searched out the birdy places with the mature intelligence born of the long experience that he has had. He did not tarry anywhere that was not inviting; he handled perfectly and he always stayed out ahead. But Sam made two errors that morning, one heroic, one tragic. . . .*

Hotfoot made errors, too, that morning. They were errors born of exuberance and boldness rather than bad nose or faulty training. Twice he smashed into birds, knowing they were there and going to them like a falcon, but stopping one split second too late, to see them rise in confusion around him spilling their surprised droppings upon the frost-bitten grass. But Hotfoot stood there, his tail half up and his ears relaxed in disappointment, and waited for McGinnis to shoot and send him on. The rest of the time Hotfoot was jumping from one hill to the next.

McGinnis rode nervously, watching; presently a distant moving spot of white would show, and he would say, "Yon he is, Judge!" Then another disappearance, and McGinnis getting nervous again, only to have the flash of white that was Hotfoot streak from a far-away locust head. "Yon he is, Judge!" And finally, the spot of white stopped, and McGinnis' scout rode out holding his hat up to signal the point, and when they arrived, there stood Hotfoot, rammed up in a point fit to knock you out of your saddle.

When the gallery got past the out-jut of woods on the right, they saw Duff riding out also, and his hat was up, and yonder stood Sam, and he had birds too.

"You wait. Ain't but an hour gone yet. In another hour that old Sam dog will be trotting behind Hawthorne's horse—or dead."

THE second hour wore on. Some said Hotfoot was ahead, some said Sam. They were about even on birds, anyway; the rest of it was conjecture. Hotfoot had an inner fire that seemed to drive him like a demon, and when he pointed you had to swallow the lump in your throat to see such cocky perfection; he seemed to be posing, trying to lift his head higher than his tail, a living thing turned to cold granite; when he pointed he was no longer a dog, he was a statue that no mortal sculptor could have chiseled.

At first glance he seemed truly immobile, for he never allowed himself to pant, mouth open, or to tremble. But if you watched closely you could see his upper lip shake with the exhalations, and you could see the hide stretch tight over his flaring ribs as he breathed, see the slow movement of his eyes as he looked slightly back to see if McGinnis was coming. . . . Ambling Sam made up in handling and bird wisdom what he lacked in youthful fire. When Hawthorne wanted Sam to turn, he squalled and lifted his whip; and Sam, a half mile away, turned as if he had a string tied to him and the old handler had pulled it. As Duff rode the fringes of the course, he was not seeing Sam, but his dog Judas. *If I could ever get that old fool of mine to handle like that I'd have the best dog in the world.*

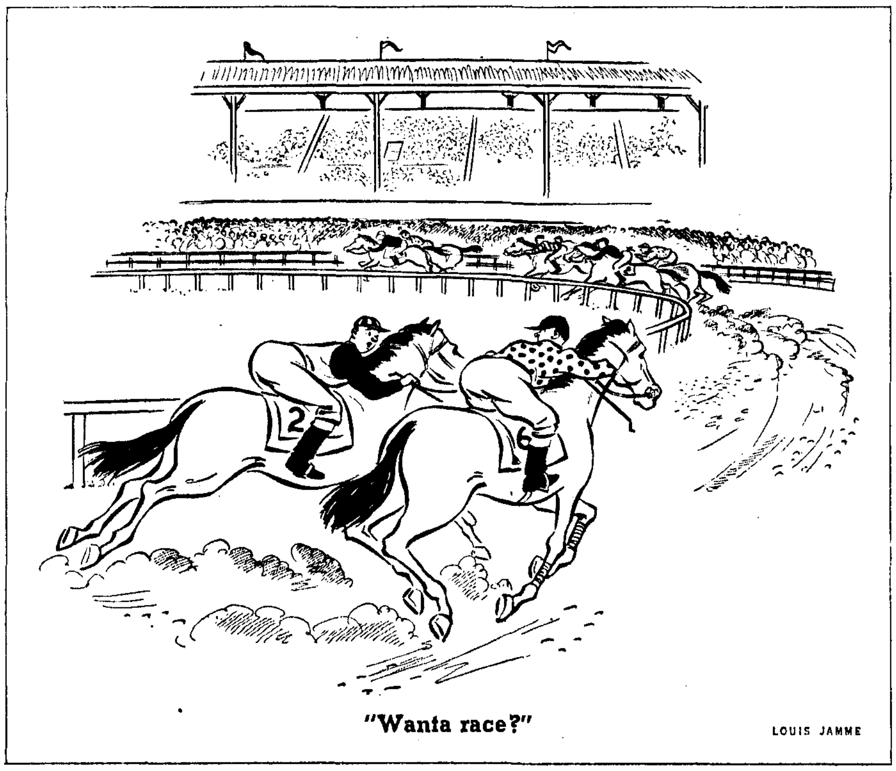
The judges had expected to reach a decision within an hour and a half. But at that time the only way to have chosen between the dogs would have been with a coin. Toward the end of the second hour, Ambling Sam began to slow a bit; his casts were shorter and more often he turned back in to see Amos, and in the gallery the wise ones smiled knowingly and some shook their heads a bit sadly. . . .

Then old Amos stood in his stirrups and sent a mighty whistle blast across the hills, and old Sam heard it and jumped as if stung with birdshot. And he kept jumping. Every now and then —not too often—Amos would hit him with that whistle and Sam would drive.

After his next covey, Sam went even wider. He was running with animation, as if with the quail scent he had inhaled youth.

He ran like a derby dog. They couldn't believe he was an old dog; and even Sam forgot it. For when he came to one of those Tennessee gulleys, he thought he had the power to clear it. Sam jumped, trying to clear a twenty-foot chasm. He was five feet short, slamming into the side of the red bank and rolling to the bottom of the gulley. . . . Duff saw it, and spurred his horse. But Amos Hawthorne was the first one to reach the brink of the gulley and see at the bottom the still dog. Amos was on the ground before his horse fully stopped. He started down the steep red-clay side, only to lose his balance and go tumbling head over heels to the bottom.

Afterward, most of them said that Amos Hawthorne never got over that fall. Others said it was the sight of his dog Ambling Sam lying like dead at the bottom of that deep gulley that



"Wanta race?"

LOUIS JAMME

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

The talk of the town

**Blackie:** "As I was saying, Whitey— we're becoming quite a topic of conversation."

**Whitey:** "Which proves, Blackie, that people like to talk about pleasant things."

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YEARS OLD

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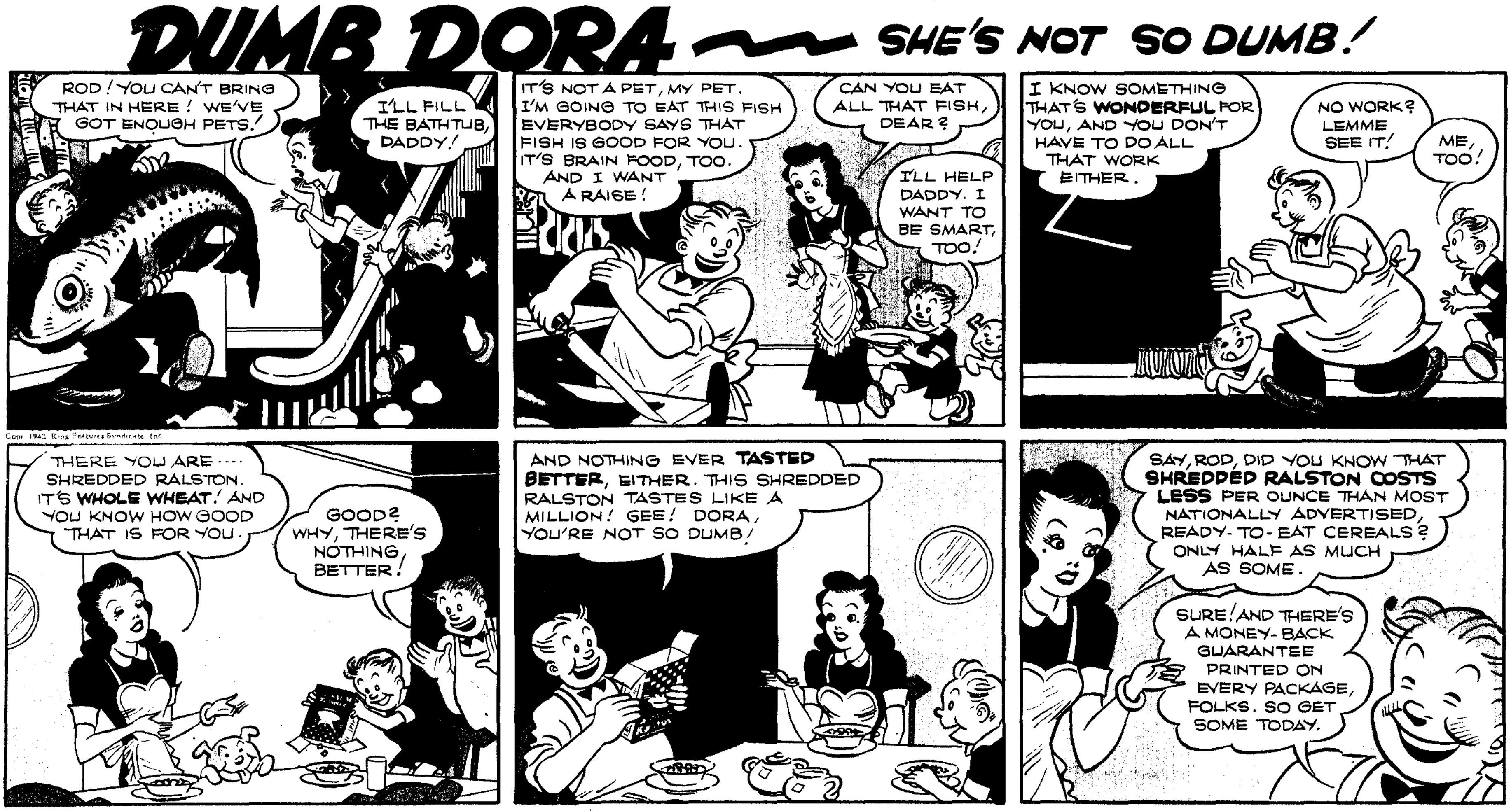
DUMB DORA — SHE'S NOT SO DUMB!
ROD! YOU CAN'T BRING THAT IN HERE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PETS!
I'LL FILL THE BATHTUB, DADDY!
IT'S NOT A PET, MY PET. I'M GOING TO EAT THIS FISH. EVERYBODY SAYS THAT FISH IS GOOD FOR YOU. IT'S BRAIN FOOD, TOO. AND I WANT A RAISE!
CAN YOU EAT ALL THAT FISH, DEAR?
I'LL HELP DADDY. I WANT TO BE SMART, TOO!
I KNOW SOMETHING THAT'S **WONDERFUL** FOR YOU, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ALL THAT WORK EITHER.
NO WORK? LEMME SEE IT!
ME, TOO!
THERE YOU ARE.... SHREDDED RALSTON. IT'S **WHOLE WHEAT!** AND YOU KNOW HOW GOOD THAT IS FOR YOU.
GOOD? WHY, THERE'S NOTHING BETTER!
AND NOTHING EVER **TASTED BETTER**, EITHER. THIS SHREDDED RALSTON TASTES LIKE A MILLION! GEE! DORA, YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB!
SAY, ROD, DID YOU KNOW THAT **SHREDDED RALSTON COSTS LESS** PER OUNCE THAN MOST NATIONALLY ADVERTISED, READY-TO-EAT CEREALS? ONLY HALF AS MUCH AS SOME.
SURE! AND THERE'S A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE PRINTED ON EVERY PACKAGE, FOLKS. SO GET SOME TODAY.

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Amos never got over—even though Sam, with only the wind knocked out of him, the next minute got up, sucked in his breath hard as if he were choking, then shot up the steep red side of the ravine and headed for the distant sedge patches. . . .

But it was Sam's second error of judgment that they never forgot. The time: 11:18. Sky overcast, temperature rising, increasing northeasterly wind. Hotfoot had just found his sixth covey of quail—two less than those found by Ambling Sam. Sam had not been spotted for four minutes, and Duff Webster could occasionally be seen riding the outward woods, searching. Presently Amos turned his horse out too, and began looking for his dog. Then somebody up ahead saw Sam on point. Several people called to Amos, but the gusty wind blew their calls away.

Nash Buckingham said to one of the idle dog men, "Handle Sam, please."

The handler, Bill McCrory, rode up behind the dog and dismounted. While he was reaching for his gun, Amos Hawthorne returned, having finally been made to hear. But now, before either man approached, Sam stirred, then turned away and left his point, streaking away on a new cast.

"You see the way that old dog corrected?" somebody asked. "A dog's nose fools him every now and then, but old Sam don't let his'n fool him long."

THAT would have been the end of it, with credit to Sam, but Duff, having been signaled to come on in, and seeing the gallery move forward, cut in sharply to catch up. Duff came galloping straight across the place where Ambling Sam had pointed, and when he got there, an enormous covey of birds got up at precisely the spot where Sam had been looking—the spot that Sam had left. Everybody saw the birds. There was an immediate stunned hush; horses were reined in, and men looked at one another significantly. . . .

*Sam suddenly broke his stand and deliberately went off to the left. Judges and others followed along the roadway, giving Sam credit for a correction. But unfortunately, Hawthorne's scout, Duff Webster, who has won for himself considerable praise for his astute and seemingly prescient dog-finding ability, came galloping in to rejoin the gallery and crossed the spot where Sam had pointed. There to the amazement of all, he rode up a bevy of quail. Much can and will be said about this occurrence. Up until now Sam was perhaps the National Champion; but after this incident even the rankest novice knew that the honorable Sam had cut his own throat. Blinking—leaving a valid point—is the unpardonable crime of bird-dogdom. The judges, unfortunately, must go by what they see, not what they know.*

*The judges know that a ten-year-old dog doesn't suddenly turn into a blinker; they probably suspect that the rising wind took away from Sam the vagrant scent and that he had, rather than show indecision, moved on. It is also unfortunate that Webster, who had not seen the original point, happened to ride through the exact terrain, and therefore be the direct contributing factor to the losing race of Ambling Sam. But in spite of the disappointment of Ambling Sam fans, Hotfoot proved himself one of the best dogs of the decade, and no one has any call to be ashamed of the new National Champion. . . .*

Lucie and Amos drove back to Grand Junction slowly, the tires crunching on the wet gravel. Lucie, at the wheel, tried to keep her head slightly turned so her grandfather would not see the silent tears that ran down her solemn face. But Amos was not looking; he slumped forward, his jaw slack and his eyes staring at the instrument panel.

"I never thought I'd ever see that head hanging," Lucie said finally.

Amos shifted, and said, "Where's that Webster, that rode up them birds right in front of everybody?"

"Squire, listen. He didn't see that point."

"Yes, he did. He rode up them birds on purpose."

"Oh, you're crazy!"

"Where's he at?"

"He's riding in with the horse truck."

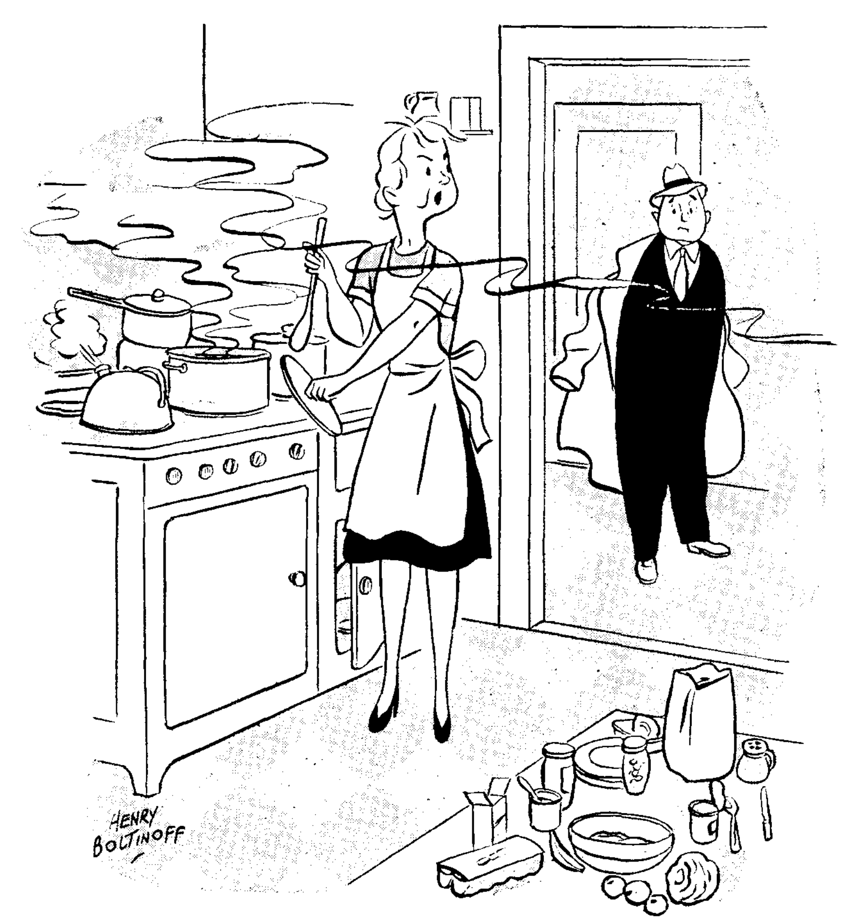
"You pay him off and tell him he's fired. And if he ever puts a foot on my place again, he'll wish he hadn't."

Lucie turned the car onto the pavement. "Don't talk like that. Sam ran a good race. Nobody's going to hold that point against Sam."

Amos rubbed his hand against the instrument panel absently as if feeling the smoothness of it. "Aye," he said, presently, "they said we couldn't go three hours. Well, we shore went it."

"Yes."

"Next year . . ." he muttered. "Just wait till next year. We'll shore win that championship."



**"Why don't you call up sometime and say you're *not* coming home for dinner, the way other men do?"**

HENRY BOLTINOFF

WHEN they got back to Tafton, it was apparent that after seventy-odd years of youth, age had suddenly overtaken Amos. His hand, only last week stone-steady, had become trembling and uncertain. His step was no longer strong and light-footed, his mind at times turned childish, and his sight was plainly failing. "He can see just a mite better than a mole," Dr. Phillips said. "He's through riding. Maybe he's through walking. You keep him in a half-dark room for a couple of weeks, and if he makes out to get better, we'll let him up."

Lucie had persuaded Amos to let Duff stay on a few weeks longer—"Until you're able to be up," she had said, knowing that time wouldn't come.

"Lucie," Amos said shrewdly, "you don't want him here fer no reason beside dog training?"

"No. That's silly," she said uneasily.

"I'll allow him to feed my dogs, and to ride my horses a spell longer," Amos said, almost whispering in his fierceness, "but child, if you ever allow him to make up to you, I'll have to kill him."

THAT night they sat in the car by the bank of the river again, and it was late. Lucie had told Duff what Amos had said, and Duff had heard her in morose silence.

Now she rested quiet in Duff's arms and listened to the faint sound of a car rumbling across the bridge around the bend of the river, perhaps returning from the big dance at Zurich. This was the same place they had come the first time, and there was again a light in the farmer's house across the river.

"Duff?"

"Yes."

"You see that light? You remember that first night, weeks ago, when we came here? I heard today that there *is* a sick child there. They're afraid it's polio."

"That's too bad," he said heavily.

She sat up. "What's the matter, Duff? You're so moody tonight. You got the mulligrubs again?"

"Lucie," he said finally, "I'm leaving."

"What?"

"I'm quitting the job."

"But why? What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong. I keep thinking about riding up those quail that Sam blinked, and causing him to lose the championship. That old dog had run his heart out, and then I had to come along and show the judges the only mistake he made. I can hear those birds flying up around me now. Sometimes I think I've got a sort of reverse Midas touch—everything I touch goes sour."

"You got to worry about something that couldn't be helped, for conscience sake?"

"Well it could have mighty easily not happened," he said desolately

"That's no cause to leave."

"There's not much reason to stay."

"I'm a reason, Duff; stay for me."

Duff waited a moment. "If I could get a job somewhere else, maybe they'd let me work on Judas in my spare time. He ought to be worked hard," he said. "Old Amos hates me and the dog both. It's hard to get out and labor for a man that hates your guts. It's all right for a while—you can hate back. But before long it begins to weigh you down. Anyway I don't like to keep a job a woman holds for me."

"Oh, you're just plain crazy. Look, we need you. Wesley can't break all those dogs, and I'm really not much help."

"They're the old man's kennels, and he's the one wants to be shut of me."

"Can't you understand anything, for crying out loud? I'm the one who's got to make the kennel pay."

"I'm not going to leave you in the lurch. We'll get another trainer maybe."

"Well then," she said presently, "what about us?"

"I'm coming back for you."

"Listen, Duff. You can't say it that way. I'm in love with you, don't you know that?"

"Sure."

She mused, "Tell me this: don't you really wish I didn't love you, so you wouldn't feel—well, a sort of responsibility."

He shifted, suddenly uncomfortable.

"Don't you?" she insisted.

"No," he lied.

"If you feel that way it'll spoil everything."

"Why will it?" he asked.

"It just will. You'll think I'm tied onto you."

HE STARED at the dark river and the light beyond it. He said nothing.

"Duff, your chivalry's fine, and I *like* it. You remember that night I said I'd figured out what was behind your cast-iron front? Well, I saw some of that chivalry stuff, and a few other things. All okay, too. But you save the chivalry for another time; I'm twenty-one and then some, and if necessary I'll flash a birth certificate to prove it."

He laughed abruptly.

"Hey," she said, pleased. "That's okay. I never heard a real laugh come out of you before. Is there another one inside somewhere?"

"You're a crazy girl."

"Didn't I tell you? See, every time you get to worrying about something and get all mulligrubbed, I'll say something snappy and bing! It's gone," she said. "Now, look. I'll do something for you." She kissed him. It was a good kiss, the kind that leaves shortness of breath, but not exhaustion. She turned to look at him. "Listen to me, Duff. You don't have to marry me. Can't you understand that?"

"Honey, listen: I want to marry you."

"But you'd marry me whether you wanted to or not."

"I reckon so."

"Oh," she sighed. "Why did I have to fall for a guy like this? You can't tell where his love ends and his conscience begins. Look, I want to be married on my merits—and don't ask me what they are, either, because you know I'll tell you."

As they crossed the bridge, they saw the headlights of a car coming out the little road that led from the farmer's house. The car waited at the highway to let them pass, and the lights flashed in their faces. Duff turned on the radio. Distantly overhead came the drone of the airliner on its way to Birmingham, and presently its wing lights were visible, a red speck and a green speck hurrying across the tarpaper sky.

Next day Amos complained of pains, and Lucie got Dr. Phillips on the phone. Amos lay almost as if in a coma, his brown leathery face gaunt and sunken, when the doctor came. Delia Phillips, in the nurse's white uniform she wore when helping her father, came with him; she began efficiently and quietly taking Amos' pulse and temperature, and checking the medicines on the night table beside the bed.

Finally Dr. Phillips leaned back and lit his pipe and said thoughtfully, "Don't believe it was nothing but a temporary setback, Lucie. He'll be all right."

Amos looked from one of them to the other, trying to identify the blurs. "Main thing is, I'm hungry," he complained.

"Your dinner's coming," Lucie said.

Delia was shutting her father's pill case. She turned to Lucie. "How was the dance at Zurich last night?"

"I haven't heard," Lucie said.

Delia turned and looked at her. "Didn't you go?"

"No," Lucie said. "I didn't."

"Why, Dad was out visiting the polio case about three this morning, and he said on the way back he saw you and Duff Webster coming from the dance at Zurich!"

THEY caught the sudden frightened look on Lucie's face, heard Amos rise on his elbow in the bed. Dr. Phillips coughed uneasily and said, "Now, Delia, I said I *reckoned* they'd been to the dance—I mean—I said, *looked* like it was them. But of course it wasn't, since she said . . ."

"Lucie," Amos said ominously, "you been out at three o'clock with that Webster?"

"My heavens!" Delia whispered, "what have I done?"

"Plenty," Lucie snapped.

"You answer me!" Amos demanded.

"We'll talk about it presently, Squire," Lucie said angrily, "when our friends have gone."

On the front porch, Delia said, "Lucie, I'm so sorry."

Lucie said, "It'll come out all right." *Sure, it'll come out all right—I think not,* she mused, watching them get into the car. *It'll come out fine—thanks to friend Delia . . . I wish I knew whether that break was accidental. I just wish I could be sure.*

Holding the wall for support, Amos groped his way around the room to the closet, and opened the door. His trembling old hand slipped familiarly around the balance of the double-barreled shotgun that leaned against the wall. He explored the shelves blindly until he found a paper box, on which was a picture of a bright red deer leaping over a bush. On the side of the box was printed: *12 ga. 3½ drams. O Buck—12 Pellets.*

Amos slipped two shells in the gun, closed the breech, and found his way back to the bed. He slipped the gun under the cover, and felt it lying cold against his leg. For a few seconds he lay there panting. Then he called, "Lucie!"

She came in, very pale. "Yes, Squire?"

Amos said, "When Webster gits in this evening, tell him to come here. I want to see him."

"What about?"

"About the dogs; what you reckon?" he said.

"Oh," she said, relieved. "All right."

"You be sure and tell him," Amos said. "I want to see him."

DUFF read the note Lucie had sent out to him at the kennels:

"Duff:

"I won't be out today as the Squire's not feeling good. He wants to see you when you come in. So do I. Hell's to pay.

"LUCIE."

While he was puzzling over the note, a colored boy came out of Wesley's house and walked toward him. It was Paul, Wesley's son, returned from the North.

"Mister Duff," he said, "I'd like a word with you."

"When did you get back?" Duff demanded.

"Today."

"How come you left up North? I thought you had got ambitious."

"Well, I decided to come back. That's been my trouble, I guess. I've been too ambitious." He spoke with resignation and hopelessness.

"It's all right with me about the job, if it's okay with Miss Sullivan. You can go out with me this afternoon."

They ran a harum-scarum puppy that had an overflowing love of hunting, boundless energy, and a head as hard as a lightwood knot. Amos Hawthorne often said, "You take one of them hard-headed dogs that just grins at you when you rip a streak of hide off him with a whip, and then turns around and does the same thing again, you got a dog you can make something out of. He'll near drive you daft till you break him, but when you git him like you want him you can name your price fer him. Them kind that crawls around and whines and cries, they're twice the trouble and half the dog."

They were working some cutover pine land when the puppy pointed. Paul saw him first and waved his hat. Duff spurred his horse as fast as he dared over the pine tops and junk butts.

"Whoa, boy," he cautioned as he dismounted.

Then the dog broke, his first leap landing him spang in the middle of the covey. The birds came up in a thunder, one or two going off back over Duff's head, the remainder reforming and heading for the thicket at the drain of the two hills. And the puppy, although he knew better, was right in behind them.

"*Whoa!*" squalled Duff, but the puppy didn't heed. Out of the corner of his eye, Duff saw Paul's horse cut around sharply and then sprint after the dog, leaping over logs and swerving around the dead brush of sawed pine trees. Before they got to the bottom, the Negro had cut the dog off, and still going at a dead run, he turned the dog back with a shout above the thudding hoofs. Then the horse swerved sharply to avoid a hole, and struck a log with his flying feet and went down.

By the time Duff got there, the horse had risen, and held his right foot off the ground. Paul lay in the wire grass on one elbow, his face a contortion of pain. Duff quickly kneeled beside him and ran his hand along the Negro's upper chest where the trouble seemed to be. A lump stood out near his neck.

"You've busted your collarbone," Duff said.

"Is that horse's leg broken?" Paul said between his teeth, sweat running down the brown skin of his throat.

Duff made a quick examination. "No, I guess not. But he's stove up for a while, all right." He stood up for a moment, considering their predicament. They were at least five miles from the kennels, and they had only one horse, a horse that refused to carry double.

"Get up on that stump," Duff said, "and I can ease you over into the saddle."

"Mister Duff," Paul said uncertainly, "it's five miles to the kennels. Five or six. That's a long way for you to have to walk."

"You remember about that next time," Duff said, "when you get to thinking you're Wild Bill Hickok."

"Yes, sir."

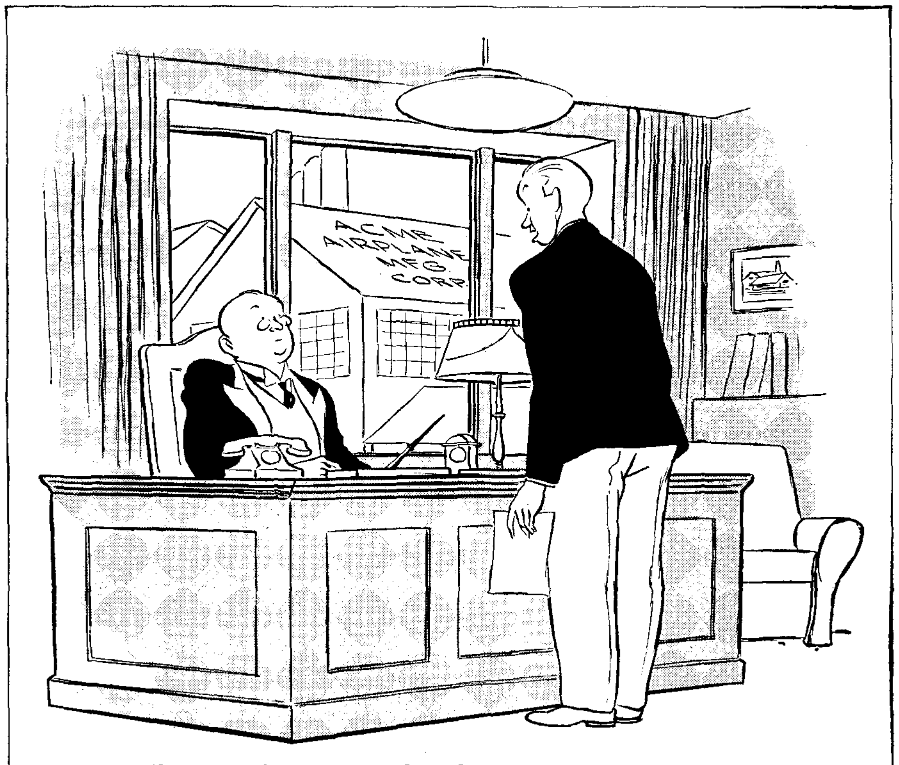
Duff got him into the saddle, and leading the dog and the injured horse, started the long walk back home.

LATER, as he lay in bed with his arm strapped against his chest, Paul said to Duff, who had come to see about him, "Mister Duff, a lot of people would have made a nigger walk in from that fall."

"Maybe it's what I should have done," Duff said.

"Yes, sir, I guess that's the truth. When we come near anybody, I was wishing you had. It didn't look right, you walking and me riding," Paul said uncomfortably. "The trouble with me, I guess I better tell you, is I'm too conscious of being a black man in a white man's world. That's why I went North, because I thought things were different. A colored man can ride beside a white man on a streetcar, and sit anywhere he wants at a picture show. Ain't no hesitancy about voting—they come ask you to vote.

"What they do up yonder, they concede the colored man a little more here and a little more there, but he don't ever forget he's a colored man. Somebody'll remind him, by a look or a word, every



**"There's a fellow outside who wants a job as guard. Shall we put him on in place of the guard he got by?"** BEN ROTH

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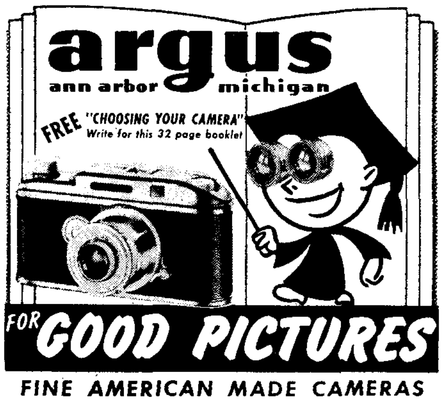
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day. You can make money, but it costs you more to live, and anyway I got to wanting to see some bird-dog running, so when it all added up I just came on home."

"You got your mind on the wrong kind of things," Duff said.

"It ain't that I want what they call social equality. It's just that I couldn't get away from the feeling that I was unclean, untouchable, or something. That's what I've been running from all my life, the feeling that I'm a filthy animal of some kind. That's why I worked so hard at school, and tried to read and learn, so I'd feel superior, but it didn't do any good.

"Maybe you don't know it, but when you put your hand on my shoulder, feeling for the place, you did something a lot of people wouldn't do, even if I had been dying. When we were going home my shoulder was hurting, and I was embarrassed to be riding while you walked, and my thoughts kept running around in circles, and I remembered how I used to think about that verse they read in church, something about 'as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it also to me,' and I used to wonder if they read that in the white folks' church. But I just want to be sure I'm human. I appreciate what you did today, Mister Duff."

"Next time I better let you walk, if it's going to put all that in your head."

"No, sir, I don't believe you'd let me walk. And it helped get a lot of stuff out of my head is what it did."

"Well, hurry up and get well then. We've got dogs to break."

Duff went on to town and Amos Hawthorne's house, in response to Lucie's note. The house was quiet, and he guessed that Lucie had gone out for the moment. It was after dark, and the light in the hall was on. Duff went in, wishing that he could see Lucie and find out what the note meant.

"Lucie?" called old Amos from his bedroom.

"It's me," Duff said. "I heard you wanted me."

"Come in here."

Duff stepped into the sickroom. Amos had hunched himself up to a semisitting position, his head thrust forward as he tried to see.

"Lock the door, Webster," Amos ordered.

"What for?" Duff asked curiously.

"I want to talk to you," Amos said. "Private."

DUFF turned the key in the door. Behind him, he heard the old man say, softly, "I see you now. I can make you out. Look around here, slow. Don't make no quick move."

Duff turned and looked into the gaping muzzle of the double-barreled gun Amos Hawthorne held dead on him. "Look out with that thing!" Duff said, alarmed. "What you think you're doing?"

"Don't move, Webster. Just don't move. I can make you out plain enough to blow you in two."

Duff stood frozen, his back pressed against the door he had locked. "What's got into you?" he demanded.

"You was out with her last night. *Late.* Three o'clock," said Amos, with cold anger.

"No," Duff said.

"Dr. Phillips seen you. And Lucie done admitted as much."

Now, suddenly, Duff remembered the automobile headlights that flashed in their faces as they crossed the bridge. So that had been Dr. Phillips, returning from attending the poliomyelitis case. With his left hand behind him, Duff felt for the key, saying, "No, there's something wrong."

"Ain't nothing wrong," Amos snapped. "You better git away from that door. Take two steps to your left. Not but two. This gun's loaded with buckshot."

*And you intend to use them, too,* Duff thought, moving two steps from the locked door.

Amos said, "I know what you and her was doing, out till three o'clock!" Now his voice had a bitter, vengeful note.

"You're crazy!"

"I ain't crazy. That's what you thought—thought I was crazy, and you could git away with what-all you been doing! *But now you see you didn't quite git away with it!*"

"Wait a minute. Put that gun up," Duff said, sweating. "Let's straighten this out some."

"Too late fer talking, Webster! I warned you and you never listened. It's just too late fer talking!" Amos said, his breath whistling fiercely. "*Now it's time to*—"

DUFF dived to the floor, near the foot of the bed, just before the gun roared. A splintered, fist-sized hole appeared on the wall where he had stood. A glass fell from the mantel and broke. The thin maze of gun smoke hung suspended, and the sweetish smell of it reached Duff on the floor where he lay trying to hold the sound of his breath from Amos' listening ears.

The bed stirred. "I see you, Webster," said Amos. "And I got another barrel."

Duff lay motionlessly, waiting for someone to come and investigate the noise. Nobody came. He dared not move, for he knew the hypersensitive ears of the old man would catch the faintest rustle of clothes or creak of a floor board. And that Amos would shoot at the first sound.

"I see you," Amos repeated. "Lying there on the floor. You might as well git up."

*If you saw me,* Duff thought, *you'd be shooting that other barrel, not talking.*

Two courses seemed open to him. The first was to crawl to the door, and try to unlock it and get out before Amos shot. Next to impossible, that course. The other was to crawl around to Amos' side, and touch off the second trigger of the gun. The trouble was, if one board creaked he would be as good as dead.

This thought induced another one. With excruciating slowness, Duff drew his right leg up and painstakingly untied his shoelace. He took off the shoe. Then, taking a deep, hopeful breath, he tossed the shoe to the other side of the room.

"*Hah!*" Amos exclaimed triumphantly, swiftly swinging the gun toward the sound. The gun roared, and Duff's shoe jumped. Duff sprang up and unlocked the door.

He was opening the front gate when Lucie drove up and got out, her arms full of groceries.

"Hello," she said brightly. "How long—why, Duff, what's wrong? What's happened?"

"Look," Duff said, holding her wrist. "Paul broke his collarbone this afternoon. When he gets well enough to ride again, I'll really have to be leaving. There will be trouble if I stay longer."

When he told her what had happened in the house, Lucie began crying, and finally she said, "Yes, I guess maybe you had better go. I guess it's the only thing to do." She looked into Duff's eyes. "Please try to forgive him. He's stubborn and unreasonable and all. But he loves me, Duff, and that's why he did it."

NEXT day, Amos revived somewhat from the relapse the incident with Duff had left him in. He lay still, his harness-leather face and mud-gray hair

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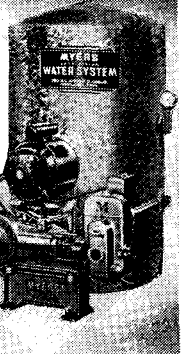


and dark glasses raised on two white pillows.

"How's things at the kennels?" he asked.

"Fine enough," said Lucie. She was pale. "Wesley's been trying to find us a Negro boy to help out until Paul can ride."

"Webster gone?" Amos said.

"Yes," she lied.

"Didn't skip out with nothing wasn't his, did he?" Amos asked sharply.

"No, Squire."

"It's a wonder." Presently he said, "How's Sam?"

"Fine."

"You ain't letting him git fat?"

"Not a bit of it."

"They seeing to his feet?"

"Look," Lucie said suddenly, "why don't you let me bring Sam in tomorrow? He'll be company. Okay?"

AMOS snorted. "'I don't want no dog in this house. It's plenty enough to work all your life trainin' 'em and feedin' 'em and runnin' 'em, without bringin' 'em into your bedroom like one of them little dish-faced Pekingeses."

But Lucie brought Sam into town anyway, and led him into the old trainer's bedroom. Amos heard the dog's toenails clicking on the floor, and he demanded:

"Lucie, *have you brung a dog into* this house?"

"Just Sam," she said.

"Aye dammit," he began, "it's gittin' to where . . ." his long skeletal fingers went over the dog's head and slid down his shoulder. Sam's fine-cut head was slightly raised as he scented the medicinal taint on the old familiar hand. The dog relaxed, grinned, and stood there while Amos' fingers inspected him. "Gittin' to where . . . Lucie, he's got fat on these ribs."

"Just a touch. Tomorrow I'll have Wesley put him in harness and road him a while," she said.

Then she added, "If you're through with him I'll take him on out."

"Wait a minute," Amos said, "I want to see . . ." He kept sliding his hand over the dog's back and neck, as if looking for some sign of improper conditioning. Lucie went out quietly and shut the door.

Next day she forgot to bring Ambling Sam into town.

"Where's Sam at?" Amos asked.

"Out at the kennel," she answered.

"What's the matter with him?" he demanded. "Why don't you want me to see him? He been on one of his fighting sprees?"

"Why he's fine. Nothing wrong with Sam."

"Yes, there is. You cain't fool me."

"No, Squire. He's okay. I'll bring him tonight and show you, huh?"

Amos relaxed, muttering. "Well, all right. But you be sure he comes in. I ain't goan let a valuable dog like that go down without my knowing it."

After that, Ambling Sam spent part of every day in Amos Hawthorne's room, and a ritual developed: On being brought in, Sam would trot with restrained pleasure to the bedside, and Amos then went into his act of pretending to feel the dog's shoulders and legs and even the pads of his feet; and when it was over and he was through surreptitiously petting Sam, the pointer went to a corner and went to sleep.

ON THE same day that Wesley's new handler showed up for work at the kennels, Ambling Sam got in one of his fighting moods. Sam's usual disposition was fairly peace-loving, but occasionally he became irritable and took offense if any other dog brushed against him or even walked too close to him. On this day a puppy in the same pen tried to play with him, and jumped up on him, and Sam turned on him with a lightning savagery, throwing the younger dog against the kennel wire and biting him from one end to the other. Lucie and Wesley came running, shouting at the dogs without effect. Wesley grabbed the water bucket and drenched the snarling dogs, and that ended the fight.

"For an old grandpa like you," Wesley panted angrily at Sam, "you sho does act puppified sometimes!"

"Alf," said Lucie to the new colored boy who stood outside staring, "take this old fool and put him in that empty pen and let him cool off for a few days."

The new boy, Alf, led Sam down toward the end of the kennel yard, in the direction of the empty pen Lucie had pointed out to him.

"Ain't you shame yourself, a-fighting and a-fussing like that?" he asked the now quietly panting bird dog.

There were two pens in which no dogs were in sight. Alf hesitated momentarily, then chose the end pen because it seemed to have more warm sunlight. He opened the gate and Sam walked slowly in.

For a while Sam stood at the fence and watched the preparations for the morning hunt. Now the horses were saddled and the hunting wagon was being loaded with the dogs that would be worked. Finally the caravan pulled out, Lucie and Wesley going in one direction, Duff taking the new boy with him to the north.

With only a faint interest, Sam inspected the punishment pen into which he had been thrust, sniffing one post after another and following the usual ritual. Finally he entered the kennel house; instantly his manner became one of challenge, for the dog Judas lay asleep in one corner. Judas stirred and raised his head, then was on his feet instantly, and there was no father-and-son love between the two dogs.

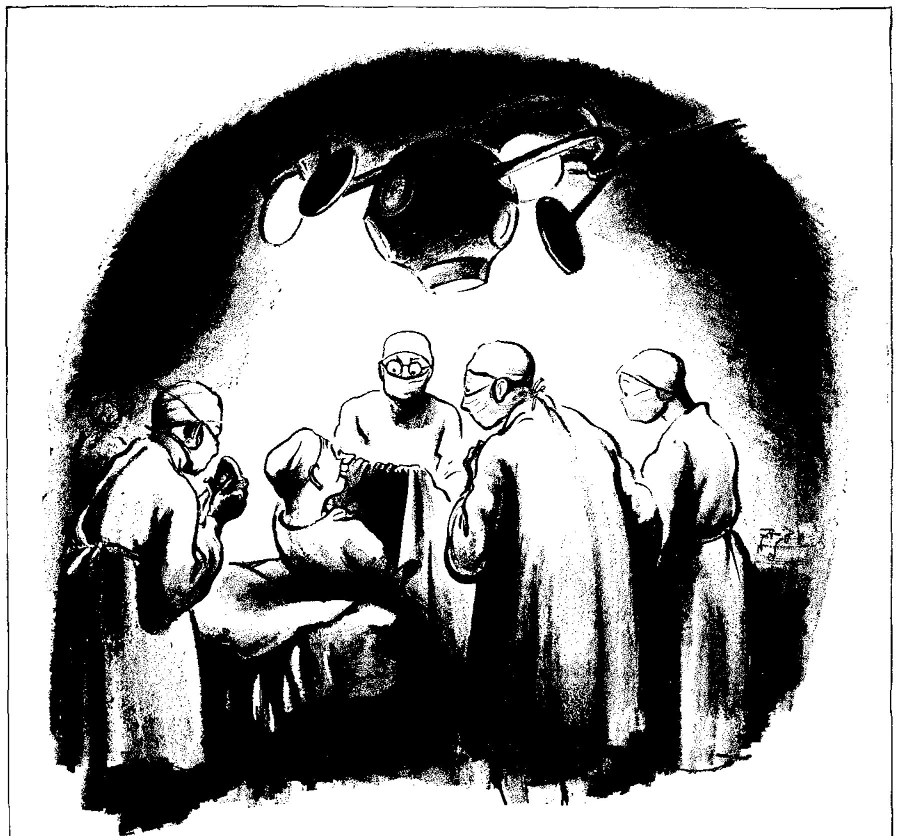
Sam advanced stiff-legged, tail and hackles up. Judas came to meet him. No preliminary argument took place; one moment later they were whirling in battle. Half locked, they rolled out the door into the yard. They now fought silently, not growling. Blood spread its red stain upon them and upon the ground. In silence the to-the-death combat went on. Sam's teeth closed on Judas' upper jaw, some of them stabbing the roof of his mouth. Judas whirled, flung the older dog aside, and struck quickly at the back of Sam's neck.

From that moment on Ambling Sam was dying, but he kept fighting. Finally he could not rise. Even as the life went out of him he was trying to get his jaws onto Judas' foot. Then the muscles relaxed, and his hemorrhage-paled tongue slid out of his mouth and lay on the pink earth, sand particles clinging to it; and his glassy eyes slowly closed. A few blowflies with their ghoulish instincts found him and were humming around him almost before he stopped breathing. For a few moments Judas stood at the scene of his patricide. Then he limped to the kennel house and began licking his wounds.

He was still engaged in his first-aid work when the tragedy was discovered. When Lucie came she gave a sharp, deeply painful gasp, and fainted. Alf, the innocent cause of it all, ran away.

THEY buried Sam down in the piney-woods pasture, where before long the quail would start their spring whistling, laid him under without ceremony; but afterward Lucie quietly returned with a vase of blue flowers. Before she reached the place she heard a voice, and knew that Wesley had come back ahead of her. She saw him there on his knees, not satisfied to bury Sam without some sort of funeral speech. Wesley was saying:

*. . . and he was jest a dog, Lawd, but such a dog as ain't never been on dis yeah green earth. 'Scuse me, Lawd, but please recollect he was a Christian-folks kind of a bird dog, didn't have no bad habits 'cept a little foughtin' now and den, didn't suck eggs, didn't bite nobody, didn't bark at white folks, didn't never loaf on de job when he was workin'. Well, here he come. It ain't for no common field hand like me to know what kind of 'rangemints you got up yonder, and maybe dey ain't no allowance made for dogs and such. But in time I heard bird-dog folks say you got a plantation leased up yonder, and it's a thousand miles long and twice as wide, and dey ain't no briers ner rattlesnakes, and it ain't never hot and ain't never ground-froze, and de birds is golden birds with sapphire eyes and dey don't run and dey don't flush wild, and ain't no night to spoil de hunt, and no*



"Mind if I watch? I'm taking a course in first aid" CARL ROSE *whistle to call de dogs in; an dat's where de good dogs go when dey die. . . .*

*Well, Lawd, if you got de huntin' rights on such a place as dat, now you got a true good bird dog to turn loose on it. Though 'scuse me for tryin' to tell you, cause if old Jingo and Crazy Mary Montrose and Sioux and John Proctor and such as them is up there, you don't need nobody to tell you what a good bird dog is. . . . But Lawd, some day when you git fed up wid lookin' down here and seein' de world wranglin' an' sinnin' and a-ruckusin', take old Sam out and run him against de best you got up dere, and see if he don't have you a fine dog race. . . . I thanks you, Lawd . . . Amen.*

THAT afternoon, Amos said to Lucie, "Where's Sam at?"

"He's—they're running him this afternoon," Lucie said unhappily.

The rest of the day Amos was nervous and fidgety, and nothing pleased him. The following day Lucie had to think of some other lie, and she told him that Sam had been taken to the veterinary.

Amos rose portentously to a sitting position. *"What ails him?"*

"Nothing," Lucie said. "He's just being checked over, sort of."

After that, Lucie and Duff and Wesley held a conference.

"Somebody's got to think of something," Lucie said. "If the squire passes another day without seeing him, he won't be fit to live with. Not that he ever was."

Since Amos was practically blind, the decision was to try substituting another dog for the dead Ambling Sam. After considerable study, they selected a five-year-old dog named Piggot's Red Devil. Lucie said it was an outright sacrilege to let Red substitute for old Sam, for he was a loafing, gopher-digging, brainless bird dog; but his size and conformation were about the same as Sam's which, now, were more important than hunting ability.

On the following morning Wesley brought Red into town, and handed the leash to Lucie. She patted the dog nervously, and led him into the house. Outside Amos' room she hesitated, changing the leash from one hand to the other. Red stood indifferently, his tail wagging slightly.

"Gee," Lucie whispered to Wesley, "I wish it were only a couple of leopards or something in there."

She took a breath, then turned the knob of the door. A chemical sickroom smell drifted out; the shades were down, the winter sunlight breaking through one or two holes in them, to be caught in the dotted-Swiss curtain Lucie had made. Amos was dozing as the table radio reported farm prices from Montgomery.

"Hah?" Amos said, stirring.

"Squire," Lucie said, wetting her lips, "here he is."

"Who?"

"Here's your dog."

Red now moved forward, sniffing the sheets and the table of medicine bottles. Amos' groping hand found the dog and slid over his shoulders slowly, caressingly. Lucie watched in agony, thinking: *The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.* After a seemingly interminable time, Amos said, "He ain't got as much fat."

"Better, huh? We've been roading him, like I said."

Amos grunted, and there was nothing in his face to indicate whether or not he was suspicious. After a while, he grumbled, "A house ain't no place for no bird dog."

"Want me to take him out?" she asked hopefully.

Amos' brown hand tightened against the dog. "Might as well let him stay, since you brung him," he said.

When released, Red made a tour of the room, sniffing at every strange object. "What's the matter with you, Sam?" Amos asked, listening. "You act like you ain't never been in this room before, walking around sniffing and acting curious. Ain't nothing changed since last week."

"He's just looking around to be doing something," Lucie said.

Amos said absently, "Yeah . . . yeah. Well, go on about your business."

Outside, Wesley waited for the report, tricklets of sweat on his neck. "Did we git by wid it?"

Lucie tilted her head. "Like a breeze," she said.

(*To be continued next week*)

## Take 'er Down!

Continued from page 13

spirits rose considerably when, suddenly, we heard a noise that sounded as though somebody was rapping on the hull. Machinist's Mates Rosacher and Helfrich were playing cards in the control room with Yeoman Pasanettie and Seaman Pool. Rosacher said the enemy had probably picked us up and some diver was hooking on. Any minute we expected somebody to open the hatch and say, 'Come on out boys, the jig's up.'

"About an hour later I called a conference of all the officers. I also called in my Chief Petty Officer, a man named Rivet. We decided that we'd make efforts to get away come moonset. The cook opened up some warm canned tomatoes, canned fruit and made very strong black coffee. We allowed some oxygen to escape into the boat. We wanted to be alert and ready for anything.

"After much blowing, pumping and venting, we got under way for an anchorage for which we acquired, after a while, a great fondness. Finally when it was dark enough, we surfaced. Ensign G. W. Forbes said we certainly gave the Japs 14 hours of hell and everybody laughed and the tension relaxed."

But the adventure was not yet over. Four or five stirring days remained before the submarine and her gallant crew and daring skipper were to be free of danger, before the story of one of the most brilliant episodes in the history of the American submarine service was to be closed. Some days before the sub entered the gulf, skipper and crew had already tasted glory.

For four days they had been on patrol, protecting United States shipping. On the last day Chapple was below decoding a message when he was called to the bridge at 9:48 P. M. and told that a vessel had been sighted. The men were keen, but not excited. They were performing duties they'd trained long and hard to do.

"At 10 P. M. we came to the surface," Chapple's diary reads. "It was very dark and with decks awash; made a slow approach on the motors. The vessel was lying to, broadside, due west. At 10:23 we fired a torpedo straight at the target, which wasn't moving. Two or three minutes later we heard a dull explosion and saw a very large cloud of black smoke that went high into the air.

"The tail or bow of the ship—I don't know which, it was too dark to be certain—went up and the vessel slid

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rapidly down, out of sight. We hung about for seven minutes and dived in case enemy warships might be hiding in the gloom about us. The torpedoed ship was out of sight before we dived. Later we surfaced again. We went toward the spot to seek survivors or wreckage. We found none . . .

"I have a case of buck fever . . . carefully searched for other ships. Then we headed westward."

The men had received word calmly that hostilities had begun with Japan. Their first orders stated merely that war had started and to govern themselves accordingly. Then came word that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. At first nobody believed it and when the news was confirmed the opinion aboard ship was that the Japs were crazy to have tackled Uncle Samuel.

"It turned out," commented Chapple in a letter which I received from him supplementing the hasty notes I had made of his diary, "that they weren't so crazy. . . ."

The only change in the routine aboard was that the men seemed more alert, more eager. The torpedomen caressed their weapons with greater care. They spat on every one for luck. Once they came upon a merchantman and were about to fire when they discovered it was a friendly target. They sighted numerous British, Dutch, American and Filipino cargo carriers.

On December 10th came word of the bombing of Manila and most of the crew had friends there and wondered worriedly how their friends had fared in the attacks. The Filipino mess boys particularly were worried. The succession of ships the submarine encountered only increased the eagerness to "get" an enemy.

### The Crew Elated

When they finally shot their first ship on the 12th, the men's spirits rose to that restrained excitement that is the high point of emotions aboard a submarine. In the pigboats excitement is something you feel but never express. In these ships, a maximum of deadly machinery in a minimum of space, the innards of a bull compressed into the dimensions of a greyhound, drama reaches a climax in an incident such as this:

"The men were as elated as I was," writes Chapple, "about shooting our first vessel. We were all keen to get any other ship that might be coming to join this one. Everyone wanted details concerning the ship which I wasn't able to supply.

"Seaman Reynolds, always very punctilious about addressing me, who always said 'Good evenin', Captain' or 'Good mornin', Captain,' greeted me this evening with 'Nice shot, Captain.' Signalman Coleman remarked: 'As the man who was about to be hanged said, that'll be a lesson to that bird, for coming into our area . . .' which didn't mean very much but which was indicative of the efforts at self-control which the men exercised."

Came days of routine surfacing and diving and exploratory work and then, finally, the orders that sent Chapple on his mission. From the position of the Japanese invading fleet supplied to Chapple, he saw at once that he could not possibly intercept the main body of the invading force before it entered the protective shallows and reefs of the invasion bay. He so wrote in his log:

"I believe from the position of the enemy given us we will be unable to intercept him before he enters gulf."

It turned out his calculations were accurate.

The dawn-to-moonset game of hide and seek with the enemy cost the submarine a bent propeller. Scraping about on the uneven bottom and that upward slide on what must have been a sharply angled mudbank when it seemed the boat was determined to come to the surface amidst a score of Jap destroyers, damaged the ship. Result was the propeller turned off-center and made a terrific racket, increasing many times the chances of being picked up by the vigilant enemy's sound detectors.

For two hours Chapple threaded his way through dangerous coral reefs before he dared come to the surface. The following day, after several hours spent in charging batteries on the surface, the lookout sighted an enemy patrol.

### "Take 'er Down Again"

"Take her down," Chapple shouted, and she sank where she lay, without forward movement. All that day they lay on the bottom, resting, sleeping and keeping very quiet indeed. After sunset the submarine rose again to charge batteries and give the men fresh air. The ship, crippled but still game, had not yet completed her mission. Chapple wrote:

"On Wednesday, at 5:12 A. M. we made a stationary dive and started touring the area southward. I had planned to locate enemy transports and make an attack just before sunset. At 11:27 A. M. through the periscope, I sighted six enemy transports under way and headed south. But the ships were too far away. We bobbed up during the morning for a quick look.

"Off the south coast, in the bay, there was a large red flag on a buoy. This buoy was a little on our quarter when the following events occurred: There was one destroyer in the distance, no patrol boats. We were in about 23 fathoms of water. At 11:52 A. M. a bomb or shallow mine exploded. This shock put the control room depth gauges temporarily out of commission. We got readings from the fathometer aft, how,ever, and relayed these by word of mouth, the length of the ship to the control room and bridge. We dropped down.

"We had planned, my second in command, Lieutenant Melhop and I, to lay low until the transports anchored and then wade in amongst them after dark. But it wasn't to be. That Jap destroyer came and started working over us. They'd undoubtedly picked up the sounds of the terrific explosion I mentioned earlier, the one that crippled our main depth gauges.

"We headed north. We stopped all machinery except the bow planes that guided the ship's depth. We used evasion tactics (secret). At 12:05 P. M. we received three depth charges to port, at 12:08 five to starboard. By 12:09 we were in deeper water lying on the bottom. At 12:23 we received four charges to starboard, one charge to starboard at 12:26. At 12:30 drove full speed ahead on all motors."

Chapple, with his noisy propeller, was taking a desperate chance to try to get away. Those depth charges were coming closer at every moment. The submarine rang like a boiler filled with compressed air and struck by a steel maul at regular and successively louder intervals.

"At 12:45 four depth charges exploded to starboard."

Chapple signaled for a dead stop and the submarine halted, settled to the bottom. The Japs were tossing batteries of ash cans. There were some at 12:47, a few more 12 minutes later and again at 1:01 P. M. Twenty-eight depth charges burst in the vicinity of the hunted pigboat in the space of 43 minutes, each sending vibrations through the craft that shook it like a hooked marlin and that sounded like thunderclaps as you'd heard thunderclaps deep in the sea.

The men were taut. "Well," one said, "there's another present. They're getting close." And then one said, "Merry Christmas, boys," and the tightness in men's throats relaxed somewhat.

At approximately 5:20 P. M. enemy propeller noises and the swashing sounds the cans—Navy for destroyers—make as they slice through the water had died down. By about 6 o'clock, Seaman McNeal, in the control room, sang out: "All clear all around."

At that precise moment six depth bombs burst dangerously close and somebody snapped back: "Where'd you get that all-clear stuff?"

McNeal looked puzzled and said, looking very apologetic, that maybe the Japs were pushing those things off sailboats. And maybe they were.

Throughout that day as on the previous day, the blowers and fans were stopped and the heat was almost beyond human endurance.

"We surfaced at 10:40 P. M. after all danger from enemy craft had passed. The submarine had been under water about 18 hours. I ordered the hull ventilated, from battery rooms to engine room. I also gave the order to remain rigged for a dive."

At that moment an explosion occurred in the after battery compartment. Here I return again to Chapple's diary which, for simple understatement of an act of heroism, cannot be surpassed.

"I went below," Chapple recorded, "and into the battery compartment far enough to see that there were no electrical fires. There were small flames elsewhere as if canvas were burning. The compartment cover and the flooring of the compartment were in great confusion. I blew out some smoke with a fan while Electrician's Mate Third Class Howard L. Buck and I put on raincoats and rubber boots to go in and get E. C. Harbin, Chief Machinist's Mate, who was injured.

"Buck and I went in and then Chief Machinist's Mate Ross came in and lifted Harbin into the engine room. Harbin and two others were hurt in the explosion. Buck conducted himself with extraordinary coolness and courage and an entry has been made to this effect in his record. Same entry, same wording, for Ross."

In the Navy's books there is at least the same entry and the same wording for one Moon Chapple, Lieutenant, of Billings, Montana.

### Aground Under Water

That night found the submarine, exhausted and crippled, moving at less than half speed on the starboard engine. The other engine charged batteries. Chapple remained on the bridge while his second looked after things below and administered morphine to the injured men. Because of her bent propeller and generally crippled condition, Chapple wanted to try to leave the gulf on the surface, using his Diesels rather than attempt the risky undersea maneuver through the reefs. Orders had come to quit the Jap-filled gulf.

"At about 2:15 A. M. we sighted two Japanese destroyers," wrote Chapple, "about two miles off. We stopped and let them pass and headed north and west to get clear—if possible. The enemy was too far away and the fighting power of our sub was almost nil. We were unable to make speed. The propeller gave off a noise like that of a tractor falling down a canyon.

"At 3:46 we sighted a Japanese destroyer. We turned to put him astern. At 3:48 we were obliged to dive as the enemy was approaching at high speed. At 3:50 three depth charges came very close aboard.

"The destroyer began to follow us. He didn't use pingers but kept pretty close. We tried what evasive tactics we could with low battery power and a propeller which was very noisy. We headed toward the beach where I hoped to find a spot where I could rest on the bottom. We evaded all night long.

"At 9:30 A. M. the following morning we went aground a very steep bank which was actually a seventy-degree hill. We attempted to rest there, but slowly the submarine slid off the hill and forced us to use the motors occasionally to try to climb. For three hours we practically stood on end. I had to use the motors although this gave us away to the enemy. I had to avoid sinking to such a depth as would burst the submarine. After three hours of attempting to climb the bank, we leveled off and got underway and headed southwest.

"We went aground again that afternoon, at about 1:40 and for some inexplicable reason we couldn't take her off. Finally we broke loose and started sinking. I was unable to check the submarine."

Trapped in dangerous waters, surrounded by reefs and uncharted subsea promontories, Chapple took a desperate chance, the only means he could employ to save the lives of his crew and his boat. He surfaced in daylight at 2 P. M., when he expected there would be swarms of enemy craft on the sea. His diary says:

"We found ourselves on a reef. Nothing was in sight. We picked up what we thought might be two destroyers on the other side of the reef, ten or twelve miles distant. We tried to dive to hide from the enemy. It was too shallow and we hit bottom with a heavy thump. We tried to go ahead but ran aground again. We surfaced and went ahead at normal speed on all engines. The two destroyers turned out to be auxiliary craft which we started to outrun, but which, apparently, never sighted us. At 4:23 P. M. we dived and headed for Manila. We arrived the next day, operation concluded.

THE END

## Lieutenant Chapple Writes About Himself

I WAS born in Billings, Montana, in 1908 to Low W. Chapple, an attorney, and Marian Goss Chapple. I attended public school at Billings through high school. I played football on the team for two years. June, 1926, I was graduated from high school and in the same month entered the Naval Academy.

During my plebe year at the Naval Academy I endured hazing and running by the upper classmen and had a very enjoyable year. I had a knack for getting into minor difficulties with the authorities, and the time I didn't spend playing football or boxing I spent doing extra duty or marching with the "Awkward Squad." I played football and boxed on the plebe team.

The other three years I managed to win a couple of letters at football and boxing. In football I played in some of the big games and some of the smaller games, and gained a reputation on the squad as being the best man the Navy ever had for keeping warm on a cold day with one blanket.

In the intercollegiate boxing I had the doubtful distinction of winning a three-round decision from Steve Hamas. However, due to a slight mistake, we had to fight an extra round during which he left no doubt in my mind or anyone else's mind about who was the better boxer.

My last year, for some unaccountable reason, my classmates elected me president, at which job I did little to distinguish myself. My final week, graduation week, was one of the happiest of my life. My family and sister attended the graduation.

From there I reported to the U.S.S. Milwaukee where I spent two years. I endeavored to become a flier but my instructor said that I wouldn't make one as I would be a menace not only to myself but to anyone else who might be in the vicinity. In July, 1932, I left the Milwaukee, went to Submarine School and there spent 6 months, in which the instructors did their best to teach me something about submarines. In February, 1933, I reported to the submarine that I was later to command, where I was communication officer, commissary officer, and torpedo officer and utterly confused.

Lieutenant R. M. Peacher and Lieutenant W. D. Brown, there, continued to teach me how to be a submariner. In 1934 I married an English girl from Shanghai. Her mother, sister and brother are still there and we have heard nothing from them for some time.

After two and one half years of very instructive and pleasant times on the Asiatic Station my wife and I went to the United States. In 1935 my boy was born in Billings, but unfortunately I was not present at the launching. I received a telegram from my father on my son's birth: "Six pounds, eleven ounces and all man." He later wrote that the boy looked like me but not to worry about it, that he might outgrow it.

From the sub I went to the Naval Academy, for 3 months, as assistant B squad coach in football. I enjoyed very much working with the midshipmen. Lieutenant T. J. Hamilton was then head coach at the Naval Academy. From there I went to the U.S.S. Pike which was then commanded by Lieutenant Commander H. H. McLean, as Assistant Engineering Officer, and later Engineering Officer, with collateral duties of reading over all orders written by Captain McLean, who claimed that if I could understand the order anybody could.

Leaving the Pike I went to the Naval Academy for two years, where I took an engineering course for Operating Engineers. While there I tried to help Spike Webb with the boxers and coached an intramural football team. During the time off that I had, my wife, child and I spent our leaves with my family in Montana. After leaving Annapolis I went aboard the U.S.S. Perch (since lost), a submarine somewhat similar to the Pike and under the command of Lieutenant D. A. Hurt. The 14th Submarine Division made the cruise from Pearl Harbor to Manila and established some sort of a record for submarines cruising in formation at high speed, under the command of Captain John Wilkes, now Commander Submarines Asiatic Fleet. We left, shortly after I joined the ship, for the Asiatic Station. One of the chief pleasures I had on this vessel was telling stories about the way it used to be on the Asiatic Station. Of course when we arrived we found everything had changed. From the Perch I went to the U.S.S. Tarpon for six months, under Lieutenant Commander W. W. Weeden. On the Perch I was Engineering Officer and on the Tarpon, Executive Officer and Navigator. At last, on the Tarpon, I was determined to lose the blisters on my hands. On November, 1940, I took command of my first submarine.

My wife Grace, and my boy Michell Wreford Chapple, I have not seen in about a year and 3 months. At the age of four my boy climbed up and down ladders on the Perch and was rapidly being inducted into submarine life by the men on the submarines on which I served. He never had the chance to go aboard his daddy's first command.

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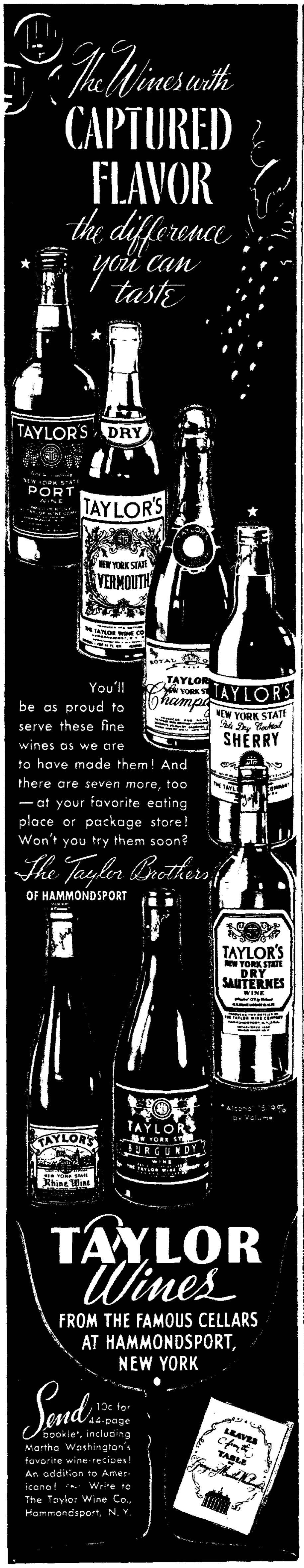

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# The Great Exhumation

Continued from page 22

Henrich has been moved into Class 1-A and will go soon. Brooklyn's Bums have lost Lavagetto and Corbitt, a promising shortstop recruit, and Don Padgett, bought last winter from St. Louis, has been taken, and the management is keeping its fingers crossed on "Pete" Reiser, National League batting champion; and Peewee Reese, flashy young shortstop. The clubs hardest hit are those who can least afford it, the seventh-place Washingtons and the tail-end Athletics of 1941.

But one must look at 1918 instead of 1917 to get a proper picture of wartime conditions. By the time the abbreviated 1918 season was over, the entire baseball structure was rocking. Everything was knocked topsy-turvy. The White Sox, champions in 1917, crashed to sixth. The Cubs, fifth in 1917, won the National League pennant even without the services of Grover Cleveland Alexander, who was in the Army. The minor-league field was reduced to nine circuits, with only the International League limping along with the majors to a Labor Day closing.

It was in the training season of 1918 that the players realized it was no longer to be baseball as usual. In March, the Germans released their last great offensive which took their forces almost to the gates of Paris. Many ballhawks suddenly developed a desire to exchange their bats for rifles and to fasten their lean throwing fingers around the late Kaiser's neck, for the average baseball player is just as patriotic and liberty-loving as any other red-blooded American. General Crowder's "Work or Fight" order hastened some into the services, but others went without any prodding.

A strong detachment of Boston Red Sox, Manager Jack Barry, pitchers Ernie Shore and Herb Pennock, third baseman Mike McNally and outfielders Duffy Lewis, Jimmy Walsh and Chick Shorten, had enlisted in the Navy the winter before. Shore, a graduate of Wake Forest College in North Carolina, was the only player to win an officer's commission in the Navy, while Dick Hoblitzel, the Red Sox first baseman, won a commission in the Army.

Grover Alexander, Bob Shawkey, Rabbit Maranville, Leon Cadore, Urban Shocker and Ray Fisher put on Uncle Sam's khaki or blue early in the season of 1918, but the great influx of players into the armed forces came shortly after July 4th, when Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, George Sisler, Eppa Rixey, Wally Pipp, Rube Marquard, Dutch Leonard and lesser lights joined the colors.

## Baseball's Gold Star Men

At the time of the Armistice, the American League listed 144 men in the services, 83 in the Army, 41 in the Navy and 20 in the Marines and Aviation. The National League broke up its 103 service men as 42 drafted by the Army, 22 Army volunteers, 32 Navy volunteers, and seven Aviation volunteers. In addition to losing Captain Eddie Grant, a former Red, Philly and Giant player, in the fighting in the Argonne Forest, the old league hung out another gold star for Private Marcus Milligan, a rookie Pirate pitcher, killed in an aviation accident. Pitcher Elmer Ponder, of the same club, a war aviator, won the French Service Cross for valor.

Branch Rickey and Percy Haughton, presidents of the Cardinals and Braves respectively, in 1918, were commissioned majors in the Gas and Flame Division. Christy Mathewson, manager of the Reds, and Ty Cobb also won captain's shoulder straps in the Chemical Warfare Service. Eddie Collins, Speaker and Pipp went into the Marines. John McGraw, manager of the Giants; Hughie Jennings, head man of the Tigers; and Johnny Evers, formerly of the Cubs and Braves, went in as Knights of Columbus workers, Jennings getting overseas. The present Tiger manager, Del Baker, was a young gob in 1918.

The real hero of the war in baseball circles was Hank Gowdy, who joined up almost as soon as war started. He came out as a color sergeant and the athletic field at Camp Benning, Ga., is named Hank Gowdy Field in his honor. Gabby Street, Walter Johnson's battery mate and later manager of the Cardinals and Browns, was only a few jumps behind Hank and enlisted in the regulars. Like Gowdy, he saw plenty of action and didn't win his present nickname, the "Old Sarge," doing kitchen police. "Moose" McCormick, on the Giants' retired list, won an early captain's commission at Plattsburg, was among the first to reach France in 1917, and smacked some telling pinch hits against the Kaiser.

As the big leaguers went to war or to the shipyards, an odd lot of old-timers, misfits and odds and ends were brought in to fill their places. The names of players long washed up reappeared in the major-league box scores. The fact that the Pacific Coast League shut down on July 14th, and the American Association a week later also gave the big leagues a chance to employ experienced players for the closing weeks of their respective races. The Giants closed the war season with old Jay Kirke on first base, and the Yankees employed two discarded National League pinch hitters and utility men, Ham Hyatt and John Hummel, in the outfield. Lefty Hank Robinson, another Pirate and Cardinal discard, became a pitcher for the Yanks.

Unless you know how long these men had been out of big-time baseball, it will be difficult to judge what happened to the sport when the roof fell in. But when the Browns unearthed Lefty Leifield, the former Pirate southpaw, it was much as if Art Nehf were to be recalled by the Giants now, or as if Earle Combs were to be the Yankee center fielder again.

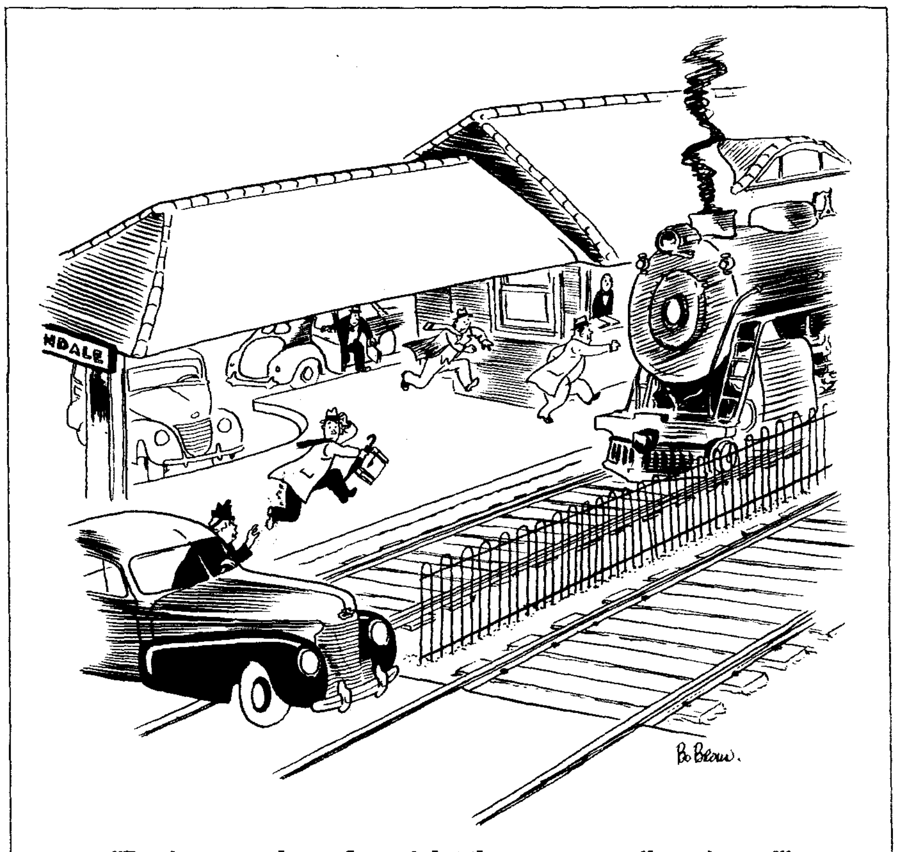
Cleveland exhumed Bob Groom, the old Washington right-hander, and Bob Bescher, erstwhile Cincinnati speedboy. Both had been in the discard for years. On the same basis, nobody need be surprised by the recall of "Jigger" Statz of Los Angeles, or Paul Richards, the Atlanta manager, who was once a good catcher for Brooklyn and is still in active duty as a player.

The Boston Red Sox had Jack Coffey, now graduate manager of athletics at Fordham, at third base, but their great find was old George Whiteman, who had failed with the Yankees in 1913 and had been with Toronto afterward. Whiteman was the hero of the 1918 World Series. He furnished the punch for all the Red Sox rallies, turned in spectacular catches off the wall—and was back in the minor leagues again the following year.

## Old Guys Who Came Back

The sight of Ham Hyatt, old Pittsburgh pinch hitter, and John Hummel, former Brooklyn utility man, patrolling the garden for the Yankees was something that men will never forget. Between them, they covered approximately eight feet of ground, but the other clubs were equally handicapped.

The most engaging story of the time concerned Jack Quinn, who was then a man of extreme maturity. After two years in the Federal League and three years in minor leagues, he was engaged by the White Sox after the Pacific Coast League closed, and he became a sensation. Not only was he good enough for the old men's competition he was in, winning five out of six starts, but he kept going after the war and finally ended with Brooklyn in 1932. Experts



"Don't worry, dear—I won't let them move until you're on!"

BO BROWN

swear that old Jack was over fifty when he pitched his last major-league game.

Cleveland used Joe Wood, the former Red Sox pitching ace, in ninety-five games in right field. Washington came up with Frank Schulte, old "Wildfire" of the famous Cubs. Jimmy Archer, former great catcher of the same club, saw service with both the Reds and Pittsburgh. The Browns even had Leon "Kalamity" Ames, McGraw's old hard-luck pitcher. Detroit dug up Art Griggs for first base, after he had been out of the league six years, and the Cubs found a place for the old Philly roly-poly second baseman, Otto Knabe.

Dozens of other old-timers were seized, pressed into harness and urged to propel their aching bones over the greensward. Take our word for it that if the present war lasts, the familiar faces appearing in old haunts will surprise you. The chances that Frankie Frisch and Jimmy Dykes will wearily take their places again in the infield are better than fair. Leo Durocher may complain his loudest but he will be out there yelling his shrill and insulting cries, if 1942 repeats what happened in 1918. Before Pearl Harbor, Joe Cronin, manager of the Red Sox, talked of retiring and turning his shortstop job over to young John Pesky. Before the fighting's over, he may be bringing in Eddie Collins, Sr., from the front office to play second base.

For the sake of speculation, let us assume that you are Connie Mack and your team has just trooped off to war. They are gone, they are all gone, and you have to find a new team. Where would you look for it? Well, you might very well assume that old Bob Grove has a few more games in his system, especially against the new competition he is going to face. If you looked down into the minor leagues you might be interested in such pitchers as George Blaeholder and "Feets" Marcum, who have been starring in the American Association for many years. In the Pacific Coast League you would find Sam Gibson and Win Ballou at San Francisco, Barrett at Seattle and Hebert at San Diego. They are no longer young, but they do well in their respective circuits and will be plenty fast enough for the major-league pace they're going to see.

### Even Dizzy Might Oblige

The prospect of seeing the Big Bambino, Babe Ruth, back in harness would almost be enough to make the war worth-while, but his health prevents that. However, we would see the other Great Babe, the one and inimitable Babe Herman, who is still bashing fences for Hollywood in the Coast League and fielding almost like a wizard, all canards to the contrary.

Charley Gehringer may think he is through, and history may tell him otherwise. Don't be too sure you won't see Dolph Luque surrendering his coaching job with the Giants and coming in late in the game to throw that old curve at the gentry. And last but not least, does anybody think Dizzy Dean is going to be so unpatriotic as to pack that famous soupbone in cotton and refuse to unfurl it for the acclaim of the multitude?

It may not be the best baseball we're going to see, but it will be sentimentally sound. The show will go on and our hearts will be in it as strongly as ever. —But don't let anybody tell you things are going on as they are. There will be some changes, my hearties!

THE END

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

—were drafted into the United States Army and have been assigned to noncombatant duty. To save embarrassment to both the Irish and the Japanese women, to say nothing of their children, we are asked not to disclose their names. Anyway, the Irishwoman wept considerably when her friend the Japanese woman was taken off to the concentration camp and told Mrs. de Zuche that parting from her best friend was a dismal experience indeed. "She was a fine woman, the heathen," said the Irishwoman. Mrs. de Zuche assures us that this is probably significant of something. But we can't think of what. All it means to us is that the whole incident adds but another word or two to the overwhelming evidence that this is a screwy world, badgered to a murderous fury by a degenerate politician who would look comfortably at home in a glass jar in a medical museum.

IN THE event you have any doubt, the politician we just referred to is Hitler. We've been told occasionally not to be harsh but it's time we all got a bit harsh.

WE HAVE waited patiently to name a complaint of our own. We were talking to an officer of the Army General Staff. Just to keep things going we asked him when it would be announced that the United States would be shipping an American Expeditionary Force to England, Africa, Asia or Australia. "Never," replied he with great conviction. But we reminded him that several news reports have revealed the presence of an American army or two in foreign countries. "We shall never again send an A.E.F.," he repeated. "From now on such contingents will be officially known as Task Forces." And that's our grievance. Task Forces! We don't know who invented that watery substitute for Expeditionary Force but we suspect that he wears pulse warmers, sleeps with the window shut and drinks cambric tea. We have a great many other thoughts on the subject. For example, why not call our overseas forces Protest Groups or something equally spirited. We got to discussing it with Mr. Charles Colebaugh, the managing editor of this magazine. "Ah," said Mr. Colebaugh, "but think of the theme song—A Tisket, A Tasket; My Little Luncheon Basket."

AND if it weren't for ethics or something we'd publish here the name of a private in the United States Army Air Corps who advises us that Hurd Barrett, author of Rush Job, a short story we recently published, doesn't know what he's writing about. The tale had it that the test pilot "suddenly cut his switches, twenty feet from the ground, at eighty-five miles an hour, and the big three-bladed propellers ceased to turn." Our private contends that this can't be done, that the propellers would not cease to turn and that he and other student fliers want to know the answer, hating "to call Mr. Barrett a liar." All we know about the matter is that Mr. Barrett is Captain William Hurd Barrett of the United States Army Air Force and a pretty famous aeronautical engineer. But then, we knew more than our captain, too.

AND proved it—once. . . . W. D.

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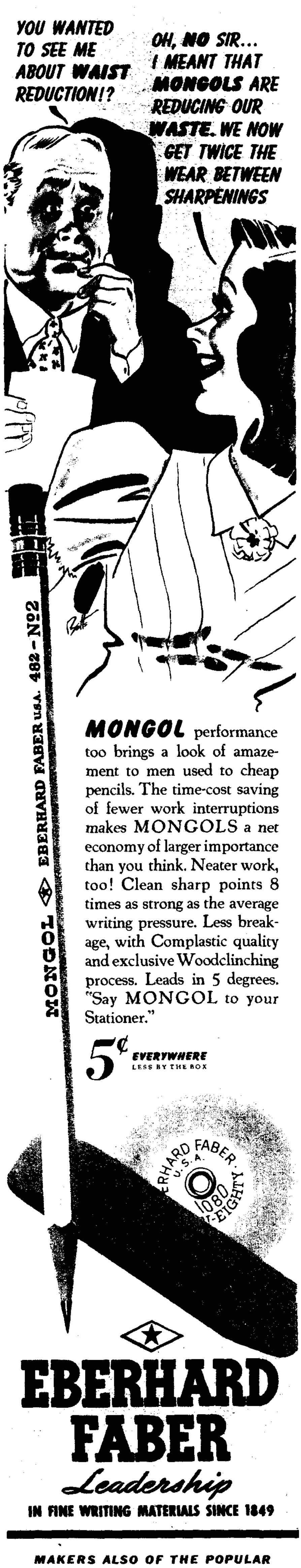
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# Hillbilly Judy

Continued from page 17

and wears pigtails is a yokel. By the same reasoning only a clown could sing Pagliacci.

When the propaganda first spread in New York to the effect that Judy was great as a hillbilly because she was merely playing herself, she said, "Brother, you are making history with them true and beautiful remarks. We walked up here from Florida in our bare feet, subsisting on betel nuts and the bark of trees along the way. It took two traffic cops, a bouncer and a plainclothes dick to hold me down while they got shoes on me."

In short, Judy is a hillbilly from Jacksonville, Florida, and we will find a summons for libel in our mail box in the morning from the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce. The Unadilla residence came when she was an infant in arms and is remembered only because Judy is no fool. You don't toss a name like that away when you're entertaining a radio audience of seven billion Unadillalike yeomen.

An agent in Hollywood was discussing the Canova phenomenon. The bright gentlemen at Warner's and Paramount had used her in such pictures as Artists and Models and Broadway Gondolier and had been depressed by the lack of response. Paramount had finally booted her unceremoniously out into Melrose Avenue.

### The Hollywood Gold Rush

Republic took her very gingerly with a pair of tongs and dropped her into Scatterbrain, a production that cost approximately as much as a trailer. Slipping this little orphan out under cover of darkness the studio barricaded the doors and prepared to deny the whole thing at the first sound of protest. The first sound they heard was a faint tinkling that turned into a roar. What followed was a flood that almost washed away the studio. Upon analysis this turned out to be pure gold. An idea of the profits on Scatterbrain can be gleaned by the fact that Judy's second picture, Sis Hopkins, was made at a cost of $750,000, which is more than is spent on a dozen Autry masterpieces.

"If you don't think Canova is a genius," said the agent bitterly, "just go out and find me somebody like her. I'll tell you what she is: She's somebody Thurman Arnold should be investigating. She's a monopoly."

Judy's real name is Juliette. Her father was Joe Canova, an architect and cotton broker and a descendant of Antonio Canova, 18th century sculptor noted for his Graces and Venuses. Her mother, who still lives with her, is a musician and a descendant of Commodore Perry.

"Class," says Judy. "Class all over the joint."

Her sister Anne and her brother Zeke were the ambitious Canovas. They were always plucking at guitars and practicing dance steps and tooting on horns. Judy was to be an opera singer and was eternally piping her way through the Bell Song from Lakmé. On the side, however, she kept an eye on Anne and Zeke who were filled with more vulgar and mundane yearnings. They were aiming at vaudeville. Inspired by this, Judy developed a boisterous mimetic talent that could turn the Bell Song into a shambles at the slightest excuse, to wit, the absence of Maw.

"You start boop-boop-a-doopin'," says Judy, "and where do you end up? Broadway!"

Anne and Zeke had the Broadway idea, and Judy horned in on it. Zeke didn't want her; Anne wanted her; Judy went along. They were a singing trio and upon arrival in New York they visited agents. They sang sweet, they sang sour, they sang loud, they crooned. They got no work.

At this juncture Judy, walking around town to still her hunger pains, came upon the Village Barn in Greenwich Village. She came loping back to their rookery to report.

"Dear brother, dear sister," she caroled. "I have found it, I have located our destiny. We will take those corny roundelays you have been murdering, dear Annie, and we will hurl them in their teeth. We will floor them; we will lay their bodies out in a neat line. I will even yodel."

"But you can't yodel," said Anne.

"I will now proceed to yodel," howled Judy and let forth with a barrage of sound that did nothing but bring the landlord on the run. This was a mistake as they were in arrears but the usual promises were given and the matter was adjusted.

The Village Barn was an ideal place for Judy to develop her particular form of madness—the pixilated yokel. The Barn knew no restraints; the clients disapproved of restraints.

"A fine, neighborly institution," reports Judy. "If you sat down you soon found one of the customers on your lap."

There was never any doubt about the Canova future after a few weeks down there. They stayed seven months, quitting only to take a vaudeville contract that lasted seventy weeks. That was followed by a series of top-flight radio shows and Judy's first legitimate venture, the musical comedy Calling All Stars. It was in this production that she found herself in a life-and-death struggle.

"I am kicked, I am wounded, I learn about life," says Judy sadly.

It seems that actors were afflicted with something known as professional jealousy. If Judy had a song she found at second rehearsal that it had been given to somebody else. No star advanced to the footlights for his number without keeping a wary eye to the rear for fear of being booted into the orchestra pit by another star. Judy cowered in corners, whimpered and lost her numbers one by one—until the opening in Boston. She had one song and a great mass of pent-up emotion. Throwing herself into the number with an obvious desire for immolation, she knocked herself out so thoroughly that the audience went mad with enthusiasm. After that she was given more to do.

On the basis of this, the Canovas went out to Hollywood and proceeded to make a series of films that are still remembered with awe in the profession. Judy explains them succinctly. "Last one to the gas mask is a dope," she says.

### Three-Way Success Story

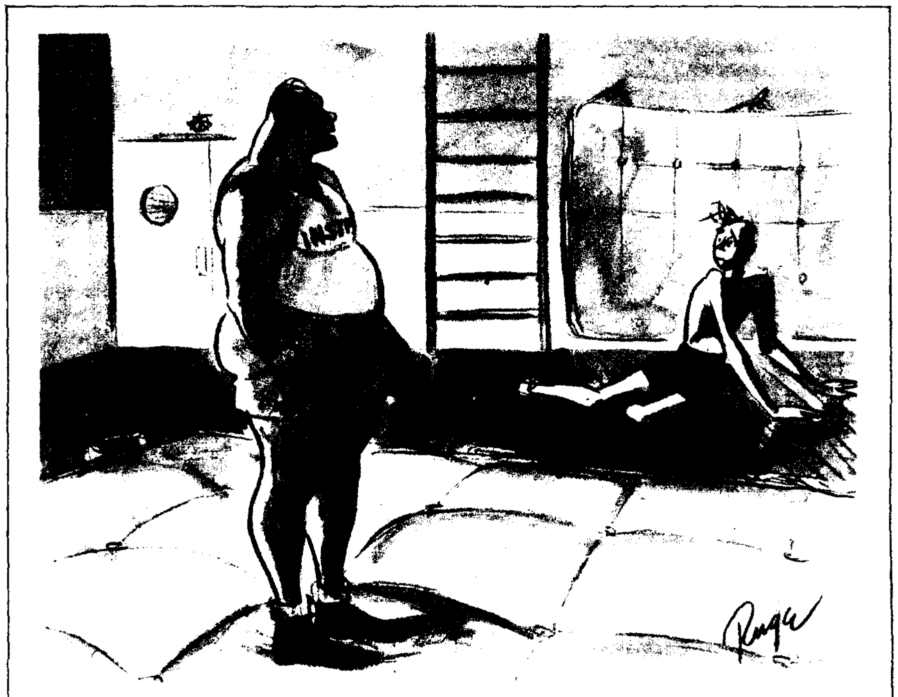
Back on Broadway the trio went into the Ziegfeld Follies of 1937, kept up with their radio work and watched the money roll in. The radio program was bringing $1,700 a week, the show salary was good, and they had just come from the California gold fields where they had been tapping the till to the extent of $4,300 every Saturday night. Judy did well in the Follies and was a sensation in Yokel Boy. That meant Hollywood again and a break-up with Annie and Zeke, who continued in the supper-club circuit while Judy mulcted Paramount for six grand every seventh day.

"I would have done better getting eighteen bucks a week and a good part," says Judy.

But the parts were bad, Paramount dropped her contract and she would have looked at the future askance if it hadn't been for a $400,000 annuity which had been built up for her through the years. Money had been taken from her early, as from a dim-witted child, because she never knew how to keep it and was notorious on Broadway as a soft touch.

"I'm Annie the apple woman in reverse," says Judy. "Twenty times a day I'm plucked."

The generous side of Judy's nature is as prominent now as ever and it is part of a character that is widely misunderstood. Although she never complains about it she is hurt because people slight her as an actress and regard her as a likable freak. She has genuine humor and deep understanding of the ridiculous but in private she is often silent and introspective. Perhaps her most unfortunate publicity was that about her



"Get *mad*, Mr. Standish"

JOHN A. RUGE

marriage in Hawaii to Corporal James Ripley. They had met before and they remet in Honolulu by accident. The romantic air of the island did the rest.

"I was hit over the head by a moon," said Judy, trying to pass it off but it was a serious thing with her. The marriage was soon annulled but she still faces the badly hidden ridicule of people who think of her as a bumpkin who would most naturally get involved in a silly thing like that.

But she is not a martyr and will be displeased by even this mention. The best way of seeing her is at her home in San Fernando Valley. The visitor is not met by Old Cy the hired man, acting as butler; there are no conch shells on the mantel or antimacassars on the chairs. There will be no discussion of the new crop of heifers but perhaps a bit of gossip about available males of Hollywood. Judy has her views on life.

"A nice guy," she'll say, "but no rumba."

### How She Shapes Up

If there is revolt in the hoe-down provinces about Judy's rumbaing they'll have to secede. She is a fool about the rumba and doesn't do it badly. Nobody has ever accused her of being beautiful but she has an interesting face and there are actresses who would give their husbands away for a figure as good as Judy's.

She whacks a table tennis ball with fervor, does a spot of cooking and if the situation with the Japanese gardeners continues serious she will end up as a florist, being singularly attracted in this direction. Although she treats her singing lightly she is secretly occupied with plans to do something with her voice.

"I got that old Bell Song clanging like an ambulance," she says, clucking to herself with satisfaction.

She can reach a high E above high C and did *Ah! fors e lui* from Traviata in Sis Hopkins, singing it straight and stifling the snickers of patrons who had been accustomed to yodeling and high-note bonging from her previously.

Although she is no fashion plate she would like to buy something new every few days, wear it a few times and give it away. She gets sharp glances from her California friends by running back to Florida every chance she gets. She belongs to the Second Advent Christian Church, a church with a small membership, and sings in the choir when she is in Florida. Her favorite hymn is The Old Rugged Cross. She plays the piano and guitar, both badly, and still has three huge packing cases unopened from a trip to London.

"I know the things I got in there," she says cagily. "If I hold them long enough, they'll eventually be back in style."

She speaks a little French and Spanish, was an honor student in English at school and is known for such elegant phrases as "I sot up all night" and "Wait here a minute and I'll make a b'iler of coffee." She believes in fortunetellers and also writes poetry, a bit pathetic. Some of her music has been published and she has minor ambitions along that line, with little expectation of doing anything about it.

An indication of how well things are going for her at Republic may be had from the fact that she recently turned down a deal at M-G-M.

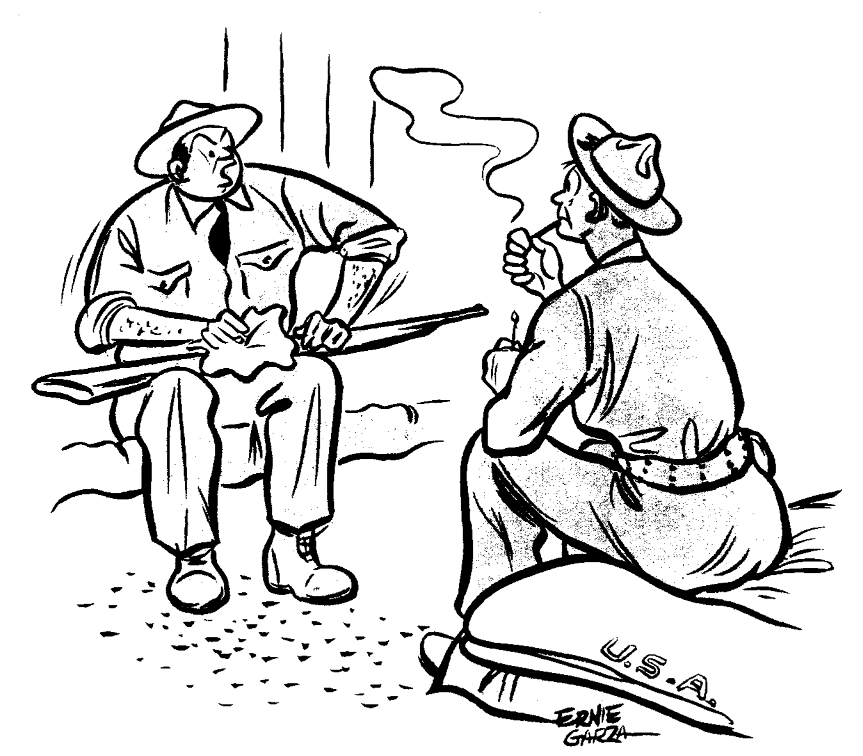
If she is inwardly yearning to be a great figure in the cinematic world her pictures give her little chance for it. In these she is invariably the butt of a humor which is rough, hilarious and strenuous. Even the titles of her pictures are a form of insult: Scatterbrain, Puddin' Head, Sleepytime Gal and Lazybones. In Sleepytime Gal she took a beating, being frozen in a refrigerator system and falling off a fire escape. She emerged uninjured but chastened.

"The maul-and-lacerate school of acting," she says sourly.

But that will probably be the sort of thing she will keep doing till the end. Being typed in Hollywood is like a life term at Alcatraz; you only cease being that particular character when you cease. Ginger Rogers can stop dancing and be an actress but Jimmy Durante will always be Durante; Chaplin will be Chaplin, the little tramp; Harold Lloyd, to his dying day, will be remembered as the man who wore glasses. Canova has reluctantly come to the conclusion that she is stuck—stuck with a fortune, of course; but stuck. When the studio asked her recently to answer a questionnaire she hesitated a moment over "character" and then wrote:

"Moody and generally unhappy. I'm a comedienne."

THE END



**"I'm getting kinda worried. Ma joined the women's auxiliary, and I haven't heard from her for two weeks"**

ERNIE GARZA

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# Magic Mud

Continued from page 24

He rushed headlong to find what was the nature of this silent, unseen death struggle going on in the tubes. Quickly he fished a fleck of solution out of a tube that was still cloudy. He dropped it on a glass slide, stained it and slipped it under his microscope. There before his eyes was the fundamental drama of all time: the struggle between good and evil.

The round, berrylike microbe of pneumonia stood out in purple outline—the color coming from the dye. Attached to it was a newcomer—a minute rodlike organism. As Dubos watched, the pneumonia bug began to shrivel! Smaller and smaller—then it disappeared! It had been utterly and completely destroyed by that magic wand of a microbe, the newcomer! Since the unknown microbe hadn't eaten the other there was but one conclusion. It had secreted some substance, some magic juice that had destroyed the microbe of pneumonia.

Dubos went along to his other tumblers—the ones he had been watering with streps and staphs. To test the mud which he hoped could have strep-killing qualities he prepared another eight tubes. In them were violent strep cultures, obtained from a man who had died of erysipelas. Again he witnessed magnificent destruction of the evildoers.

More and more tests followed. His magic wand microbe would kill any gram-positive bacteria—those that are stained by the method of dyeing devised by the Danish bacteriologist, Hans Christian Joachim Gram. Included in the group are the great microbe killers: the ones that cause diphtheria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, tetanus, anthrax, childbed fever.

Tedium followed the high drama of this preliminary work. First, Dubos had to identify his magnificent microbe. Next, he had to find what juice, what chemical, it secreted. We'll short-cut across this routine lab work. The microbe turned out to be *Bacillus brevis*—one widely distributed in nature and found in soils, cheeses and elsewhere. The killing chemical it manufactured was tyrothricin. Subsequent work disclosed that tyrothricin was a mixture of two things: tyrocidine and gramicidin. It was gramicidin which did the bulk of the microbe killing. Mark that word well. You are going to be hearing a great deal of it in the months to come. It's pronounced gram-i-sigh-din.

### Working—in Life

Up to this point, remember, all work had been done *in vitro*—in glass. Dubos was now ready for work *in vivo*—in life. First subjects were two mice. Into their bellies, their abdominal cavities, he shot enough pneumonia microbes to kill them 10,000 times over. He followed this with shots of crude gramicidin. His microbe poison would work in the soil. And it worked in test tubes. Dubos sat back to wait; to see whether it would work in living creatures. Minutes slipped into hours, and hours into days. The mice continued to scamper in their cages. They were all right. They were alive when they should have been dead ten thousand times over! Weight for weight and volume for volume this new stuff was from a thousand to a hundred thousand times more potent than the sulfa compounds!

Up to this point, everything looked beautifully clear-cut. Here was an incredibly potent weapon against the microbes which cause most human woe. As little as one part of this chemical to a *billion* would stop the growth of pneumonia bacteria. Then fearful hitches began to appear.

The stuff wasn't soluble in water. When shot into the blood stream it destroyed red blood cells instead of fighting microbes! It actually *killed* mice in a matter of seconds when shot into their veins. Rabbits took a little longer to die, but at autopsy they gave a horrid record of what had happened. Organs were hemorrhagic, and blood was thinned to water.

This was heartbreak stuff. Was gramicidin another of those medical will-o'-the-wisps that tease researchers to great heights, then slam them down on the hard ground? It looked as if this might be the case. Then shrewd clinical men got on the job. Just because something couldn't be injected into the blood, they noted, that didn't necessarily mean that it was valueless.

Several groups asked Dubos for cultures of his trained soil microbe. Already they had begun to call it Dubos' bacillus—a supreme honor for any bacteriologist. They wanted to grow these bugs and harvest the chemical they threw off. They had ideas of their own about treating human patients. There were many body cavities where horrible infections could take root—in the chest, the abdomen, the bladder and elsewhere. This blood-destroying trick of gramicidin wouldn't matter in such places.

Tubes of culture went to the University of Chicago, the Mayo Clinic and to Evans Memorial Hospital in Boston. This is a small place—it has only 32 beds. It is devoted entirely to clinical research; treating patients with unusual ailments and, to a large extent, using curative weapons that are new to the medical armament.

Gramicidin was made to measure. It was handed over to a two-man team: Dr. Charles H. Rammelkamp and Dr. Chester Keefer. There were three lab assistants to grow the microbes and handle the animal work.

These men went over their problem. Gramicidin couldn't be shot into the blood stream. But it could be used on open wounds; and ulcers, boils, and carbuncles. And in body cavities. Mightn't it be useful in treating empyema—the massive infection of the chest cavity that is so frequently a tragic aftermath of pneumonia? And mightn't it be used to chase microbes from infected sinuses, and perhaps to treat infections of the mastoid bone?

There seemed to be a hundred jobs for this microbe destroyer—even if it couldn't be injected. Something of its type was desperately needed. Beautiful performers though the sulfa drugs were, they wouldn't touch infections of that kind.

### Experiment on Empyema

After going through this chain of reasoning Rammelkamp, 30, a lanky young medico from Jacksonville, Ill., set to work. He would try gramicidin on rabbit empyema. When you inject streptococci into chest cavities of rabbits they die 100 per cent of the time. Within a few hours fluid starts accumulating in the cavity and as a rule they topple over within 48 hours.

Using routine procedures, Rammelkamp shot 4-cubic-centimeter doses of strep cultures into his rabbits. After a few hours he followed this with minute doses of gramicidin. The cavities were sterile almost immediately. Instead of dying, the rabbits were hardly inconvenienced by their experience.

Uniformly good results here led naturally to human patients. The first was a 16-year-old boy. For over a year he had suffered from empyema, and had undergone five operations to keep drainage channels open to his chest. He had grown steadily weaker and more emaciated. Would gramicidin put on a battle royal with the streps as it had in rabbits?

Since this magic stuff might backfire,

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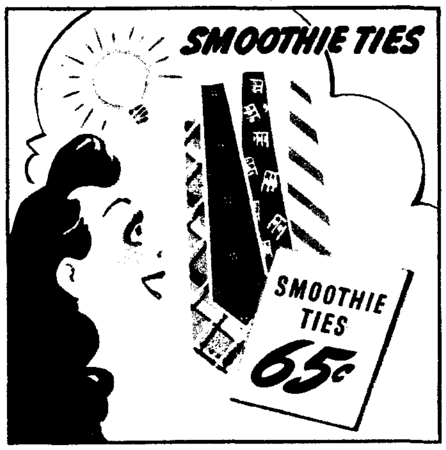
GREGORY D'ALESSIO

? ? LITTLE DOUGH
?



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Dr. Rammelkamp decided to use a minute dose—4 milligrams. This is hardly enough to be visible to the naked eye. He had given rabbits doses twenty times this large. As an added precaution, he injected a similar dose under the skin of his own arm—without any untoward results. Just in case anything went wrong he had yet another hedge. If any bad reaction were noted he could wash the drug out of the chest in a few minutes' time.

So, with everything in readiness, Rammelkamp shot the gramicidin into the boy's chest, via a drainage tube. For several hours he watched his patient. Everything went smoothly. Collecting bits of discharge from the drainage tube, he examined it under the microscope. This was his check on what was happening in the sick boy's body. Within four hours the chest was sterile! All microbes were dead. We might as well finish this story. Two weeks later the boy was dismissed from the hospital!

Other patients followed and in each case results were equally dramatic. Meanwhile, Rammelkamp had been treating a series of other ailments. A man came in with a horrid red ulcer of the leg which had persisted for fourteen years. It was sprayed with gramicidin in alcohol solution. Within a day the ulcer was sterile. Complete healing took place inside of three weeks. A little Negro girl followed. She had two nearly identical ulcers on her leg—"dew sores" she called them, and said she got them from picking berries too early in the morning. Rammelkamp used gramicidin on one, and routine treatment on the other. At the end of four days the one treated with gramicidin was well, and the other was growing larger.

**FLIGHT TO THE SUN**

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### Magical Results

Cases were also accumulating at the Mayo Clinic. A man, 29, had a large, angry leg ulcer. For seven months it had increased in size and was threatening the loss of the limb. Gramicidin sterilized the wound in a day! On the fifteenth day grafts were applied and two weeks later the man was discharged from the hospital. Similar results were achieved in treating sinus tubes infected with streps.

While these and other cases were being treated Dubos was off on an interesting project of his own. Being a bacteriologist, not a medical man, he couldn't treat human beings. But there was no rule in the book against his working with animals. He elected to work with cow mastitis, one of the most costly problems that face the dairy farmer. Microbes at work in cow udders make milk unfit for use, and frequently necessitate destruction of the animal.

Dubos hit on a procedure. Why not inject gramicidin into the udder in the morning; then milk it out in the evening? That would give this magic stuff a day in which to do its work. As elsewhere, results were striking. In most cases the disease was promptly eradicated. This is the most promising weapon yet found against the disease which each year costs the dairy farmer uncounted millions of dollars.

So far gramicidin has been used on a host of human ailments. It has cleared up infections of sinus tubes. It has been used as a precautionary measure in mastoid operations—the surgeon simply swabbing out the cavity with gramicidin solution. This step seems to eliminate many of the complications that follow surgery. It has been used with remarkable results in treating bedsores and boils; and will probably be used to treat infections of the bladder and in preparing fields for skin grafts.

Still, one point must be appreciated. To date, doctors have used gramicidin on relatively safe things. They have exercised the natural caution that must attend work with any new drug.

Gramicidin holds out tremendous hope in treatment of war wounds. There is every reason to believe that it will act swiftly in wounds that once would have meant amputation. Its miraculous ability to kill microbes should make a tremendous step forward in wartime surgery. In this connection note one fact: the sulfa drugs are splendid aids in this type of work if they are used early enough—if they are used before wide-scale infection takes place. But once microbes have gained ascendancy in a wound the sulfa drugs are almost powerless. Not so with gramicidin. So far as this drug is concerned, the more microbes the merrier.

A number of large pharmaceutical manufacturers are already at work making gramicidin. Dubos' bacilli are introduced into trays of culture medium—microbe food—and are allowed to grow. Gramicidin which they throw off is collected. Approximately three gallons of culture is required to produce a fleck the size of a pencil eraser. If it weren't for the incredible potency of this new stuff, costs would be prohibitive. But the bit of gramicidin we speak of, the 1-gram bit, would be enough to treat 250 cases like the 16-year-old boy with empyema.

Gramicidin being produced today is being sold for treatment of cows—but not men. It isn't likely that it will be released to the medical profession for at least a year—until all loose ends of the research are tied up. Meanwhile, the men gathering this necessary information beg people not to write asking for gramicidin, or asking for treatment.

Very little—not more than a few grams—of absolutely pure gramicidin has been produced to date. Such clinical successes as have been reported have been achieved with a crude extract. The pure stuff that has been obtained has gone into the hands of chemists. They are trying to piece together the molecular structure in hope that they can make the material artificially. But they have an even greater hope. They have tinkered with the sulfanilamide molecule, chipping off undesirable qualities. Some of the new sulfa drugs have radically different properties from the mother stuff. Chemists hope that they may do as much with gramicidin. Possibly they can get rid of the blood-splitting characteristic; and maybe they can find why it is insoluble in water. If they can do these things they may have produced the microbe killer supreme.

THE END

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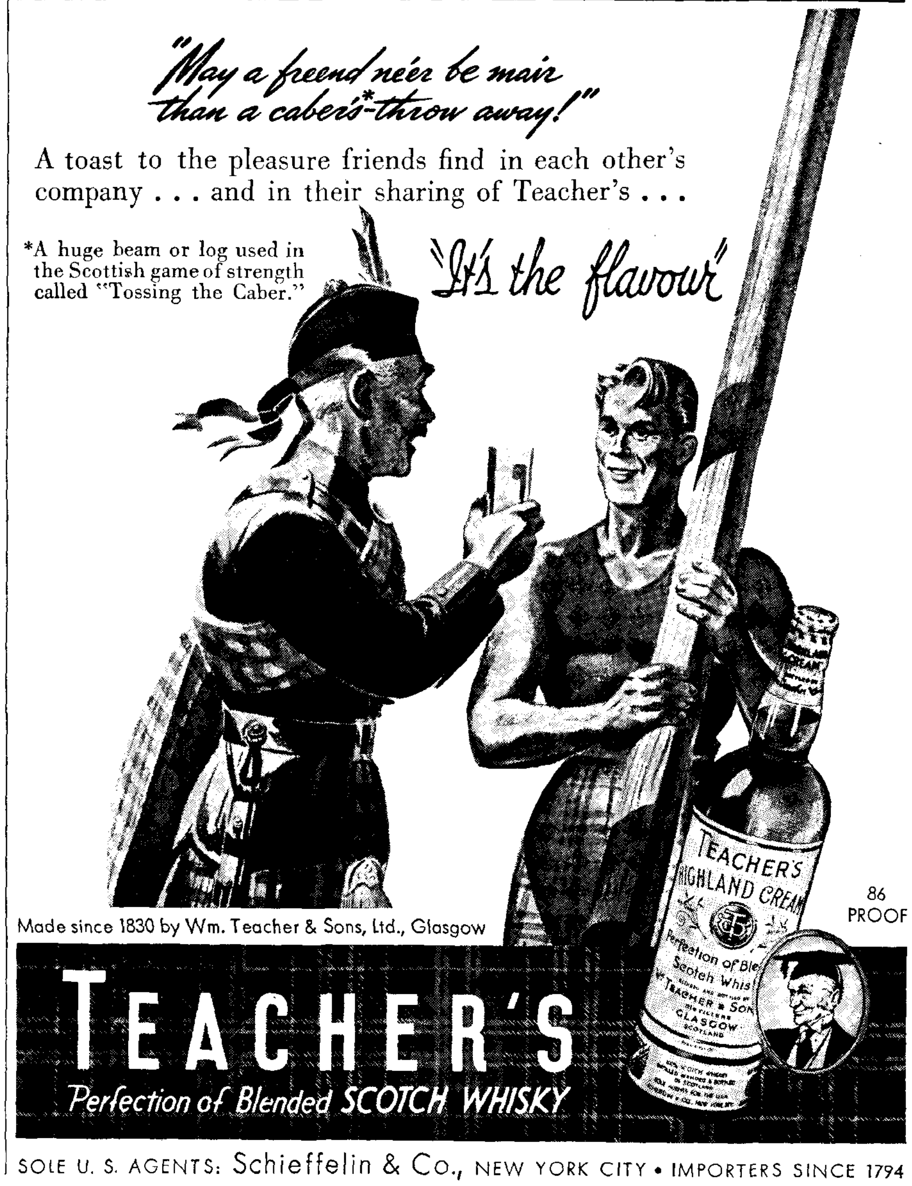
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# Our Fighting Men

GULF COAST AIR CORPS TRAINING CENTER, San Antonio, Texas. Today's No. 1 assignment for Air Corps public relations men is to play up the jobs of the navigator and bombardier. So far, the pilot has been the glamor boy—hero of miles of movies, popular fiction, and head man in Air Corps releases. Given a greater opportunity to turn in a spectacular one-man job, he has to date grabbed a large hunk of page-one space, with the result that most of the lads turning up at U. S. flying schools are all set mentally to become pilots. So few have been interested in the course-charting or bomb-dropping chores that cadets have had to be lifted from the ranks of would-be aces.

The Army needs more bombardiers and navigators and wants Air Corps recruits to realize these key jobs require just as much skill as piloting. Some of the Air Corps publicists currently are polishing off their best adjectives, coining nicknames for the men who may some day drop a few eggs on Hirohito's house. Stories from the Kelly Field Navigation School point out that the navigator is the "brains behind the bomber"—he picks the course that gets the ship to its destination and home again, while the pilot simply flies as per instructions. Cadets learning the art of bomb-dropping deep in the heart of West Texas, where the Midland Army Flying School is scheduled to become the largest bombardier college in the world, are referred to officially as Hell from Heaven Men, Lords of the Bombsight, and The Most Dangerous Men in the World. "He," says a message from Midland about a bombardier, "will deliver the long punches, the hard punches, the haymakers, when Allied air offense opens full blast."

MIDLAND statisticians have, in the way of statisticians, ferreted out the average bombardier cadet: Twenty-three-year-old John V. Hogan, who weighs 160 pounds and measures five-feet-ten from the bottom of his G.I. shoes to the top of his G.I. haircut. This makes him a good two inches taller and some 16 pounds heavier than the Army's average man, whose dimensions were calculated last winter by the Quartermaster Corps. The latter office, by the way, maintains not only that Texans and men from the West Coast are two inches taller than the rest of the Army, but that soldiers from the Yankee section are two to three inches larger around the middle, and Southerners have the biggest feet. Kindly address to the Quartermaster Corps any letters of complaint about these findings.

CAMP WALLACE, Hitchcock. The incident which brought Pvt. George Bosela into considerable disfavor occurred in the mess hall. Seeing what he believed to be the hand of another chow hound reaching over his shoulder, Pvt. Bosela took a hefty jab at it with his fork, then turned around to gloat. The gloat never came off. The victim was a colonel on an inspection tour.

CAMP BULLIS, San Antonio. Newest wrinkle in Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger's Army is a school to train intelligence specialists in the art of quizzing prisoners of war. About 100 officers and men, hand-picked from the linguists of Third Army units from Mississippi to Arizona, have just finished six weeks of eight-hours-a-day scratching on note pads and burrowing into books, getting a line on what the Army officially describes as "the technique of asking questions to secure information a prisoner does not mean to disclose."

The pupil-picking was handled by two teams of language experts who put prospects through personal interviews; primary entrance requirement was a fluent conversational knowledge of at least one foreign lingo. Classroom menu featured a brief review of principles of combat intelligence (maps, messages, etc.) in English, followed by the application of the assorted foreign tongues to these principles. School data was dug out of foreign textbooks and miscellaneous tomes in near-by libraries, and solicited from missionaries, first-generation Americans and Army officers who had served abroad. Fourth Army Corps experts dished out the dope, which we'd pass on to you were it not for the fact that Hitler would like some of the details himself.

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. The decent interval of one year having elapsed since we last reported a soldier's clash with strange Mexican food, let us now consider the case of the infantryman who spied enchiladas (tortillas, chili, cheese and onions) on a Texas café menu. Evidently under the impression that the concoction was a sea-food, the guy ordered some, gingerly poked it with a fork, then summoned the waiter. "Look, bud," he said, "why didn't you tell me these were soft-shelled enchiladas?"

RANDOLPH FIELD, San Antonio. Men who pilot our bombers over enemy territory will have to be able to do it when the world below them is dark as the inside of a coal mine mule's stomach, so extra hours under the hood and behind the instrument panel of the Link trainer are being added to the course here and at other basic flying schools. Until last December, Randolph housed only three of the ground-anchored, blind-flying, mechanical instructors, which were used solely by officers who were brushing up on their instrument technique. Cadets didn't get Link instruction until they reached advance school. Now, however, there are 37 Links at Randolph, and six hours of terra firma blind flying have been worked into the basic course.

Navigation cadets at Kelly Field are experimenting with a navi-trainer, which, looking something like a cousin twice removed of the Link, features a rolling map on which the student tries to follow a course while keeping tab on a batch of instruments in front of him. The gadget is being tested at schools in all three of the country's Air Corps training centers and may be adopted nationally.

SHEPPARD FIELD. A young lady in South Dakota sent a box of cookies to Pvt. Edward E. Babcock, in one of the squadrons here, but before the package arrived Pvt. Babcock was shipped off to California. Now the young lady wants to know what lug ate the cookies. The empty box was sent back to her under Babcock's name—with a request for a refill.

FORT ROSECRANS, San Diego, Cal. It cost Pvt. William Mellessey exactly $7.45 to hear the voice of his bride at his wedding, performed by long distance

PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

**ENGINEER TRAINING.** **Fort Belvoir, Alexandria, Va., teaches all the tricks an engineer has *to* know. *Soldiers above are wearing the latest in cam-ouflage suits, resembling overalls colored to blend with seasonal foliage***

**Scale models help the engineers work out effective camouflage for military installations. Also one of the duties of the Corps of Engineers is the plotting and developing of new maps daily for use in high-speed war**

phone. The Axis shattered furlough plans of the half Chippewa Indian, half French coast artilleryman, and the wedding problem was outlined to Chaplain D. V. Ellsworth, who got the necessary documents, arranged a three-way, 2,000-mile hook up, solemnly intoned the full church service and pronounced Mellessey and Miss Ruth Graving, of Minneapolis, man and wife. "Now," said the nervous groom, unable to kiss the bride, "we've just got to win this war, and the sooner the better!"

FORT LEWIS, Seattle, Wash. Note to goldbrickers: Master Sgt. W. R. Barnett, of a Ninth Corps signal company, has been in the Army for more than thirty years and has never answered sick call.

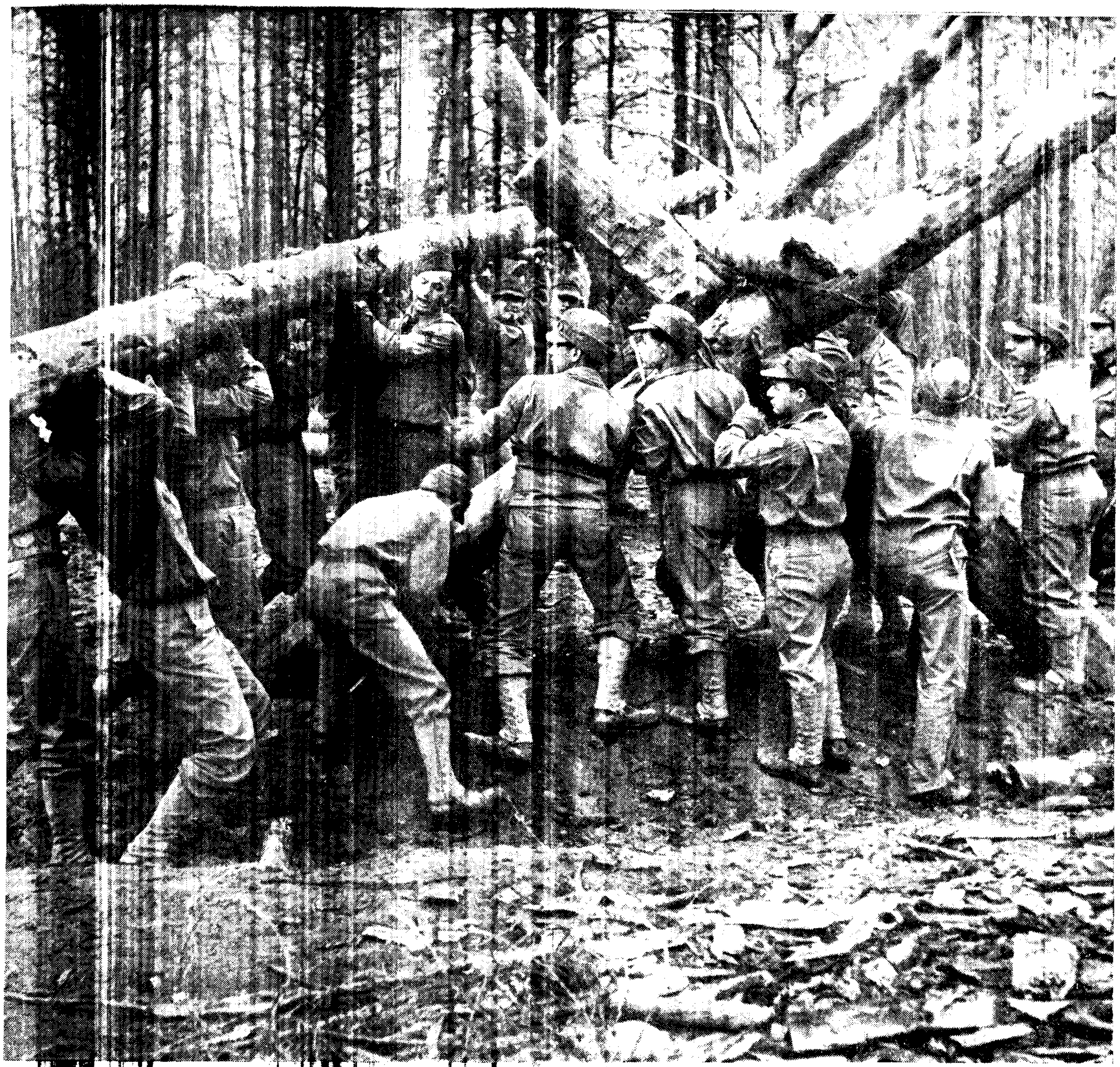
GOWEN FIELD, Boise, Idaho, Noncoms who earned their stripes over a period of peacetime years and the new top kicks who got theirs pronto in a rapidly expanding Army, are at it tooth and nail. The new tops think it's up to them to show they rate the stripes and the old hands aren't going to let a bunch of "upstarts" steal the show, so the competition is fierce. There are no fights, though; the stripers are all working toward the same goal.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. We don't want to imply that all volunteer officer candidates are fugitives from 1-A, jumping at a chance to get bars, but there are reports that some 3-A citizens decided their dependents weren't so helpless after all. Couple of hours after one such candidate turned up at the Reception Center, a sergeant called on his C.O. and asked about the status of this new man. Seems he'd been acting as though the fort was a summer resort and that the sergeant was a bellhop. "His status is that of any other private," said the captain. "That's all I want to know, sir," said the sergeant. Last we heard, the new man was ordering mops around and being executive to a bushel of spuds.

CAMP WILLIAMS, Lehi, Utah. Negro soldiers being trained into M.P. battalions at this new camp have plenty on the ball when it comes to police and guard duty—when they buckle down to it. Two Army trucks were sent to a Salt Lake depot to pick up a new bunch and found them sitting in a heated sightseeing bus wondering when it would take off for camp. An officer in one of the trucks got them out of the bus and a Negro corporal counted 16 of the boys into the Army vehicles. Only 15 of them piled out at camp. The other, having caught sight of a cutie on a corner, showed up two days later, which is why Army trucks no longer pass through Salt Lake's Harlem.

FORT HUACHUCA, Arizona. This old, mile-high, border cavalry post, which was given a $7,000,000 workover during the past year, is being expanded again. It's to be the home of the reactivated 93d Negro Infantry Division, first of two such units recently authorized by Secretary Stimson. Commanding the 93d will be Brig. Gen. C. P. Hall, who is white, but there will be a number of Negro line officers in the division. Assignment to this post was once enough to lay any officer low; now it's one of the choice spots, modernization having made it into something of a glorified dude ranch. Back of the post are the rugged, wooded Huachuca (*Whah-choo-ka*) mountains; sweeping desert valleys sprawl out in the other three directions. Negro soldiers like the nearby border towns of Naco and Nogales, scenes of many battles during the hectic days of Mexican revolutions.

*(Continued on page 73)*



**Using rough lumber, engineering trainees build a trap (above) designed to roll a tank over. It takes 25 men about three hours to construct a tank trap that really works. Fort Belvoir is one of two engineer replacement training centers. The other is at Fort Leonard Wood, near Newburg, Mo. These forts train all Army engineers**

**It took 25 men one hour to string out the light footbridge shown here. This type of bridge is made of anything found in the vicinity; in this case, the pontons are empty oil drums. Floats are pushed from shore and attached to [illegible] are held in position by guy ropes. At right is an assault boat; in background are vehicular pontons**

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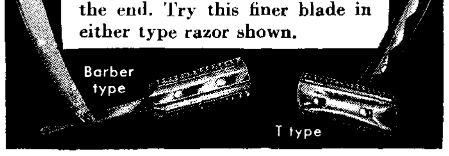

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# Moving Finger

Continued from page 23

Miss Marple said, "There must be *something*. But I am so old and so ignorant and, I am afraid, so foolish."

I felt rather embarrassed and was glad when Mrs. Dane Calthrop took her friend away.

I was to see Miss Marple again that afternoon, however. Much later, when I was on my way home.

She was standing near the little bridge at the end of the village, near Mrs. Cleat's cottage, and talking to Megan, of all people.

I wanted to see Megan. I had been wanting to see her all day. I quickened my pace. But as I came up to them, Megan turned on her heel and went off in the other direction.

It made me angry and I would have followed her, but Miss Marple blocked my way.

"I wanted to speak to you," she said. "No, don't go after Megan now. It wouldn't be wise."

I was just going to make a sharp rejoinder when she disarmed me by saying, "That girl has great courage—a very high order of courage."

I still wanted to go after Megan, but Miss Marple said, "Don't try and see her now. I do know what I am talking about. She must keep her courage intact."

There was something about the old lady's assertion that chilled me. It was as though she knew something that I didn't.

I was afraid and didn't know why I was afraid.

I didn't go home. I went back into the High Street and walked up and down aimlessly. I don't know what I was waiting for, nor what I was thinking about. . . .

I got caught by that awful old bore Colonel Appleby. He asked after my pretty sister as usual and then went on: "What's all this about Griffith's sister being mad as a hatter? They say she's been at the bottom of this anonymous-letter business that's been such a confounded nuisance to everybody. Couldn't believe it at first, but they say it's quite true."

I said it was true enough.

"WELL, well—I must say our police force is pretty good on the whole. Give 'em time, that's all, give 'em time. Funny business this anonymous-letter stunt—these desiccated old women are always the ones who go in for it—though the Griffith woman wasn't bad looking even if she was a bit long in the tooth. But there aren't any decent-looking girls in this part of the world—except that governess girl of the Symmingtons. She's worth looking at. Pleasant girl, too. Grateful if one does any little thing for her.

"Came across her having a picnic or something with those kids not long ago. They were romping about in the heather and she had been knitting—ever so vexed she'd run out of wool. 'Well,' I said, 'like me to run you into Lymstock? I've got to call for a rod of mine there. I shan't be more than ten minutes getting it, then I'll run you back again.' She was a bit doubtful about leaving the boys. 'They'll be all right,' I said. 'Who's to harm them?' Wasn't going to have the boys along, no fear! So I ran her in, dropped her at the wool shop, picked her up again later and that was that. Thanked me very prettily. Grateful and all that. Nice girl."

I managed to get away from him.

It was after that, that I caught sight of Miss Marple for the third time. She was coming out of the police station.

Where do one's fears come from? Where do they shape themselves? Where do they hide before coming out into the open?

Just one short phrase. Heard and noted and never quite put aside:

"Take me away—It's so awful being here—feeling so wicked . . ."

Why had Megan said that? What had she to feel wicked about?

There could be nothing in Mrs. Symmington's death to make Megan feel wicked.

Why had the child felt wicked? Why? Why?

Could it be because she felt responsible in any way?

*Megan?* Impossible! *Megan* couldn't have had anything to do with those letters—those foul obscene letters.

Oh, my Megan, my little child. Not *that!* Anything but that. And that old Tabby is after you; she suspects. She says you have courage. Courage to do *what?*

IT WAS only a brainstorm. It passed. But I wanted to see Megan—I wanted to see her badly.

At half past nine that night I left the house and went down to the town and along to the Symmingtons'.

I passed through the Symmingtons' gate and up to the house. It was a dark overcast night. A little rain was beginning to fall. The visibility was very bad.

I saw a line of light from one of the windows. The little morning room?

I hesitated a moment or two, then instead of going up to the front door, I swerved and crept very quietly up to the window, skirting a big bush and keeping low.

The light came from a chink in the curtains, which were not quite drawn. It was easy to look through and see.

It was a strangely peaceful and domestic scene. Symmington in a big armchair, and Elsie Holland, her head bent, busily patching a boy's torn shirt.

Quiet domestic talk—quiet domestic scene—and a golden head bent over needlework.

Then the door opened and Megan came in.

She stood very straight in the doorway, and I was aware at once of something tense and strung up about her. The skin of her face was tight and drawn and her eyes bright and resolute. There was no diffidence about her tonight and no childishness.

She said, addressing Symmington, but giving him no title (and I suddenly reflected that I never had heard her call him anything. Did she address him as father or as Dick or what?):

"I would like to speak to you, please. Alone."

Symmington looked surprised and, I fancied, not very pleased. He frowned, but Megan carried her point with a determination unusual in her.

She turned to Elsie Holland and said, "Do you mind, Elsie?"

"Oh, of course." Elsie Holland jumped up. She looked startled and a little flurried.

She went to the door and Megan came farther in so that Elsie passed her.

Just for a minute Elsie stood motionless in the doorway looking over her shoulder.

Her lips were closed, she stood quite still, one hand stretched out, the other clasping her needlework to her.

I caught my breath, overwhelmed suddenly by her beauty.

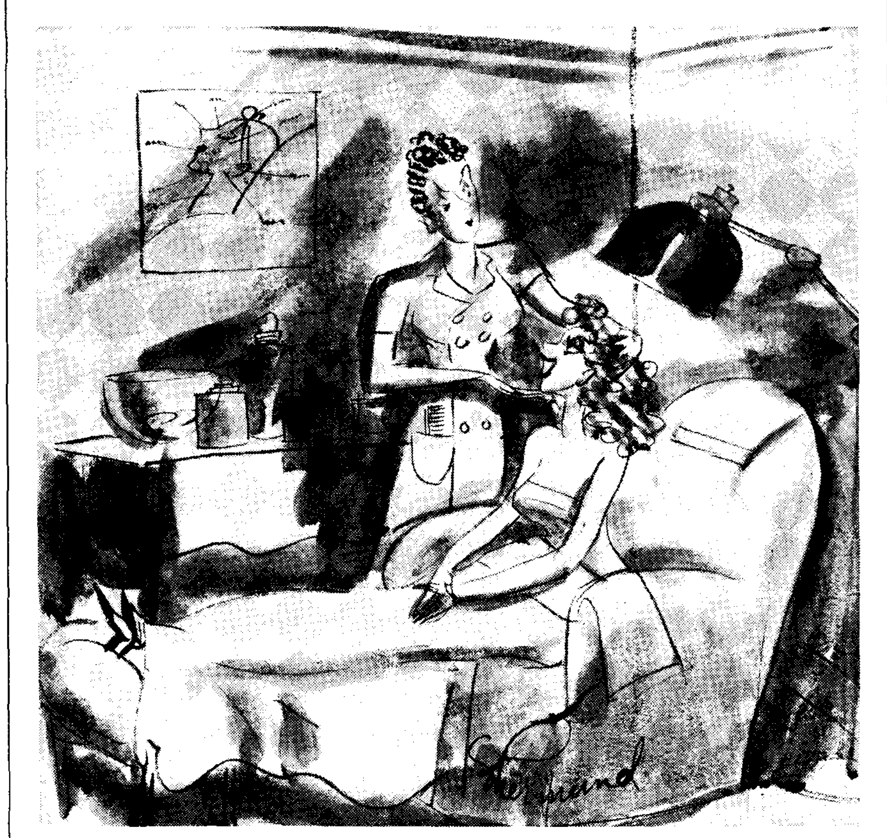
When I think of her now, I always think of her like that—in arrested motion, with that matchless, deathless perfection that belonged to ancient Greece.

Then she went out shutting the door.

Symmington said rather fretfully, "Well, Megan, what is it? What do you want?"

Megan had come right up to the table. She stood there looking down at Symmington. I was struck anew by the resolute determination of her face and by something else—a hardness new to me.

Then she opened her lips and said



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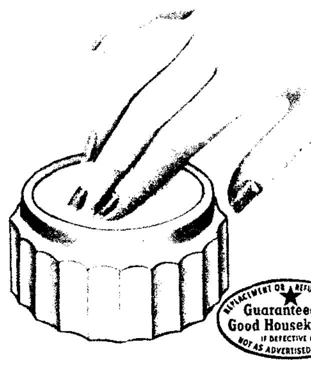

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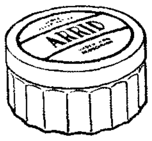

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something that startled me to the core.

"I want some money," she said.

The request didn't improve Symmington's temper. He said sharply, "Couldn't you have waited until tomorrow morning? What's the matter, do you think your allowance is inadequate?"

A fair man, I thought even then, open to reason, though not to emotional appeal.

Megan said, "I want a good deal of money."

Symmington sat up straight in his chair. He said coldly:

"You will come of age in a few months' time. Then the money left you by your grandmother will be turned over to you by the Public Trustee."

Megan said:

"You don't understand. I want money from *you*." She went on, speaking faster: "Nobody's ever talked much to me about my father. They've not wanted me to know about him. But I do know that he went to prison and I know why. It was for blackmail!"

She paused.

"Well, I'm his daughter. And perhaps I take after him. Anyway, I'm asking you to give me money because—if you don't—" She stopped and then went on very slowly and evenly—"if you don't—*I shall say what I saw you doing to the cachet that day in my mother's room.*"

There was a pause. Then Symmington said in a completely emotionless voice, "I don't know what you mean."

Megan said, "I think you do."

And she smiled. It was not a nice smile.

Symmington got up. He went over to the writing desk. He took a checkbook from his pocket and wrote out a check. He blotted it carefully and then came back. He held it out to Megan.

"You're grown up now," he said. "I can understand that you may feel you want to buy something rather special in the way of clothes and all that. I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't pay attention. But here's a check."

Megan looked at it, then she said, "Thank you. That will do to go on with."

SHE turned and went out of the room. Symmington stared after her and at the closed door, then he turned around and as I saw his face I made a quick uncontrolled movement forward.

It was checked in the most extraordinary fashion. The big bush that I had noticed by the wall stopped being a bush. Superintendent Nash's arms went around me and Superintendent Nash's voice just breathed in my ear:

"Quiet, Burton. For God's sake."

Then, with infinite caution he beat a retreat, his arm impelling me to accompany him. Around the side of the house he straightened himself and wiped his forehead.

"Of course," he said. "You *would* have to butt in!"

"That girl isn't safe," I said urgently. "You saw his face? We've got to get her out of here."

Nash took a firm grip of my arm.

"Now, look here, Mr. Burton, you've got to *listen*."

Well, I listened.

I didn't like it—but I gave in.

But I insisted on being on the spot and I swore to obey orders implicitly.

So that is how I came with Nash and Parkins into the house by the back door, which was already unlocked.

And I waited with Nash on the upstairs landing behind the velvet curtain masking the window alcove until the clocks in the house struck two, and Symmington's door opened and he went across the landing and into Megan's room.

I did not stir or make a move for I knew that Sergeant Parkins was inside masked by the opening door, and I knew that Parkins was a good man and knew his job, and I knew that I couldn't have trusted myself to keep quiet and not break out.

And waiting there, with my heart thudding, I saw Symmington come out with Megan in his arms and carry her downstairs, with Nash and myself a discreet distance behind him.

He carried her through to the kitchen and he had just arranged her comfortably with her head in the gas oven and had turned on the gas when Nash and I came through the kitchen door and switched on the light.

And that was the end of Richard Symmington. He collapsed. Even while I was hauling Megan out and turning off the gas I saw the collapse. He didn't even try to fight. He knew he'd played and lost.

UPSTAIRS I sat by Megan's bed waiting for her to come around and occasionally cursing Nash.

"How do you know she's all right? It was too big a risk."

Nash was very soothing.

"Just a soporific in the milk she always had by her bed. Nothing more. It stands to reason he couldn't risk her being poisoned. As far as he's concerned, the whole business is closed with Miss Griffith's arrest. He can't afford to have any mysterious death. No violence, no poison. But if a rather unhappy type of girl broods over her mother's suicide, and finally goes and puts her head in the gas oven—well, people just say that she was never quite normal and the shock of her mother's death finished her."

I said, watching Megan, "She's a long time coming around."

"You heard what Dr. Griffith said? Heart and pulse quite all right—she'll just sleep and wake naturally. Stuff he gives a lot of his patients, he says."

Megan stirred. She murmured something.

Superintendent Nash unobtrusively left the room.

Presently Megan opened her eyes.

"Jerry."

"Hullo, sweet."

"Did I do it well?"

"You might have been blackmailing ever since your cradle!"

Megan closed her eyes again. Then she murmured:

"Last night—I was writing to you—in case anything went—went wrong. But I was too sleepy to finish. It's over there."

I went across to the writing table. In a shabby little blotter I found Megan's unfinished letter.

"My dear Jerry," it began primly:

"I was reading my school Shakespeare and the sonnet that begins:

> " '*So are you to my thoughts as food to life,*
> *Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground*'

and I see that I am in love with you after all, because that is what I feel."

"SO YOU see," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "I was quite right to call in an expert."

I stared at her. We were all at the Vicarage. The rain was pouring down outside and there was a pleasant log fire, and Mrs. Dane Calthrop had just wandered around the room, beat up a sofa cushion and put it for some reason of her own on the top of the grand piano.

"But did you?" I said, surprised. "Who was it? What did he do?"

"It wasn't a he," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

With a sweeping gesture she indicated Miss Marple. Miss Marple had

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finished the fleecy knitting and was now engaged with a crochet hook and a ball of cotton.

"That's my expert," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "Jane Marple. Look at her well. I tell you, that woman knows more about the different kinds of human wickedness than anyone I've ever known."

"I don't think you should put it quite like that, dear," murmured Miss Marple.

"But you do."

"One sees a good deal of human nature living in a village all the year around," said Miss Marple placidly.

Then, seeming to feel it was expected of her, she laid down her crochet, and delivered a gentle old-maidish dissertation on murder.

"The great thing in these cases is to keep an absolutely open mind. Most crimes, you see, are so absurdly simple. This one was. Quite sane and straightforward—and quite understandable—in an unpleasant way, of course."

"Very unpleasant!"

"THE truth was really so very obvious. *You* saw it, you know, Mr. Burton."

"Indeed *I* did not."

"But you did. You indicated the whole thing to me. You saw perfectly the relationship of one thing to the other, but you just hadn't enough self-confidence to see what those feelings of yours meant. To begin with, that tiresome phrase 'No smoke without fire.' It irritated you, but you proceeded quite correctly to label it for what it was—a smoke screen. Misdirection, you see—everybody looking at the wrong thing: the anonymous letters—but the whole point was that there *weren't* any anonymous letters!"

"But my dear Miss Marple, I can assure you that there *were*. I had one."

"Oh, yes, but they weren't real at all. Dear Maud here tumbled to that. Even in peaceful Lymstock there are plenty of scandals, and I can assure you any *woman* living in the place would have known about them and used them. But a man, you see, isn't interested in gossip in the same way—especially a detached logical man like Mr. Symmington. But a genuine woman writer of those letters would have made her letters much more to the point.

"So you see that if you disregard the smoke and come to the fire you know where you are. You just come down to the actual facts of what happened. And putting aside the letters, just one thing happened—Mrs. Symmington died.

"So then, naturally, one thinks of who might have wanted Mrs. Symmington to die, and of course the very first person one thinks of in such a case is, I am afraid, the *husband*. And one asks oneself, is there any *reason?*—any *motive?*—for instance, *any other woman?*

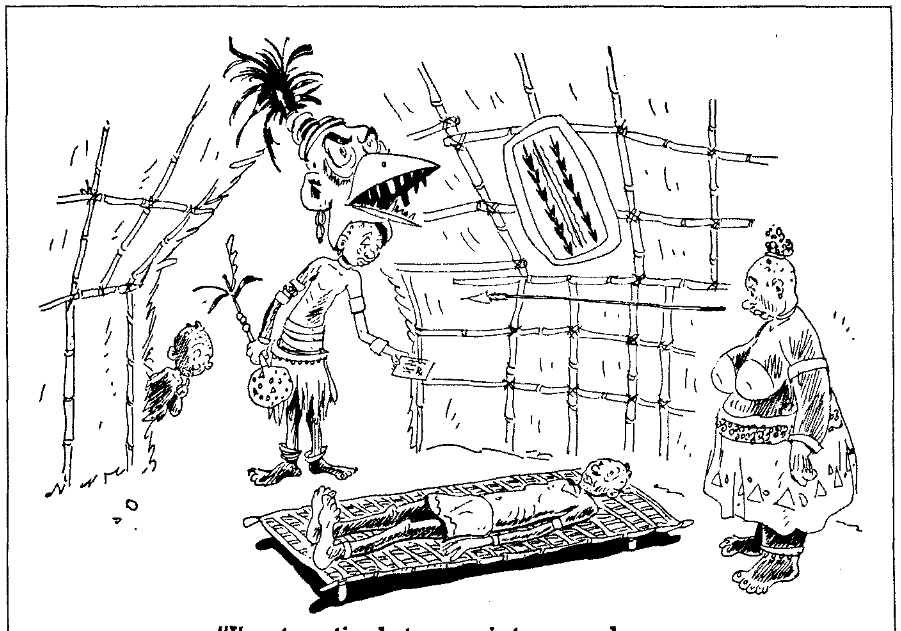
"And the very first thing I hear is that there is a very attractive young governess in the house. So clear, isn't it? Mr. Symmington, a rather dry, repressed, unemotional man, tied to a querulous and neurotic wife and then suddenly this radiant young creature comes along.

"I'm afraid, you know, that gentlemen, when they fall in love at a certain age, get the disease very badly. It's quite a madness. And Mr. Symmington, as far as I can make out, was never actually a *good* man—he wasn't very kind or very affectionate or very sympathetic—his qualities were all negative—so he hadn't really the strength to fight his madness. And in a place like this, only his wife's death would solve his problem. He wanted to marry the girl, you see. She's very respectable and so is he. And, besides, he's devoted to his children and didn't want to give them up. He wanted everything, his home, his children, his respectability and Elsie. And the price he would have to pay for that was murder.

"He chose, I do think, a very clever way. He knew so well from his experience of criminal cases how soon suspicion falls on the husband if a wife dies unexpectedly—and the possibility of exhumation in the case of poison. So he created a death which seemed only incidental to something else. He created a nonexistent anonymous-letter writer. And the clever thing was that the police were certain to suspect a *woman*—and they were quite right in a way. All the letters *were* a woman's letters; he cribbed them very cleverly from the letters in the case last year and from a case Dr. Griffith told him about. I don't mean that he was so crude as to reproduce any letter verbatim, but he took phrases and expressions from them and mixed them up, and the net result was that the letters definitely represented a woman's mind—a half-crazy repressed personality.

"He knew all the tricks that the police use, handwriting, typewriting tests, et cetera. He's been preparing his crime for some time. He typed all the envelopes before he gave away the typewriter to the Women's Institute, and he cut the pages from the book at Little Furze probably quite a long time ago when he was waiting in the drawing room one day. People don't open books of sermons much!

"And finally, having got his false



"I'm too tired to go into my dance. Here's a prescription for sulfanilamide"

Poison Pen well established, he staged the real thing—on a fine afternoon when the governess and the boys and his stepdaughter would be out, and the servants having their regular day out. He couldn't foresee that the little maid Agnes would quarrel with her boy friend and come back to the house."

Joanna asked, "But what did she *see?* Do you know that?"

"I don't *know*. I can only guess. My guess would be that she didn't see anything."

"That it was all a mare's-nest?"

"No, no, my dear, I mean that she stood at the pantry window all the afternoon waiting for the young man to come and make it up and that—quite literally—she saw *nothing*. That is, *no one* came to the house at all, not the postman, nor anybody else.

"It would take her some time, being slow, to realize that that was very odd —because apparently Mrs. Symmington *had* received an anonymous letter that afternoon."

"DIDN'T she receive one?" I asked, puzzled.

"But of course not! As I say, this crime is so simple. Her husband just put the cyanide in the top cachet of the ones she took in the afternoon when her sciatica came on after lunch. All Symmington had to do was to get home before, or at the same time as Elsie Holland, call his wife, get no answer, go up to her room, drop a spot of cyanide in the plain glass of water she had used to swallow the cachet, toss the crumpled-up anonymous letter into the grate, and put by her hand the scrap of paper with *'I can't go on'* written on it."

Miss Marple turned to me.

"You were quite right about that, too, Mr. Burton. A scrap of paper was all wrong. People don't leave suicide notes on small torn scraps of paper. They use a *sheet* of paper—and very often an envelope too. Yes, the scrap of paper was wrong and you knew it."

"You are rating me too high," I said. "I knew nothing."

"But you did, you really *did*, Mr. Burton. Otherwise why were you immediately impressed by the message your sister left scribbled on the telephone pad?"

I repeated slowly: " 'Say that *I can't go on* Friday'—I see! *'I can't go on!'*"

Miss Marple beamed on me.

"Exactly. Mr. Symmington came across such a message and saw its possibilities. He tore off the words he wanted for when the time came—a message genuinely in his wife's handwriting."

"Was there any further brilliance on my part?" I asked.

Miss Marple twinkled at me.

"You put me on the track, you know. You assembled those facts together for me—in sequence—and on top of it you told me the most important thing of all —that Elsie Holland had never received any anonymous letters."

"Do you know," I said, "last night I thought that *she* was the letter writer and that that was why there had been no letters written to her."

"Oh, dear me, no. . . . The person who writes anonymous letters practically always sends one to herself as well. That's part of the—well, the excitement, I suppose. No, no, the fact interested me for *quite* another reason. It was really, you see, Mr. Symmington's one weakness. He couldn't bring himself to write a foul letter to the girl he loved. It's a very interesting sidelight on human nature—and a credit to him, in a way—but it's where he gave himself away."

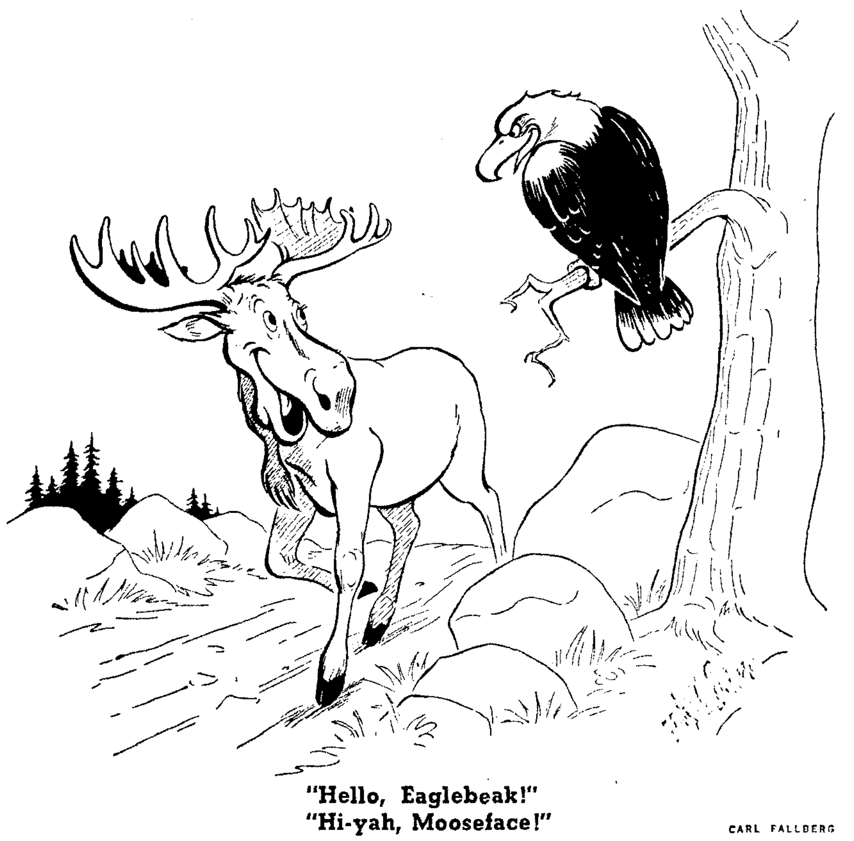
Joanna said, "And he killed Agnes? But surely that was quite unnecessary!"

"Perhaps it was, but what you don't realize, my dear—never having killed anyone—is that your judgment is distorted afterward and everything seems exaggerated. No doubt he heard the girl telephoning to Partridge, saying she'd been worried ever since Mrs. Symmington's death, that there was something she didn't understand. He couldn't take any chances—perhaps this stupid, foolish girl had seen *something*, knew something."

"Yet apparently he was at his office all that afternoon."

"I should imagine he killed her before he went. Miss Holland was in the dining room and kitchen. He just went out into the hall, opened and shut the front door as though he was going out, then slipped into the little cloakroom.

"When only Agnes was left in the house, he probably rang the front-door bell, slipped back into the cloakroom, came out behind her and hit her on the



**"Hello, Eaglebeak!"**
**"Hi-yah, Mooseface!"**

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head as she was opening the front door, and then after thrusting the body into the storeroom, he hurried along to his office, arriving just a little late if anyone had happened to notice it, but they probably didn't. You see, no one was suspecting a *man*."

"Abominable brute!" said Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

"You're not sorry for him, Mrs. Dane Calthrop?" I inquired.

"Not in the least. Why?"

"I'm glad to hear it, that's all."

Joanna said:

"But why Aimée Griffith? I know that the police have found the pestle taken from Owen's dispensary—and the skewer too. I suppose it's not so easy for a man to return things to kitchen drawers. And guess where they were? Superintendent Nash only told me just now when I met him on my way here. In one of those musty old deed boxes in his office. Estate of Sir Jasper Harrington-West, deceased."

"Poor Jasper," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "He was a cousin of mine. Such a correct old gentleman. He would have had a fit!"

"Wasn't it madness to keep them?" I asked.

"Probably madder to throw them away," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "No one had any suspicions about Symmington."

"He didn't strike her with the pestle," said Joanna. "There was a clock weight there too, with hair and blood on it. He pinched the pestle, they think, on the day Aimée was arrested, and hid the book pages in her house. And that brings me back to my original question. What about Aimée Griffith? The police actually *saw* her write that letter."

"Yes, of course," said Miss Marple. "She did write *that* letter."

"But why?"

"Oh, my dear, surely you have realized that Miss Griffith had been in love with Symmington all her life."

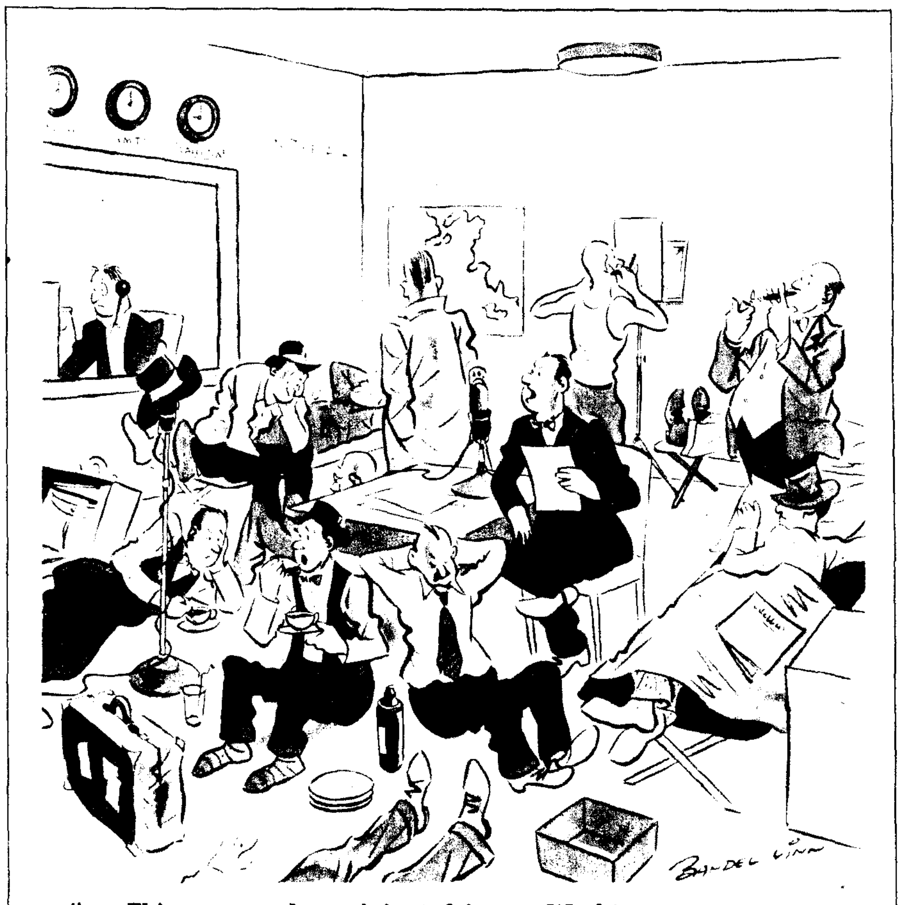
"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Dane Calthrop mechanically.

"They'd always been good friends, and I daresay she thought, after Mrs. Symmington's death, that some day, perhaps—well—" Miss Marple coughed delicately. "And then the gossip began spreading about Elsie Holland and I expect that upset her badly. She thought of the girl as a designing minx worming her way into Symmington's affections and quite unworthy of him. And so, I think, she succumbed to temptation. Why not add one more anonymous letter, and frighten the girl out of the place? It must have seemed quite safe to her and she took, as she thought, every precaution."

"WELL?" said Joanna. "Finish the story."

"I should imagine," said Miss Marple slowly, "that when Miss Holland showed that letter to Symmington he realized at once who had written it, and he saw a chance to finish the case once and for all, and make himself safe. Not very nice—no, not very nice, but he was frightened, you see. The police wouldn't be satisfied until they'd got the anonymous-letter writer. When he took the letter down to the police and he found they'd actually seen Aimée writing it, he felt he'd got a chance in a thousand of finishing the whole thing.

"He took the family to tea there that afternoon and as he came from the office with his attaché case, he could easily bring the torn-out book pages to hide under the stairs and clinch the case. Hiding them under the stairs was a neat touch. It recalled the disposal of Agnes' body, and, from the practical point of view, it was very easy for him. When he followed Aimée and the police, just a minute or two in the hall passing through would be enough."



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BANDEL LINN

"All the same," I said, "there's one thing I can't forgive you for, Miss Marple—roping in Megan."

Miss Marple put down her crochet which she had resumed. She looked at me over her spectacles and her eyes were stern.

"My dear young man, *something* had to be done. There was no evidence against this very clever and unscrupulous man. I needed someone to help me, someone of high courage and good brains. I found the person I needed."

"It was very dangerous for her."

"Yes, it was dangerous, but we are not put into this world, Mr. Burton, to avoid danger when an innocent fellow creature's life is at stake. You understand me?"

I understood.

It was morning in the High Street.

Miss Emily Barton came out of the grocer's with her shopping bag. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes were excited.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Burton, I really am in such a flutter. To think I really am going on a trip at last!"

"I hope you'll enjoy it."

"Oh, I'm sure I shall. I should never have dared to go by myself. It does seem so *providential* the way everything has turned out. For a long time I've felt that I ought to part with Little Furze, that my means were really *too* straitened, but I couldn't bear the idea of *strangers* there.

"But now *that* you have bought it and are going to live there with Megan—it is quite different. And then dear Aimée, after her terrible ordeal, not quite knowing what to do with herself, and her brother getting married—how nice to think you have *both* settled down with us!—and agreeing to come with me. And Aimée is so splendid and so practical. I really do think—don't you?—that everything turns out for the *best*."

Just for a fleeting moment I thought of Mrs. Symmington and Agnes Woddell in their graves in the churchyard and wondered if they would agree, and then I remembered that Agnes' boy friend hadn't been very fond of her and that Mrs. Symmington hadn't been very nice to Megan. Well, we've all got to die some time! And I agreed with happy Miss Emily that everything was for the best in this best of possible worlds.

I went along the High Street and in at the Symmingtons' gate and Megan came out to meet me.

IT WAS not a romantic meeting because an out-size old English sheep dog came out with Megan and nearly knocked me over with his ill-timed exuberance.

"Isn't he *adorable?*" said Megan.

"A little overwhelming. Is he ours?" I asked.

"Yes, he's a wedding present from Joanna. We *have* had nice wedding presents, haven't we? That fluffy woolly thing that we don't know what it's for from Miss Marple, and the lovely Crown Derby tea set from Mr. Pye, and Elsie has sent me a toast rack—"

"How typical!" I interjected.

"And she's got a post with a dentist and is very happy. And—where was I now?"

"Enumerating wedding presents. Don't forget if you change your mind you'll have to send them all back."

"I shan't change my mind. What else have we got? Oh, yes, Mrs. Dane Calthrop has sent an Egyptian scarab."

"Original woman," I said.

"Oh! Oh! But you don't know the best. *Partridge* has actually sent me a present. It's the most hideous tea cloth you've ever seen. But I *think* she *must* like me now because she says that she embroidered it all with her own hands."

"In a design of sour grapes and thistles, I suppose?"

"No; true lovers knots."

"Dear, dear," I said, "Partridge *is* coming on."

Megan had dragged me into the house.

She said: "There's just one thing I can't make out. Besides the dog's own collar and lead, Joanna has sent an extra collar and lead. What do you think that's for?"

"That," I said, "is Joanna's little joke."

THE END

# Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 67

LOWRY FIELD, Denver, Colo. Driving his Army truck through Denver traffic the other day, a Lowry Field soldier trampled his brake pedal when a woman driver pulled out of line and missed the truck by the thickness of a five-cent sandwich. "Go ahead," the driver yelled, "and hit it—you paid for it!"

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Missouri. Told by a laundry truck driver that his clean duds were at the bottom of the load, Field Artillery Corp. Joseph W. Otradovic got to work and hauled out every bundle, only to be told, finally, that his stuff wasn't there after all. "But thanks for unloading the truck," the driver added. Our informant neglected to tell us whether or not the laundryman got bopped on the nose by Corp. Otradovic.

FORT DIX, N. J. An enlisted men's test, given here not long ago, contained this question: "Underline the word that most nearly defines the word hypothesis: Proposition . . . Fact . . . Sleep." Questioned by a buddy as to how he had answered that one, a testee reported as follows: "Well, I'll tell ya. On account of a hypothesis is a side of a triangle, which I know for a fact, I underlined 'fact.' "

PINE CAMP, Watertown, N. Y. Pfc. Robert S. Rhodes (13 letters in that name) isn't worried about the next Friday the 13th (in November), because the number 13 has done all right by him, so far. Rhodes was inducted Friday, the 13th of December, 1940, issued Special Privilege Card No. 13 and listed as No. 13 on the Fort Dix Reception Center roster. On Friday, July 13, 1941, he was transferred to Pine Camp and on Friday, March 13th last, was promoted to pfc. Now count the lines in this item.

## GENERAL

WHAT to do with excess personal belongings when he's sent overseas bothered many a soldier until the Quartermaster Corps crashed through with its Effects Bureau. Now that camera, the bundle of letters, the fancy Christmas necktie and other items left behind by officers and enlisted men will be boxed up by the QMC and sent to the Army's attic in Kansas City for the duration.

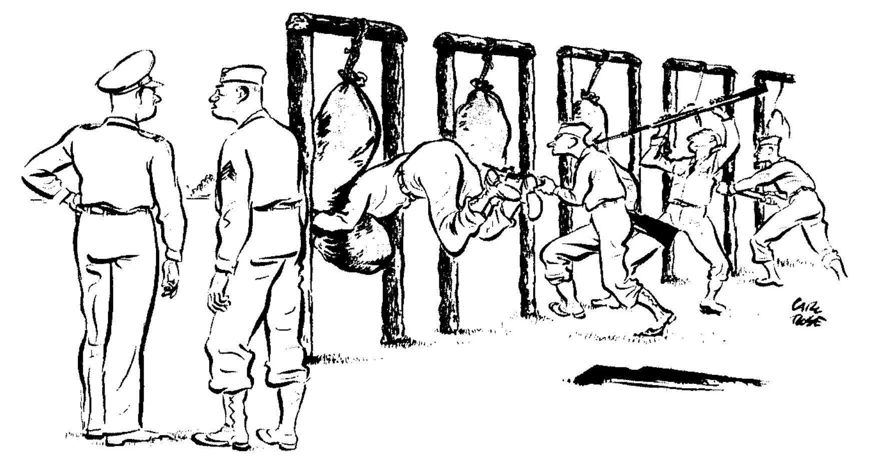
BY THE end of the year our armed forces will comprise more than 4,000,000 men, which means the work of the United Service Organization will be at least double that of last year. They'll need $32,000,000 to operate their 450 clubhouses and 250 smaller units, and the money has to come from civilian pocketbooks. The new campaign starts next Monday. When United Service Organization workers call on you—give!

THE Information-Recreation Center for enlisted personnel, at 99 Park Avenue, New York, is operating briskly. So is the Officers' Club, opened three weeks ago in the Sherry Netherlands Hotel. Both enterprises are very much needed in a town the size of New York, and the latter project especially deserves consideration by hotel managements all over the country. New York's new army club is operated by officers solely for officers; the hotel's grillroom has been fully equipped and staffed at the hotel's expense, but there are no dues and an officer has merely to show his credentials to eat and drink at prices he's used to paying at officers' clubs in camp.

"THIS," writes Pvt. Walter C. Kiplinger, of Fort Jackson, S. C., "is merely a thank-you note for giving me the idea I could get back into the Army (I'm a veteran of World War I). The item that caught my eye ran in your column of February 28th and described a 50-Year-Old Club at Camp Roberts in one of the camps, composed largely of former officers and noncoms of 1917 vintage. I thought if those old has-beens could get back in, so could I. They waived about everything except the Grand Old Flag in my case, and I finally made it. You stated in your story that present officers were a bit reluctant to give orders to the old-timers. My observation so far has been that these young officers are so far ahead of us 90-day wonders that there's no comparison, even though most of us made good in those days."

NOT all of this department's suggestions go down without a trace. Last Sept. 6th we ventured somewhat vehemently to ask why the summer uniform couldn't be patterned after the British idea of comfort, and now it begins to look as though the Quartermaster Corps will soon introduce a new outfit for hot climes. Field tests with half shoes, khaki shorts and knit socks indicate that these items will constitute part of the forthcoming summer outfit for our fighting men.

IDEA is to keep cool while making it hot for the Axis. G. W.



"We got to make allowances for him, sir. He was All-America end in 1939"

CARL ROSE

**SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA** a boy is moving along the road that leads to school, to adolescence, to manhood, to a world that is bound to be different from any world we know today. And as he trudges along that road, that seems so long to him but is so short, he dreams.

We hope that his dreams come true. They always have, in America.

Not all the dreams of all young people, of course. It takes more than just dreaming to make dreams come true. But for young men and women who have gone on to plan and work and fight, a surprising number of their dreams have come true. So many that America has become the land of opportunity. So many that the United States has become the nation, among all nations of the world, that combines national greatness with individual liberty.

But what about *this* time?

Throughout America factories are running twenty-four hours a day, men are working overtime, lights are burning in offices and laboratories far into the night. What are these men and women of American industry working for? To produce more goods? For war?

Yes—and more. General Electric has been a part of American industry for more than 60 years. It has shared its problems and been a part of its progress. We think that the workmen and scientists and engineers of General Electric are working today for that young man—working that the tomorrow of which he dreams will come, and that it will be better than today. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

*The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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*Make This Test!*

WRITE for our free booklet for girls and women called "*An Adventure in Dollars and Cents.*" You'll find, if you join us, that the Pin Money Club is a sure cure for penny-pinching. It can help you pay unpaid bills or buy new clothes—pay taxes—so many things. Write to me today!

*Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club*
*Department 170, Collier's Weekly,*
*250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

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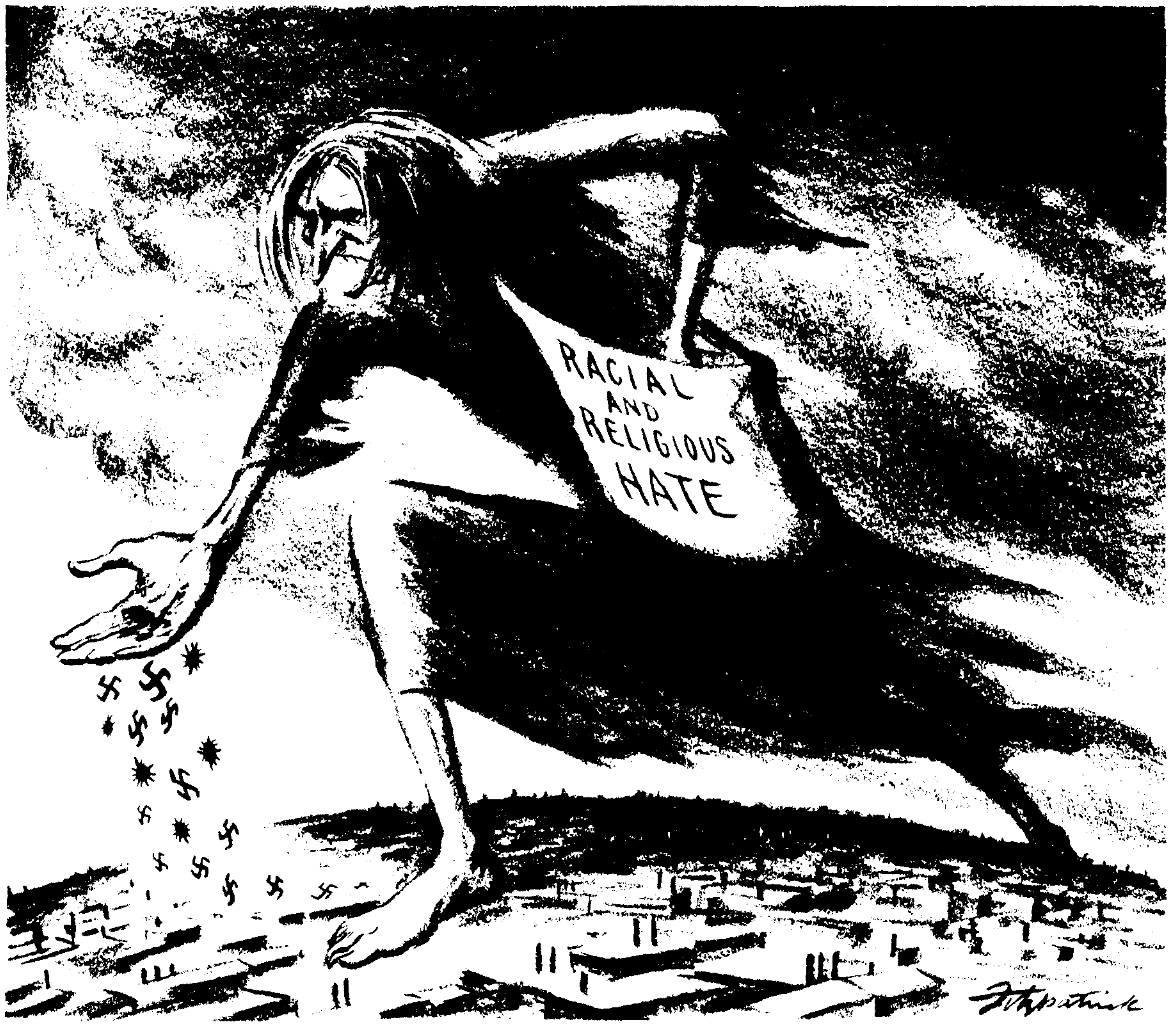


# Don't Hate the Wrong People

JOB No. 1 for the American people, as for the peoples of the other Allied Nations, is to win this war. Yet some of us are falling for a patent medicine which, if enough of us take it in large enough doses, can almost be guaranteed to lose the war for us.

The defeat medicine referred to is Hate. Hate of one section of the people for another section. Hate of one creed for another creed. Hate of one racial group for another. Hate of one economic class for another. The kind of hate, we mean, that translates into a tendency to blame the hated person or group for all the miseries of this war, or even for the fact that we are in the war at all.

Of all these brands of hate, anti-Semitism has had the most publicity of late, for a variety of reasons.

We're hearing from more and more people that the Jews somehow got us into this war, or are keeping us in it, or are winning us more enemies all the time. As a matter of fact, the Japs blasted us into the war, and the indications increase that they had been planning to do so whenever they thought the time most opportune.

The blame-the-Jews thinkers, however, detour this and other facts in the case, and dish out more and louder propaganda for eventual pogroms as the job of beating the Axis looms larger.

Another contingent of hate peddlers works on the Negro question. Japanese propagandists are known to be trying to sell our colored people on the proposition that Japan is fighting to "liberate" all the non-whites in the world. An estimated 99.99% of our colored people have sense enough to know that Japan hopes eventually to enslave the entire world outside Japan. But too many of our white people go on discriminating against the colored people in the old, hate-motivated way. Thus, they encourage any doubts any of our colored citizens may have.

As loudly as we know how, we would like to urge Americans to repudiate these and other hate mongers. Discourage them. Ignore them.

Let's suppose that, by some strange mischance, Father Coughlin, John L. Lewis, William Dudley Pelley, Senators Pepper and Wheeler, Sol Bloom, and the Ku-Klux Klan's No. 1 Nightshirt were to find themselves shipwrecked and adrift in one lifeboat on the open sea. Here would be assembled about as fancy a collection of one-track minds as could well crowd aboard one small lifeboat. Yet it is a 100-to-1 bet that all these gentlemen would button all their prejudices in their hip pockets for the duration of their particular emergency.

Well, fellow Americans, that is precisely the fix in which we find ourselves at this time. We're all in one boat together, and the "wave of the future" is threatening to engulf us all in a tide that is drawing toward a New Order of slavery for all humanity except a picked handful of Germans and a picked handful of Japs.

# China Relief

WE CAN either conquer Japan or be defeated by the Japanese. Up to now, the Japanese have won the important battles. We mean to win the war.

There is only one way to defeat Japan. That is by attack. The real attack for which our industry and our Army and Navy are furiously preparing will have to be aimed at Japan. Such is the judgment of our war leaders.

The easiest way to attack Japan is from China. Consequently, we need China as an active ally and as a belligerent in this world war. If China were to be utterly conquered by the Japanese, our difficulties would be immensely increased. If the Chinese were actually at peace with Japan, it might not even be possible for us to regain mastery of the Pacific. Certainly the cost of bringing the Japanese to terms would be tremendously multiplied. Our expenditures in human life and in material resources would necessarily be prodigious.

This is the rock foundation that underlies the present effort to bring substantial aid to the Chinese. Our government is now providing military supplies to Chiang Kai-shek's government. Private good will can provide medical supplies and other essential goods needed so urgently by the Chinese people.

Chiang Kai-shek is the leader around whom all opposition to the Japanese is centered. Chiang Kai-shek and no other general can lead an unwilling people to continue to fight a hopeless war. The Chinese must have hope. Only America and Americans can give the Chinese hope.

If the Chinese have faith in the reality of American friendship, their belief in their own chances of survival as an independent nation will be strengthened. No other people have the power or the inclination to help the Chinese.

So our self-interest reinforces the appeals being made for aid to the Chinese. We must keep them in the war so that we can fight our enemy, who also is their enemy, the more effectively.

Our self-interest is not, of course, our only reason for giving practical proof of our friendship. The sufferings, the sacrifices, the needs, the valor of the Chinese have been great almost beyond belief. The Chinese have had almost nothing except courage, a stubborn determination to be independent, and inadequate small arms with which to defend themselves. Their losses in lives and in material have been almost beyond understanding by other peoples. No nation has made greater sacrifices to win its independence. No people have endured heavier punishment or offered greater sacrifices.

If any people ever earned the good will of Americans, the Chinese have done so. Consider the appeals being made by the organized groups asking for contributions for the Chinese. They are fighting, and valiantly fighting, our war. They have sacrificed, as few people in history have ever been called upon to sacrifice. They have survived four and a half years of devastating punishment. We can respond to their call and at the same time aid in our own defense. Surely good will seldom has such an opportunity for effective expression.

SIX 6 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP.
NEW YORK N.Y.

# What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...

*...that he's patriotic,* and even if he can't be in uniform, he's doing everything he can to help preserve the American way of life.

*...that he's thoughtful* of *her* and still remembers all the little attentions that mean so much to her—now even more than ever.

*...that he's moderate* in his few luxuries; prefers quality to quantity; and always chooses America's Mildest Bottled in Bond.

THE ADVANTAGE OF EXTRA AGE 6 YEARS OLD

*First (1st) in Quality*

Drink
**OLD SCHENLEY**
*America's Mildest*
BOTTLED IN BOND

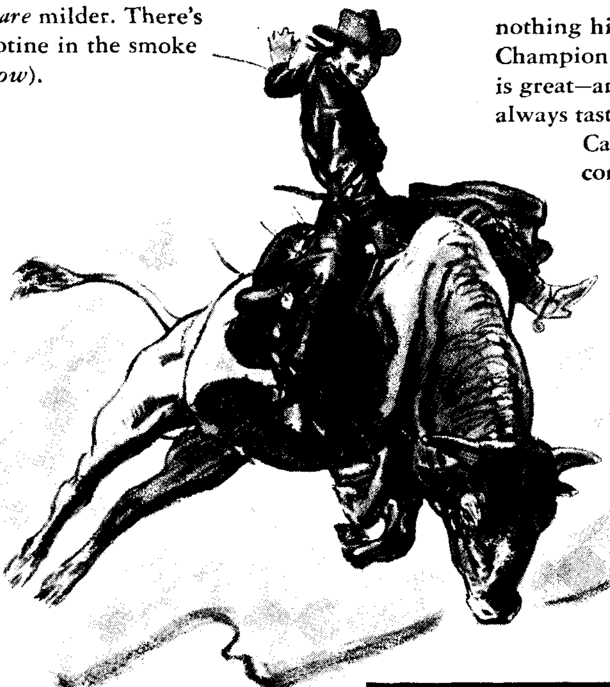
*Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof—This Whiskey is 6 Years Old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City*

# "Let 'er Ride!"

## RODEO OR RANGE—TOP-HANDS AGREE: "THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAMEL"

**GRAND CHAMPION ALL-'ROUND COWBOY FRITZ TRUAN** also has a Saddle Bronc title to his credit. Cheyenne . . . Pendleton . . . wherever the riding is the roughest . . . you'll find Fritz in action—either on a sunfishing saddler (*right*) or enjoying a Camel as above. "Yes, mildness counts plenty in my game," says Fritz. "And Camels are extra mild. I've smoked 'em for 10 years." Yes, Fritz, Camels *are* milder. There's less nicotine in the smoke (*see below*).

**"AFTER A REAL TOUGH RIDE,** believe me, nothing hits the spot like a Camel," says Steer-Riding Champion Gene Rambo (*below*). "That full, rich flavor is great—and no matter how much I smoke, Camels always taste swell. What's more, the extra smoking in Camels is mighty welcome economy."

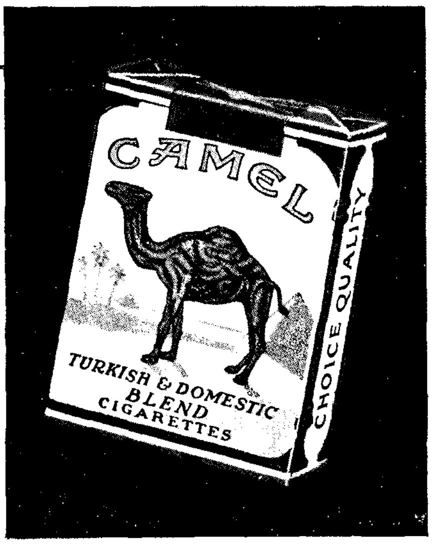


**"LESS NICOTINE** in the smoke makes good horse sense to me," explains Bareback Bronc ace Hank Mills (*above*). "*Camels* have the mildness that counts. They've got the flavor, too. I *like* Camels!" Everywhere you go, it's the same—for extra mildness, coolness, and flavor, *there's nothing like a Camel*—America's favorite.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

## 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

# Camel

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